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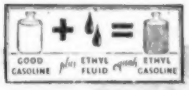

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If I Were Your Age
A Sailor Comes Home

By

Achmed Abdullah
Elizabeth Petersen
Claudia Cranston
Margaret E. Sangster
Mary Synon
May Stanley

In the Coming Easter Number

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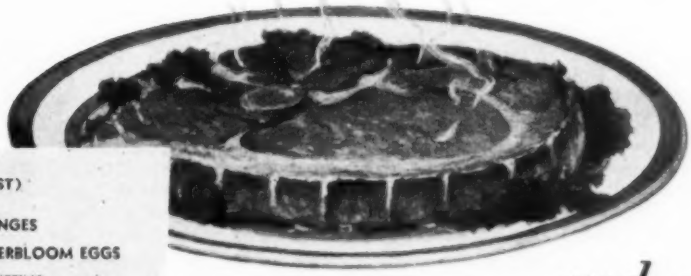
BAKED STAR HAM SLICE. *See recipe 9 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



—and a menu for each

(BREAKFAST)

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STRAWBERRY PRESERVES
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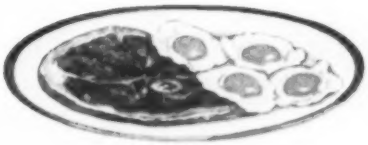

STAR HAM AND EGGS. *See page 40 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

SCALLOPED HAM AND POTATOES. *See recipe 14 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

★

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In using advertisements see page 6

LOOKING FORWARD

AT THE moment that the printer has decided upon as the deadline for copy for this page we do not find ourselves in possession of a single definite conviction about the state of the world and the condition of society that we have not already made known to you—except one on the raw deal that the grand old institution of marriage gets whenever some one releases a new batch of statistics anent the ease with which one's personal liberty may be achieved in this country and the number of persons who have proved it. But we are not quite ready to talk about divorce nor to expose the false interpretation that is being put upon the number of divorces that are being granted annually. Besides, we're just a bit sorry that so much emphasis is being placed upon what is, after all, just a confession of failure. Also we think there is real news in a happy and successful marriage. And we can prove it, too. In fact, we have done so—and we shall share our scoop with you next month. Vera Connolly—the same writer whose articles about the Indians just a year ago stirred the country to its depths and turned the Indian Bureau upside down, and out—has for months been talking with well-known men and women who have "lived happily ever after," and her conclusions are inevitable—you can be happy, though married, if you feel that way about it.

Perhaps this matter doesn't concern you at all; we hope that it doesn't. Nevertheless we are sure you will want to read about those folks who, because they have been so successful in their married life, are willing to talk about it for the sake of those who have somehow missed their goal and for that other great multitude that each year undertakes the business of home-making surely with at least the hope of success if not the determination to achieve it.

HAVING thus indirectly begun to tell you what we are doing for your pleasure and profit next month, let's go on. Naturally enough our two great serials continue. The head of a big candy business in the South has just complained that our serials end too soon; he wants to go on with the characters who have intrigued him and find out what happened to them after the happy conclusion. Obviously, then, it would not do to leave Fenella just as she had repeated her promise to marry Caryl when she is twenty-one nor Helen just as her romance lies shattered at her feet. (By the way, what do you think she should do next?)

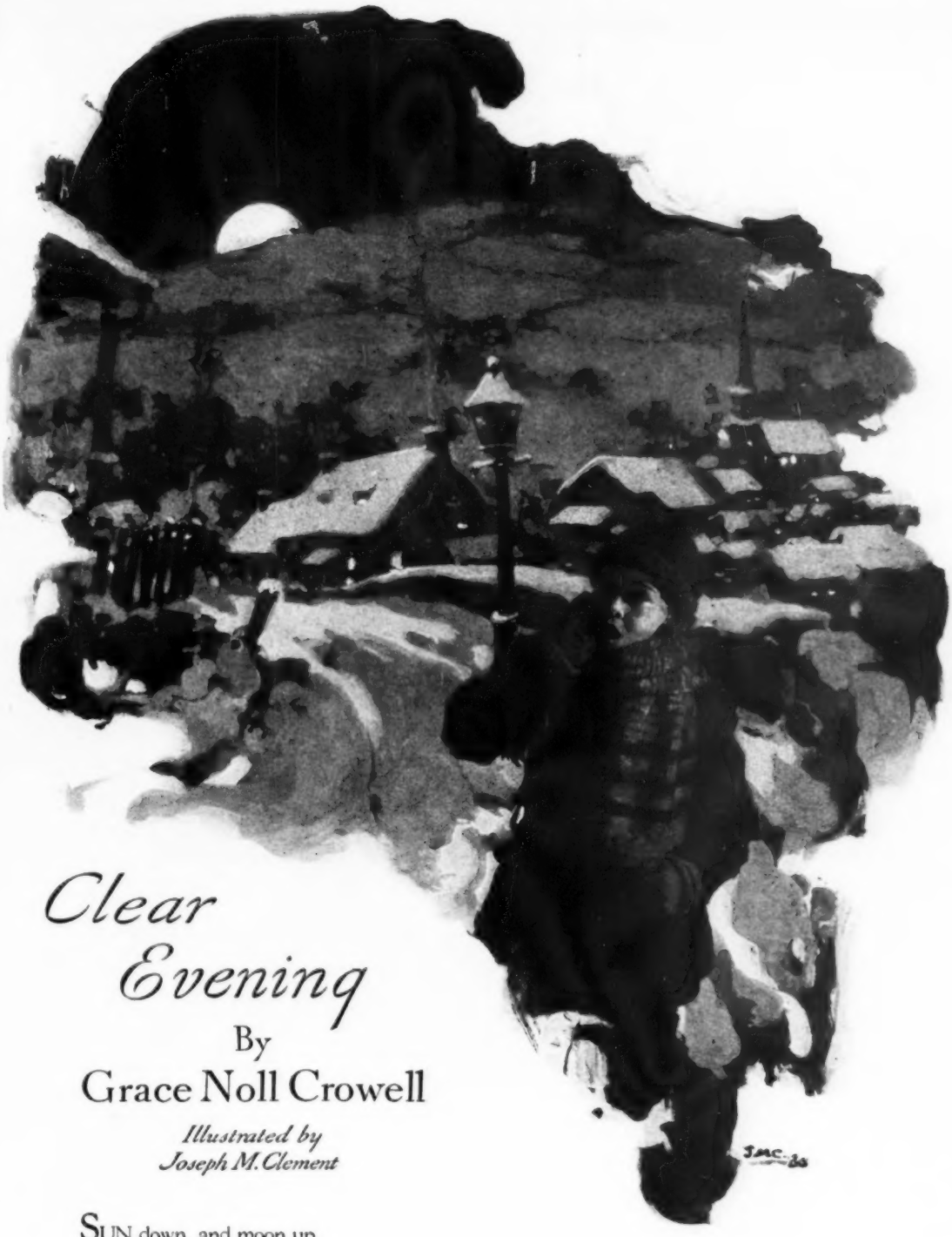
Among the writers of romantic short stories we do not know one with a surer appeal than Achmed Abdullah. His life itself spells romance. Born in the Crimea while his father was in the Afghan diplomatic service, he was educated at Eton and in Paris. Later he became a British subject and served nine years in the British-Indian cavalry, advancing to the rank of captain. Nineteen-thirteen found him fighting for the Sultan in the Balkan war. Here, he was so badly wounded that he was unable to take an active part in the World War. Now he is living in New York and writing such gripping tales as "Once in Our Hills," coming next month.

ANOTHER writer who deals in the romance of far places is Elizabeth B. Petersen, whose stories of Norway have been extremely popular. "Land of Stars" easily sustains her reputation. Claudia Cranston—you remember her as the author of "The Blue and the Gray" stories—begins a delightful series of Fifth Avenue stories, and their setting is one of the most exclusive shops on the Avenue—a locality with which Miss Cranston is familiar, for she spent several years in the advertising department of just such a shop. "Women and Misses" is the introductory story.

"How can she still be writing? I read her stories when I was a girl," is a question we frequently have to answer when Margaret E. Sangster's name is mentioned. And the answer is easy: she is the granddaughter of the Margaret Sangster who was so loved a generation and more ago. The Margaret Sangster of today is loved a bit, too, as we find out whenever we publish one of her stories—which we do as frequently as she can find time to write one, for she is the busy editor of *Smart Set*. "The Crowded Room" is the second in a series of stories about Jesus and the women and children whom the Gospel writers mention by name as having had a share in His life.

Are you making sure that the little folks see and read Osa Johnson's lovely little stories of Jungle Babies? With Swinnerton's delightful pictures, we think these stories make about the nicest children's feature we have ever published. With her husband, Martin Johnson, she has just returned to Africa, where together they will take moving pictures of gorillas at home. But the Jungle Baby stories will continue for some time. "Little Simba" comes next month. The other things that are coming next month are too numerous to mention here. But as a last word let us say that if you know any Girl Scouts you will want to know what Dorothy Canfield and Mrs. Hoover say about them and their great organization.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR



Clear Evening

By

Grace Noll Crowell

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

SUN down, and moon up,
And one star over the hill,
The evening—clear as a crystal globe,
And very still;
A white light over the snow,
Save low in the Eastern sky
There is a moment when rosy fires
Fade and die.

Sharp on the deepening blue
A black spire pierces through,
And the only sound I hear
Is a boy's voice calling clear—
High and clear on the air
To a comrade—lost somewhere.

I think I shall not mind
When my brief day is past,
If only I shall find
My sight unblurred at last;
If only I may hear,
High on the evening air,
A comrade calling me
From over the way somewhere.

Sun down, and the coming night!
But surely I shall not fear
If one low star leads over the hill,
And that last hour is clear.

"YOU do love me," Tommy rejoiced. "You do, you darling. You know I'm crazy to marry you." "Well, I hoped so," said Helen impertinently. He gave a shout of delighted laughter. "Oh, Helen, there's nobody like you"

Beginning

ALL THE KING'S HORSES -

Which is the Very Nicest Love Story

Margaret Widdemer

Has Ever Written

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

IT WAS five o'clock of an August day; but Helen Heather came down the steps of the square, low, gray-stone bank at Kingsway as lightly as though the day was just beginning. She was even laughing at one of the other girls, who lamented the heat.

"If you'd been brought up in Baltimore," she said over her shoulder, "Main Line towns in summer would seem like the hills of heaven!"

"That state of mind," said the other girl teasingly, "doesn't come from being brought up in Baltimore. That comes from being in love."

"You ought to know," Helen retorted; but the rose-color of her cheeks deepened, flying up under the burnt-gold curls on her forehead. "Goodby, Marjorie. I told Nina I'd be home as fast as I could—I have to hurry."

She smiled and gave Marjorie's arm a caressing little pat. Helen couldn't even say goodby to a dog without wanting to leave it pleased with her. She swung down the street, slim and tall and buoyant in her demure, dark silk office dress with its broad organdy collar and cuffs; the sun shone in her eyes, but it seemed to her only warm and caressing, after the thick-walled stone bank. She loved the sun shining, making rainbows in her lashes, child-like. Tommy had told her yesterday that her eyes turned mottled topaz when the sun lighted them like that. The feel of the day and of her own young aliveness stimulated her to a queer life and excitement.

"Oh, something wonderful must happen —something has to happen!" she said half aloud; and then laughed at herself. For what could happen—what could be—better than this golden day, and this golden feeling of being almost unbearably happy and alive and young?

Helen walked on past the business section of the town, taking the bus about a mile to the part of Kingsway where her cousin Nina's house was.

It was a beautiful old house, dating, indeed, back to the Colonies, and rebuilt and restored by Nina into a museum-piece of perfection. It was set a little close to the road, because of the passion of somebody's ancestors—not Nina's—for seeing people go by; but it made up for it with a stretch of land around it at the back and sides, which Nina had landscaped in a way which would have probably annoyed those ancestors very much, so wastefully did it treat good farmland with arbors and a tennis court and a croquet lawn and what not. It was altogether a lovely, if slightly stiff stage-setting for Nina, though it was, unofficially, much more becoming to tall, vivid, young Helen.

To the big, rawboned, elderly woman who emerged unceremoniously from the front door, it was not becoming at all. Tacy Broomall was back-country Pennsylvania from the top of her slicked-back hair, in an enormous knot of the dull-brown color which never thins or grays till late life, to the round toes of her shiny, black, comfort shoes. She was cook and working housekeeper. She had solid sense and solid setness; and she cooked with a French passion of creativeness and intelligence which made her dinners one of Nina Higginson's social assets. She was on neutrally good terms with her mistress. But Helen—gay, friendly Helen who was always flying into the kitchen with magazines and scraps of gossip and praise—she frankly liked and obliged.

"Letter for you, Helen," she said, handing it to her. "You're back early. You go too hard, child."

"And the cat will catch me before night?" Helen answered lightly. "Oh, no, that's for singing before breakfast. All right, Tacy, observe that I recline in yon swing-seat and relax completely while reading my letter!"

She smiled over her shoulder at Tacy. "You're a darling to worry about me. It's from my little sister."

She flung her broad, black transparent straw hat on the floor and opened the letter . . . Blessing Nina wasn't home yet! Nina had a way of inquiring into letters, and a theory that Jessica shouldn't lean on Helen so hard.

Jessica, Helen's younger sister, had married casually at seventeen, and it had never occurred to her that her elder sister shouldn't go on helping her when she needed it. This letter was an adorable little cry of thanks for the money to catch Jessica and Lester up on the instalments on the new bedroom set they'd bought in one of their accesses of optimism when Lester had his last raise. Now, said Jessica rapturously, she wasn't going to have to ask Helen for a cent forever and ever again, and she was sending her the most beautiful red coat with fur collar and those stunning, new deep cuffs, and all her love. It had looked so like Helen she simply couldn't help buying it.

Helen's brow knitted a little at this. Because, of course—oh, that darling, silly baby!—she would only have to send her the money for *that!* She couldn't let Jessica pay for it. And she'd been planning to have her own fur coat done over, and now she couldn't—

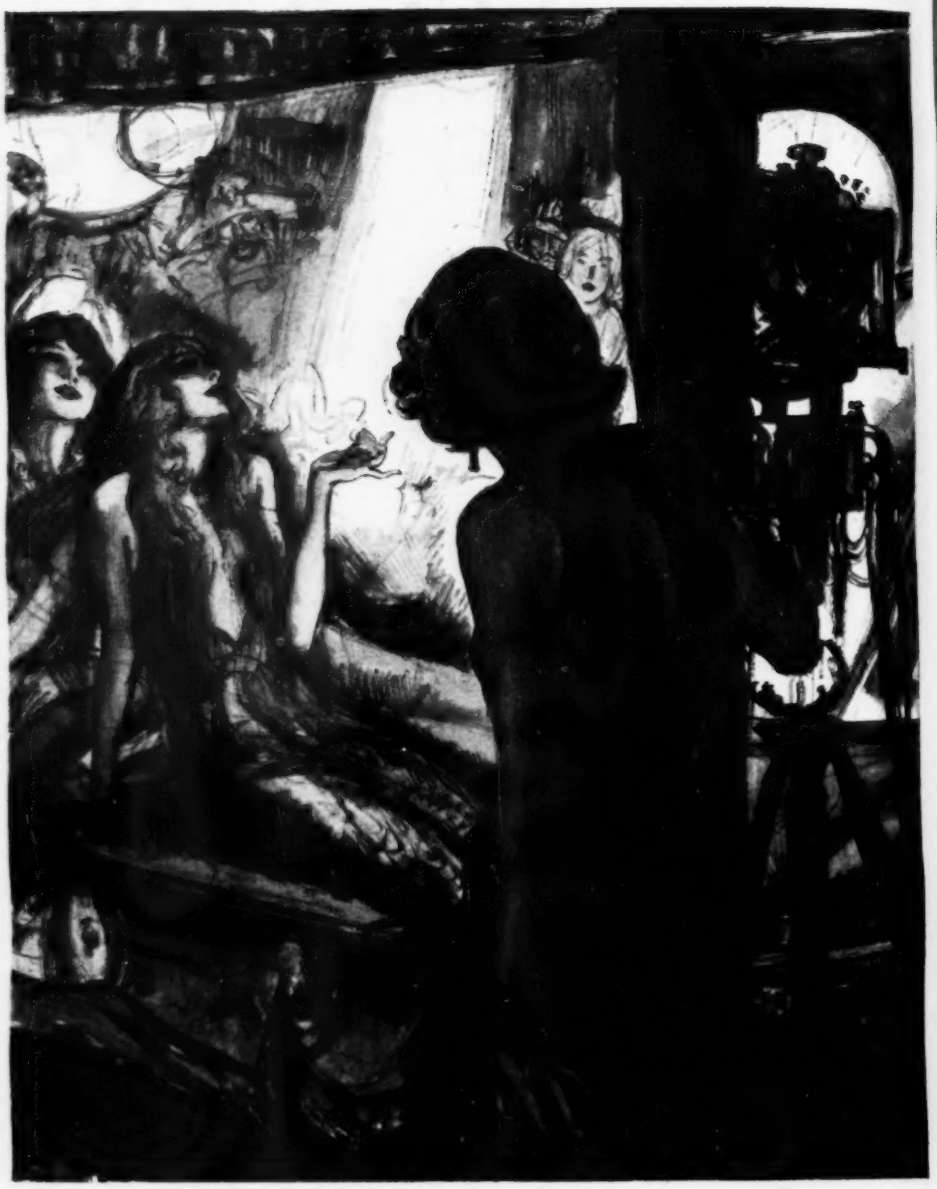
Oh, well, it was sweet of Jessica. And Helen read the letter again, smiling over the love-words in it. For Jessica meant them, every bit. She honestly worshiped Helen, and love was much more of a necessity to Helen than clothes or anything else in the world. Love and approval were. And she worked for them both. At the bank, where she was the secretary to the president; in her cousin Nina's house, where she took the scraps of responsibility that were left over from the capable housekeeper's rule; among the girls and men of the old town—approval and love—the breath of her life—she laughed and worked and gave and did to get.

"I suppose I ought to scold her. But she'd feel badly," said Helen, folding the letter.

She laughed a little. Helen's habit of laughing when other people would have frowned made people like to have her around, but it also made such of them as had had a more sober-minded upbringing consider her frivolous, which Helen rather enjoyed. She was light-hearted by nature —and by training.

Her father's people were of good stock enough. But her mother's were better, if you happened to believe that stock counted for anything in man or beast. Her mother's people had come over with Cecil Calvert, high-spirited, gay, and enduring. And her little, pallid mother had kept the traditions of it still.

Helen never forgot the day when her too gallant, too spendthrift father had sold the down-at-heel, immense old house his wife had brought him—pictures, sparse priceless furniture, and all—and, of course, put



Between shrieks of laughter and stern orders from Tommy the rehearsal was Helen. "More, because I could be more to him and do more for him." All

the money into something wonderful that it also of course never came out of. He always did things like that.

Helen was then a tall, shabby, lovely child with a mop of glittering curls, and round, brown Jessica was seven. They had loved the house and its spacious, dingy beauty. Her mother cried, off by herself; but when passionately affectionate little Helen found her sobbing in her bedroom, her mother had sat up and gone to the dressing-table, and powdered her face and rouged her cheeks and smiled.

"Father's home," Helen had said. "I'll tell him he made you cry!"

And her mother had talked to her, and to small Jessica, staring from the doorway with an olive finger in her full, red baby mouth.

"Ladies must never cry where people can see them. Ladies owe it to other people always to laugh. It's discourteous not to be gay."

And she had gone down to where her husband waited her, a little shamefaced and apologetic, and made him laugh over something.

She had laughed to the tired end, that old-fashioned lady mother! When she was incurably ill, in Helen's fifteenth year, she had quoted King Charles' jest about being unconscionably long a-dying and been merry.

George Heather outlived his wife some years. People said it was fortunate that he did not die before his two daughters had finished secretarial training and gone to work. Helen never told anybody that it was her mother's insurance, painfully kept up through heaven knows what economies, which saw first her and then reluctant Jessica through business school. She knew her mother wouldn't have wanted her to tell. And always the obligation to gaiety that her mother had impressed on her, together with her father's easy passion for pleasing, had carried her along lightly enough through hard times and hard places. Carried lax, lazy, caressing Jessica, too, till Jessica had married an anxiously adoring boy who worked in a real-estate office and was her slave; round, olive-skinned, melting-eyed Jessica, who always said in her pretty treble voice that she wasn't really a grown-up person!

And lately; why, lately, since Nina had sent for Helen to come and live with her, these two past years, everything had lifted. Everything had been happy and wonderful.

"You're nice to have around, and you have social instinct," Nina had written with her usual frankness. "I'm still climbing a little, and you'll be a help. Come ready to recite pages of ancestry, like a lamb. I'll charge only what your food costs, and I have a job all ready for you, I'm nearly sure."

So Helen had accepted the terms and come to Kingsway, and got the job, secretary to Mr. Amos Delamater, the president of the bank. And out of hours she had had *such* a good time! No responsibility for the first time since she could remember. Friends. Laughter. These quieter Pennsylvanians looking at her wide-eyed, following her wild and laughing lead—and Tommy's . . . She slid through the long window and dashed up to her room to fly into her rose-red georgette and run a comb through her burnt-gold curls. In five minutes Tommy Delamater would be coming down the road. She hadn't seen him at the bank that day. There had been a dance the night before, and Tommy had said, with that amusing lordliness of his:

"The dear old bank will have to do

on. "If he hadn't anything in the world, I'd love him just as much," thought she needed to be happy was Tommy, but Tommy had to have other things, too

without my valuable services tomorrow, believe me, Helen! See you afterward."

"That's all very well for you," she had told him. "If I were the boss's loved and only child I'd sleep late myself."

"Well, you may be some day, if you keep on hoping," Tommy had said with a burst of laughter, in which Helen joined. They were near enough to being engaged for that.

At the thought of Tommy—Tommy stopping by to take her with him, to go out and secure a final effect of fading light for the little motion picture camera which was his newest enthusiasm—her heart quickened. She knew just how he would look striding easy and loose-jointed and big up the street between the big old elms.

He was tall and slouching and wide-shouldered, with a face that was homely, and yet somehow handsome in a queer way, despite the irregularities of nose and high cheek-bones, and hatchet jaw, because of its incongruously perfect mouth like a Greek statue's, and its large, gray-green, black-lashed eyes. Tommy hated his hair because it was too regularly wavy, and fought the crest it would hump into with all sorts of stuff. And he had manners as mixed as his face—half conquering hero and half sulking, spoiled small boy. And you never knew whether adoration or furious temper was coming uppermost, or what you'd done to make it. And there was a dash of flattering sweetness back of it all that had—well, half the girls in Kingsway had tried for him before Helen Heather came up from Maryland to keep her wealthy widowed cousin company, with her pretty accent and her exciting laughter and her stimulating gaiety, and that unexpected passion of hers for doing things for people. Helen would have been more than human if she hadn't been a little proud of Tommy's devotion . . .

She leaned out from the porch half unconsciously. He would come loping along in a minute now, with his camera over his shoulder and his tripod sticking out of his pocket, and those ridiculous puttees on. She laughed at the recollection. Tommy was so absurd about those puttees. He was camera man and director and everything else you could think of, with Helen for his hard-working assistant, of the amateur motion picture company which was the newest excitement of young Kingswayans. The puttees were his pet joke just now. There—half-hidden by the farthest elm—and time, too, lazy Tommy!

But it wasn't Tommy after all. It was only Mr. Kingsway, whose great-great-grandfather the town had been named for.

He walked with a quick, easy, trained grace, instead of Tommy's lovable rocking lope, and the sun shone on fair, slightly ruffled hair instead of polished blackness. He was straighter than Tommy, and more lightly built, and everything about him, from his felt hat to his gray suit, had a perfection about it that to Helen seemed annoying precision. What really annoyed her was that he wasn't Tommy, and that he was really about to stop here, and she might have to talk to him till Nina came back from her bridge. He was of Nina's generation—thirty-three or four.

She wouldn't have minded anybody but Ethan Kingsway—Ethan, whose manner to Helen always had something disturbing in it; Ethan, the only man Helen knew by whom (*Continued on page 161*)

LOWERING

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

CAN a home be a real home without children? Probably most of us would answer "no" to this question, if we belong to the best and most desirable group of our population, the great Middle Class, which makes up the bone and sinew of the social fabric of American life today. And yet there is a general feeling, on the part of people of child-rearing age, that the cost of bringing children into the world and educating them respectably is becoming prohibitive, under present conditions.

Especially is this true in many of the larger cities, where the cost of living in general, and of this dispensable luxury of children in particular, has mounted to a point where it really seems as if young people who expect to remain solvent must put off until some dim and misty future what was once considered one of the prime duties and privileges of life—founding a family.

Let no scoffing bachelor or financially secure armchair theorist sneer at this as a poor excuse advanced by our selfish and sophisticated young people as an alibi to justify shirking the plain duties of home-making. Some popular self-appointed interpreters of the younger generation to the contrary notwithstanding, most young married folks want to have children; and the fact that so many of them do not, or at any rate postpone indefinitely the commencement of the newer and larger life, is a matter that can not be dismissed with a shrug. Just what is the contention of these young folks; what facts do they advance; and how, if at all, can those of us who believe in the necessity of children as the main conservators of home life and of lasting satisfactions, show them that they are wrong, and offer them a more excellent way?

The claim is, in brief, that it costs too much for ordinary folks to bring children into the world, and to maintain them in health and bodily well-being after they get here. In proof of this they advance the following indisputable facts to show that the costs of what were considered adequate medical safeguards only a few short years ago are utterly insignificant when compared with the present-day prices of similar services.

In the first place, the former obstetric fee of fifteen or twenty-five dollars runs now anywhere between one and three hundred dollars, if not considerably over that, as the obstetric specialist has superseded the old-time family physician as *accoucheur*. And this change seems inevitable to the family which feels, as every self-respecting family must feel, that the best is none too good for its maternal head at such a time as this. Hospital service, once unthought-of for the lying-in period, has now come to be considered indispensable in many communities; in fact, many physicians now refuse to take care of these cases in the home. And hospital rates are frequently anywhere from five dollars a day up, plus board for the baby, plus operating room fee, plus anesthetist's fee, plus special nursing at seven dollars a day (frequently doubled when 24-hour service is necessary), with an apparently indefinite number of further pluses!

And when the baby has arrived, what then? Every self-respecting baby nowadays must be taken to the pediatrician (no, that isn't the foot doctor, it's the baby doctor!), if he is to hold up his head among his *confrères;* and that means ten or more dollars for the initial inspection and examination, and five more for every subsequent look. As this functionary is popularly supposed to make the mother feel that she is poisoning her baby if she adds so much as an ounce of milk sugar or subtracts so little as an ounce of water from the sacrosanct formula which he substitutes for the breast milk mothers used to give their babies, this five dollars a look comes round with appalling frequency.

Then comes the dread day when the fearsome cry of "tonsils and adenoids" is raised. For rare indeed is the parent whose child has passed many years in the schools of this broad land of ours, whether

the HIGH COST of BABIES

Dr. Frank Howard Richardson

Tells Every Young Couple How to Keep Prices Down

public or private, without incurring the minatory ministrations of the school doctor, the school nurse, and the school teacher. This disapproving triad does not rest until it has herded its victim into the office of the nose and throat specialist; and the child who gets by this examination without sentence being passed upon his throat is fortunate indeed. Verily thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing—as many a sorrowful family provider has learned to his cost! While this operation for the removal of the tonsils and adenoids was widely practiced even so long as a generation ago, it has remained for the past decade or two to elevate it to the dignity of a universal tribal rite, to be avoided only at the cost of sacrificing one's neighbor's respect and one's own peace of conscience.

Another item that may well be added is the terrific cost of the orthodontist. He is the particular variety of dental expert who tells a young father that his son's teeth need straightening; and that it is such an arduous and tedious and all-round pernickety procedure that it will cost one thousand dollars (up!) and three years to do the trick.

Still another heavy expense is the cost of consultation fees for any serious illnesses that may make their appearance. For whereas in the older and supposedly better days a consultation was the rarest of rare occurrences, tantamount to a confession that the grim reaper was just about to push down the last defences, nowadays no one thinks of being sick for any length of time without expecting his physician to call at least one specialist in consultation. It would hardly be considered good form to gloat over the details of a recent illness, if the victim could not point to at least one expensive consultant as evidence of the severity of his pains and the seriousness of his plight. Expensive laboratory and X-ray diagnostic aids may fairly be included here, and the members of the "group diagnostic," that has so largely come to supersede the lone-hand doctor of the day that is past, have each one to be paid his none-too-slight fee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Some popular self-appointed interpreters of the younger generation to the contrary notwithstanding, most young married folks want to have children, and the fact that so many of them do not can not be dismissed with a shrug

Are these items purely visionary? Few who are in the midst of American life as it is being lived today will say so; and no one who has faced these charges, with their apparently limitless increase, will severely criticize the young couple who elect to remain childless rather than mortgage their whole future by voluntarily giving hostages to fortune, as their more adventurous neighbors occasionally still do, though with far less frequency than was formerly the case. Many a physician can testify to the earnestness with which such facts as these have been considered in his consulting room by young people who longed to have children, but could not conscientiously incur responsibilities they could not see their way clear to discharging.

What is the cause of this state of affairs—other than a normal mounting of the general costs of living, and the shrinking of the purchasing power of the dollar, which would account at most for half of the increase? It is not enough to urge that the doctor is responsible because he prefers a specialty to the general practice of medicine; for it is not the specialist who forces the patient to come to him, but the patient who elects to leave his family doctor and seek special services at the hands of the more expensive specialist. Many a doctor feels (*Continued on page 237*)

By

Konrad Bercovici

OUT

TO THE people, fishermen and peasants, living on the shores of the Black Sea, the giant old gypsy was known as Old Petru. Wherever and whenever he appeared at the inn, or at the marketplace, men stepped aside briskly to make place for him.

At the inn people would say:

"Hello, Old Petru. Innkeeper, here is Old Petru! Ask him what he wants."

And horny hands would seize the hands of the gypsy to shake them vigorously, while a dozen mouths would inquire of Petru's health, and of the health of his wife, his daughter, and his people.

If Petru happened to appear at the marketplace, or a fair, some one was sure to call to the crowd:

"Stand aside, men, let Old Petru have a look at the beast."

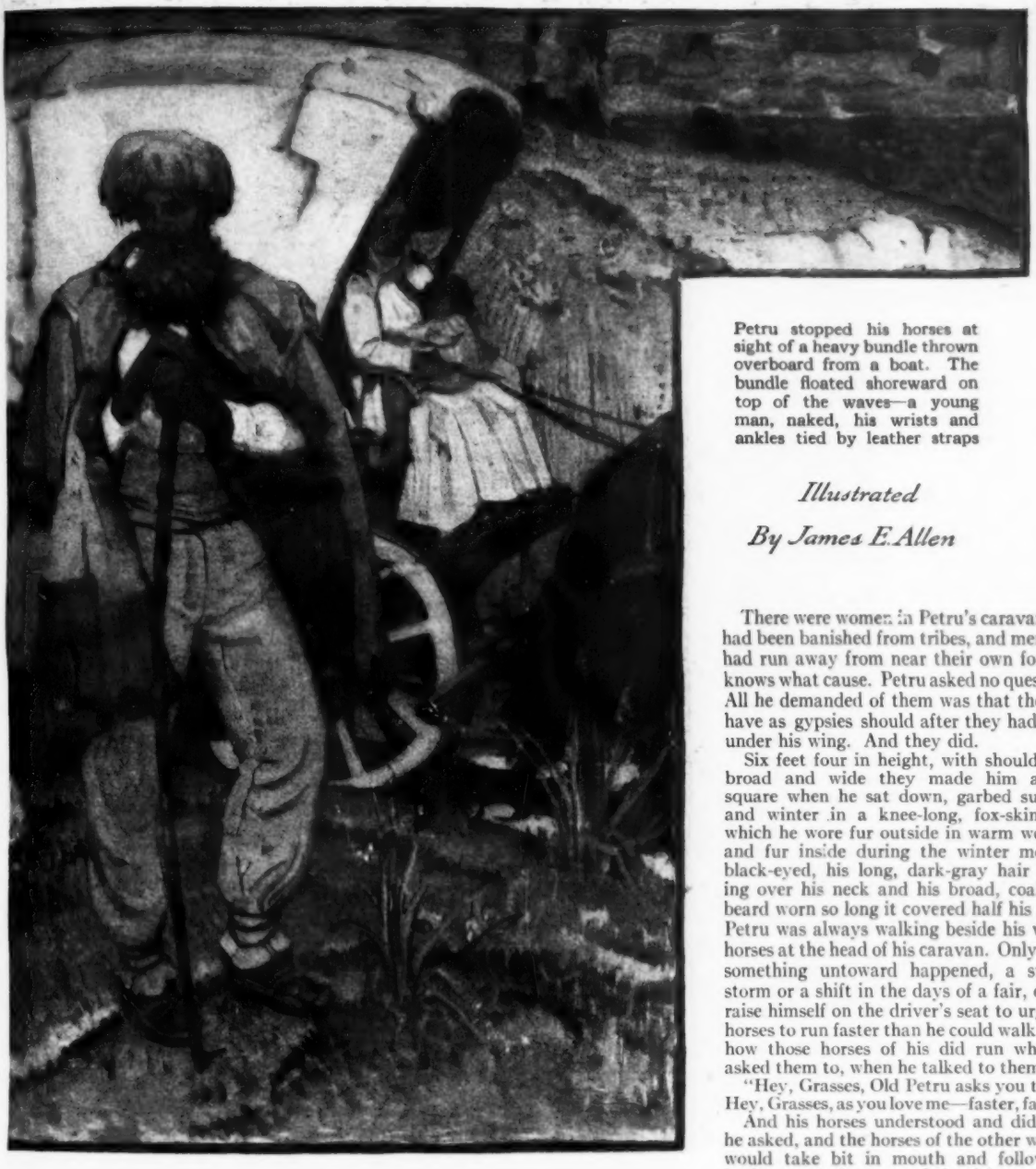
A dozen pair of eyes would follow the long, sensitive, nervous, brown gypsy fingers creeping slowly up and down the horse's legs. No man in Rumania knew more about horses and horned cattle than Old Petru. When the gypsy offered a final price for the animal and refused to give more, he had uttered the last verdict of its real value. Even his own people, gypsies who had been buying and selling cattle from their earliest youth, abided by their leader's judgment, which they knew to be uncanny in its exactitude.

But not only of horses did Petru know the value. His knowledge of men and women was just as exasperatingly exact. When he looked at his men, they felt his eye bore through their brains. As his fingers ran over the fetlock of a horse to feel knots or splintered bones, so did his eyes run up and down a man's soul, a man's heart. They had seen with their own eyes how Janku Turku, the cleverest pickpocket of the Dobrudgean marketplaces, had once bent over to a secret pocket under the hem of his trousers to give up the purse he had stolen from a poor peasant woman who was accusing the gypsies of the robbery. The old chief had looked at his own people rapidly, and then his searching glance had riveted itself upon the shifty eyes of the young Turk, who tried to look elsewhere. The pickpocket began to tremble. Bearded, long-haired peasants with knives in their red sashes, who had come to sell their butter and eggs, their chickens and geese, left everything on the cobblestones of the marketplace and came running toward the screaming woman, who still accused the gypsies.

"Give back to the woman her purse," Petru had said, and the thief had bent down and brought it forth in his shaking hands.

It was good for "outcasts" to have such a man as Petru for a leader, yet it was not always comfortable. Like all humans, every one of them longed to have something of his own, a secret thought, a few silver pieces, or even a gold piece of which the chief did not know. But it was not possible. They did not dare keep anything from him.

There were about forty souls in Petru's caravan. He had gathered them from the marshes and hills of the Dobrudgea, that waste land between the Danube and the Black Sea, gathered them one by one and in twos and fours, outcasts from tribes,



Petru stopped his horses at sight of a heavy bundle thrown overboard from a boat. The bundle floated shoreward on top of the waves—a young man, naked, his wrists and ankles tied by leather straps

Illustrated

By James E. Allen

CASTS

driven away from caravans and camps, they only knew why, and Old Petru did not inquire. He had asked no questions of their past, and they knew better than to ask questions concerning his past. But they had to live according to his code once they were under his wing. Woe to the one who did not!

There was Naye, his best lieutenant, one-armed Naye, whom he had found bleeding and faint at the roadside one early winter morning, and whom he had nursed back to health in a hole in the ground which a she-bear had scooped out for her hibernation.

While traveling from Czerna to Constanca he had come upon Istrati, the coppersmith, part Greek, part gypsy, who was reeling along the road, naked, half-demented from pain and fever, his back in shreds from whip-lashes delivered by a hand trained to tame the wildest horses. Only his own people could have punished him so, yet Petru asked not why, but nursed Istrati back to health and made him one of the tribe.

There were women in Petru's caravan who had been banished from tribes, and men who had run away from near their own for who knows what cause. Petru asked no questions. All he demanded of them was that they behave as gypsies should after they had come under his wing. And they did.

Six feet four in height, with shoulders so broad and wide they made him appear square when he sat down, garbed summer and winter in a knee-long, fox-skin coat which he wore fur outside in warm weather and fur inside during the winter months, black-eyed, his long, dark-gray hair hanging over his neck and his broad, coal-dark beard worn so long it covered half his chest, Petru was always walking beside his wagon horses at the head of his caravan. Only when something untoward happened, a sudden storm or a shift in the days of a fair, did he raise himself on the driver's seat to urge the horses to run faster than he could walk. And how those horses of his did run when he asked them to, when he talked to them!

"Hey, Grasses, Old Petru asks you to run. Hey, Grasses, as you love me—faster, faster!"

And his horses understood and did what he asked, and the horses of the other wagons would take bit in mouth and follow the leaders, not because their drivers urged them, but because Petru had asked his Grasses to run faster.

When Petru's wagons appeared in a village, other gypsies who happened to camp there raised their tents and left, even as the newcomers were driving their pegs into the ground. Petru's outcasts were taboo. Their breath fouled the air. They were never mentioned by name. It was bad omen to meet them anywhere.

IT WAS late in the fall. The dark waters of the sea had thickened, and the green moss clinging clammily to the rocks along the shore was glistening in the sharp light. A cold north wind was blowing landward and carving deep, circular ridges in the shifting, sparkling, yellow sand. Midway between shore and horizon, two flat, square fisher boats, with full-blown, patched, dark-red sails straining the thin mast to the curve of a bow, were heaving on

top of falling and rising waves.

Petru, driving in the lead of his caravan, for there was a snowstorm in the air and they were hours away from shelter, stopped his horses on top of a sand mound at the sight of the two boats. The boats behaved strangely!

"What has happened? Why don't we travel on?" Naye asked, rubbing his lone, cold hand against his thigh.

He was driving the second wagon, in which he traveled with Petru's wife and daughter.

"There!" and the chief pointed to the distant sails.

Naye looked, but did not understand. "What is there to be seen? Two boats!"

"Ten years now since you are with me," the leader reproached softly, "yet when landsmen handle sails or sailors handle horses, you don't notice the difference. Tell our men to drive back a few hundred feet in the valley and remain there until I call them. And you, Naye, stay with them."

A minute later something heavy was dropped into the water from one of the boats, and the sails turned their noses seaward to disappear beyond the horizon.

The bundle floated shoreward on top of the waves. It moved by a will of its own. Petru ran to the nearest point, waded into the water, swam out, and grabbed a handful of long, coarse, black hair to pull a floating man to the sand.

The man, young, wonderfully muscled, and powerful, was completely naked. His wrists and ankles were tied by leather straps. Petru examined the knots carefully. They were gypsy knots. He cut the straps and began to rub the limbs vigorously.

The drowning man looked into the deep eyes of the old gypsy and asked in a faint voice,

"Who are you?"

Instead of answering, Petru wrapped his fur coat about the trembling, naked body and carried the limp form to his own wagon. A moment later he called to Naye:

"Drive on. Tell them to drive on. We meet at Kalia. Don't stop until we get there."

Late that night the gypsies unharnessed their horses, formed a hollow square with their wagons, and built a fire of dry twigs in the center. The women remained in the wagons. Soon afterward Petru appeared accompanied by a handsome, young gypsy who smiled at them all.

"*Sarassan*, greetings," Petru spoke as he stuffed his pipe. "This is Stan. He has come to join us."

"*Sarassan*, Stan," the men answered, making place for the newcomer near the fire.

No one said another word. They all sat and looked into the fire for a long time. The reception given to the stranger was like the one each had received in his time. Yet—each sensed there were deeper reasons behind Stan's banishment than behind his own. He was tall, thin, clean-limbed. His eyes were steady. His lips were firm. His voice was even. He did not look as if he had been beaten or tortured. He looked straight into the eyes of men. No, he had not been beaten as most of them had been before being driven away from their tribes.

Toward dawn Stan rose to his feet and broke the silent vigil that had served as his introduction.

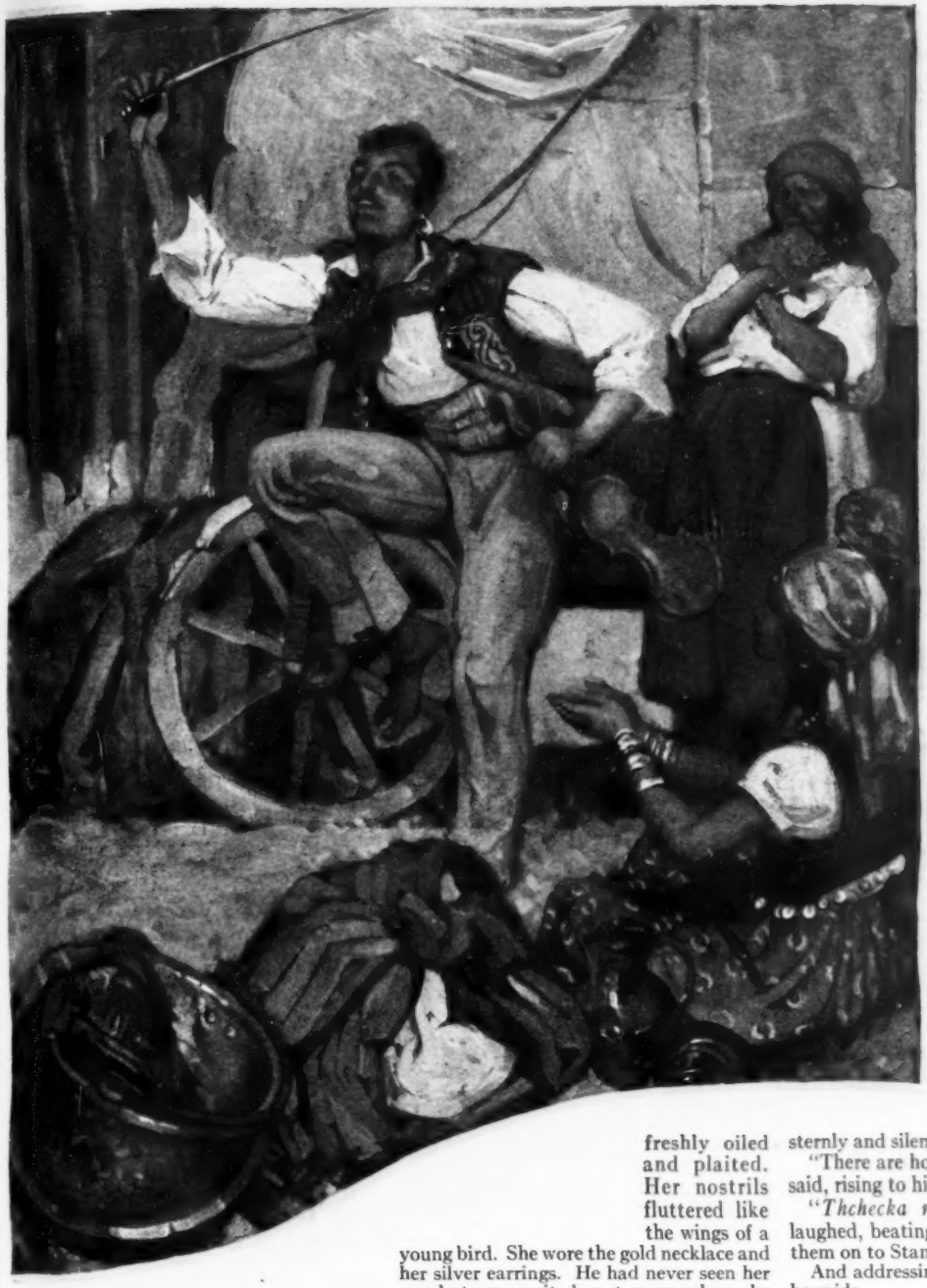
"My wagon is your home for the while," Petru said to Stan. "Go, rest there."

Then, turning to his men, the chief added,

"We shall stay here a few days."

Early the following morning long tarpaulins were drawn over the square formed by the gypsy wagons. The snow was shoveled out. The wheels were sunk in the ground to the hubs and pinioned. The *kazan* a large, cast-iron kettle, was set over

As Stan played, he danced, and the Petru did not take his eyes from Mira. own Mira. Now already she belonged



Gypsies laughed as they watched him. Yesterday she was his daughter, his to another man. She was a stranger

the fire. The whole camp was under the tarpaulin—men, women, children, horses, and dogs. Families gathered closer together than usual, so that the newcomer should know who belonged to whom. The younger women and the girls were all eager to meet him. They had already seen him from behind the holes in the canvas of the wagons.

Petru sat between his wife and his daughter Mira. The father looked at the girl. He loved her deeply. She was his Mira. She was only sixteen years old. His face darkened. Why had she put on her newest dress? Her thick, black braids were freshly oiled and plaited. Her nostrils fluttered like the wings of a young bird. She wore the gold necklace and her silver earrings. He had never seen her so alert, so excited, not even when she danced with her friend George, who played the fiddle so well—George, her future husband. Why had the other girls and the young women decked themselves out as for a holiday? They were all waiting for Stan, for the stranger. God alone understood women, and even He not always.

Yawning and stretching himself like a cat, Stan climbed out from Petru's wagon into the canvas-covered square. All eyes turned toward him. His gaze was so frankly insolent that girls and women covered their open throats with their hands and pulled the wide, yellow, embroidered sleeves down to their wrists.

"The song of the kettle has called me." Stan said, sitting down.

"Sit here," the chief spoke, pointing to the right, near his wife; Stan was his guest.

After a few moments, noticing how Mira was examining him, Stan questioned the girl.

"How do people call you, beautiful one?"

"Mira. And you?"

"Stan."

Petru's wife filled an earthen dish for the newcomer. He finished its contents before the others had begun to eat.

"Is there plenty?" he asked.

His hostess answered with a nod. He filled his plate again and finished it before the others had emptied their dishes. His hunger satisfied, his eyes wandered from face to face, then turning abruptly toward Mira, he said lightly, banteringly, loudly, looking into her abashed eyes and down the roundness of her young, brown bosom:

"So they call you Mira, eh? And from now on they'll call me Stan. *Mirastan*, in Calo, our language, a snowflake, ha! I have fluttered upon you like a snowflake in the wind. Have they, here, all gathered together like snowflakes, eh?" He laughed at his own question. "Snowflakes, that's what we are."

Petru looked sternly and silenced the speaker.

"There are horses to be shod," the chief said, rising to his feet.

"*Thchecka mene*—that's me," Stan laughed, beating his broad chest. "Bring them on to Stan. Put up the anvil."

And addressing one of the younger boys he said:

"You'll blow the bellows. You want to, don't you? Come blow the bellows for Stan."

The gypsies looked at one another. Who was this stranger who gave orders? He spoke as if he had never had to take orders. He commanded. Mira could not take her eyes off the young man.

He had bared his sinewy, long, brown arms up to the elbow and was ready to work. The thick, blue veins formed a curious pattern on the inside of his arm. Her fingers tingled with desire to touch his flesh, to feel its velvety smoothness. He looked so strong, so sure of himself! Except her father, all the others of the caravan behaved like dogs that had been beaten too frequently in puppyhood.

Stan was tripping the hammer lustily on the hard steel of (*Continued on page 288*)

MARY LAWTON'S *Vivid Portrayal Of The Woman Who Costumed*

The Shining Lights Of The Operatic World—

Madame Elise Freisinger

Only one singer ever approached Lehmann, the great Katerina Klafsky. She had two supreme rôles—*Brunnhilde* and *Fidelio*

STARS AND SCISSORS

AMERICA again—with all my heart! Back in New York. The visit to Germany and my mother—*and* the honeymoon—over. So ring up your curtain on my second season as costumer at the Metropolitan.

Once again the great world of the theatre was within my hands. My dear, it was as thrilling as when I first landed, the year before. The work, the wonderful singers, who were all my friends — and particularly the great Lilli Lehmann, who demanded so much of my time and care—*Ach!* you would think I was there only for her!

Lilli Lehmann!—"A name to conjure with," you say? Yes, and always will be. It lives today, though she no longer lives, and must go down through the years. She is one of the immortals. Who can ever forget her who heard her in her great days? Thank God, I was one of those! Not only did I hear her, but I served her—with my hands and my heart—as costumer, friend, and maid—for yes, I was her maid, too. The great Lilli would have no one else to dress her but her "*Kleine Seeger*," as she called me, though she had her own maid and the usual opera dresser. And what a row she made if I wasn't in her dressing-room the minute she arrived!

An absolute autocrat she was, very difficult in her ways, and people were always terribly afraid of her, especially those who worked for her in the opera. Everything had to be exactly as she wanted it, when she sang. Not only in her dressing-room but on the stage, too. She always went on the stage a few minutes before the curtain was rung up, to see that everything was in proper position to the smallest detail. She never left anything to chance—not she! Even the orchestra conductor didn't go to his place until she gave permission. Why, the curtain couldn't be rung up until she was ready.

She gave tremendously in her art, but she took great care of herself, too. Her dressing-room had to be just such a temperature. If it was too warm when she came in, she'd shout: "*Ach!* I'm roasting. Quick—give me air! Open the window."

And the minute you opened it, she would cry,

"*Nein*, it's freezing—put it down!"

Always, an hour before she arrived, I'd go myself to see that it was regulated just as she wanted it, for more than any one else I could please her. Even so, many a time, when I had everything (as I thought) just right, the window opened only a tiny bit for fresh air, *Gott in Himmel!* What a row she'd make! Why, before she was fairly in the room, she was shouting:

"This draught is killing me. Who dared open the window?"

My dear, I was nearly crazy with her sometimes. My head went round!

She always had in her dressing-room champagne, and before every act she'd take a little—only a few drops actually—to keep her vocal cords in good condition. Sometimes she'd take it into her head to sing the scales walking up and down, while I was dressing her, until I was on edge. It made me so nervous—but my nerves didn't matter.

Ach, what a woman! She seemed to have eyes in the back of her head—nothing escaped her. In those days they wore high, stiff corsets, and when a corset lace broke, what happened? What *didn't* happen, rather! She became a maniac. She'd rave and storm and call everybody around her fools and idiots!

"Take it off," she'd order. "Take it off—I won't wear it. Give me my old one! Never let me see *this* corset again."

Sometimes this happened when she was entirely dressed, ready to go on the stage, and—can you believe it?—every rag had to be taken off, and back went the old corset. Sometimes I thought I'd die, I'd have to give it up. But of course I didn't, for I adored her, no matter what she did.

She dressed herself in black, always very plainly, and I must tell you that in winter, if you saw her undressed, well, she was a sight—like a mummy! She wore thick, woolen underwear—long, heavy flannel drawers right down to her boot-tops. All her clothes were very coarse. I never wore heavy clothes; I never wore a flannel petticoat in my life. But—can you believe it?—she had two or three petticoats and one of red flannel! She wore such thick shoes, and everything of the strongest and very warm, so she wouldn't catch cold. If you saw Lehmann in the daytime, you'd think she was a plain servant girl. Of course, when she was invited out, she put on a better dress, but nothing special. Her beauty was really her wonderful noble face. When she sang in concert, she was more particular—but even then nothing especially beautiful —and never fashionable.

Lehmann never made any fuss about the making of her costumes. She trusted me absolutely, and I always put her in the right costume. It was I who gave her lines—my scissors did the magic! She wanted always her costumes correct historically, and Marianna Brandt was the same, though she didn't care off the stage how she looked. In fact, neither Brandt nor Lehmann had any taste, yet thanks to me, if I do say so, they always came on the stage looking perfectly marvelous. They'd give their own ideas as to the colors they liked, but that didn't amount to much; it was always up to me to make the costume right and beautiful. Lehmann knew very well when I dressed her, she'd be turned out perfectly. But God help you if anything went wrong with her costume before the curtain went up! Whew!

I remember one awful experience I had. During my first year the opera company went to Philadelphia, and she was to sing in "Mignon." Of course, it had to be one of *her* gowns that was lost. I found it out only four hours before the opera. What to do? I knew she'd murder us all where we stood, so I didn't stop for anything. I rushed to Wanamaker's store, the cabman beating the horse all the way; bought material, the flowers, lace, and, yes, somehow, I made another gown in those few hours, and it was all ready for her before the second act —a little beauty.

When I carried it to her dressing-room, she was astonished.

"Oh, Seeger," she exclaimed, "what's this beautiful new gown you have for me?" (She still had no idea that the other was lost.) "Why is this?"

"Oh," I said carelessly—though I was shaking inside—"Madame, this is just a little surprise for you—a new gown for Philadelphia!"

She was delighted and said: "But this is so wonderful, I don't ever want to see that horrid old one again. Throw it away! I want this gown always for New York, Seeger, and no other."

So I saved the day without her knowing it, but the next time we had an accident, I wasn't so lucky.

Ach! Never will I forget that day, when she sat on the bench in the great love scene in "Tristan and Isolde," and got herself covered with bright, green paint! Some fool of a stage-hand had freshly painted the bench, and nobody knew it until too late. Well, I tell you there was such a row to almost tear the roof off. She grew twenty feet tall in her rage—she cursed and tore and wept. She was a maniac, tearing up and down. Everybody was frightened out of their wits. She went to her dressing-room and locked the door. What to do! Everybody was paralyzed.

Mr. Stanton knocked and called; no answer. Then Seidl tried. No use! Just raging and storming in her room. Finally I went and pleaded with her through the keyhole.

She only shouted, "Go away—leave me alone."

Then Stanton again implored her to speak to him. He said that they were terribly sorry—heart-broken—they would do anything! *What* (*Continued on page 200*)

Emil Fischer created the rôle of *Hans Sachs* at the Metropolitan—his interpretation has never been equaled by any other artist

© *A. Dupont, from the Albert Davis Collection*

"When Lehmann saw the beautiful new *Isolde* robe I had made for her in one hour, she gave a great cry and snatched it. I fell in a dead faint, and she went on and sang like an angel"

From the Frederick H. Meserve Collection

Marianna Brandt (left) had a gorgeous voice—a real contralto. Her *Fides*, in "The Prophet," lives still in memory, although she is dead these many years

The girl who had thrown the shilling was smiling at him. She was pretty, and Alberto Ferrari had loved pretty women. He swept off his hat and called out to her in Italian, *"Grazie"*

By Sir Philip Gibbs

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

ALL progress, as it is called, leaves a certain number of people stranded, unable to catch up with the new conditions. So these new talking pictures, replacing the silent screen, caused a good many victims for a time. There were refugees from Hollywood, stricken by this revolution which threw them into the discard. Even in England there were many pretty girls and good-looking boys, who once earned good money in the studios or had odd jobs in the crowd and now had to look around for vacant places in milliners' shops or musical comedies. And there were others who were neither pretty girls nor good-looking boys, but elderly men, worn with the long struggle of life, almost at the end of their tether, finding it hard to begin again. There was, for instance, Alberto Ferrari, violinist, who once played an obligato accompaniment to Tetrazzini.

He was a man of seventy, playing first fiddle in the orchestra of a "picture palace"—nothing much in the way of a palace—down the Edgeware Road, London, when the news came that mechanical music, wonderfully synchronized by those Americans, was going to replace the living musicians.

The news was broken somewhat abruptly by the proprietor of this picture house down the Edgeware Road. He was a scraggy little man, sometimes called "the greyhound" by the young gentleman who played the saxophone, because he made a little hair go a long way. After the show on a certain Saturday night, he came toward the orchestra as it was packing up. The women cleaners were brushing down the plush-covered seats and picking up the things dropped by the last audience before the lights were up—men's right-hand gloves, empty cigarette boxes, bits of chocolate, a lady's garter. There was the usual reek of cigarette smoke and cheap scent and the faint whiff of human bodies that had gone into the swirl of London traffic after two hours of unreality in the house of dreams.

The proprietor, Mr. Widgery,

Melody IN A MINOR

Every Chord of a Love-Song of Youth Is a Tie that Binds in Old Age

stood in front of the orchestra and lit a new cigarette from one already alight in his mouth. He was perhaps slightly distressed by what he had to say, having a personal knowledge of life's hardship, and decent human feelings in spite of a tendency to foul language in moments of irritability.

"Look here," said Mr. Widgery, "I'm sorry and all that, but you boys and girls will have to look out for new jobs. I'm having this house wired for the Talkies. A hellish lot of money, I can tell you. They make their own music—and God help the people who listen to it! Still, they've come to stay, in my opinion. Can't go against progress. No use playing to half-empty houses when there's a rush at the box-office round the corner to hear the latest kind of noise. Bally awful, I call it. Still, there it is. Must move with the times, so there's no more need of an orchestra as far as I'm concerned, and I'm paying you a week's money in advance. I'm sorry, believe me."

There was a moment's silence before Miss Peerless gave a cry which had a sob in it. "Oh, I call it a shame! After all our hard work!"

She was the girl who thumped the piano in an orchestra of six, and there had been times when Alberto Ferrari, who had once played a violin obligato to Tetrazzini, desired to strangle her because of her false notes, and her indifference to rhythm, and the hectic redness of her nose, which offended his ideals of beautiful womanhood. But now he laid his bow in its case beside the violin and patted her hand as she wept rather noisily over the lid of the piano.

"Courage, dear lady," he said. "They can not kill the soul of music by canned discords. Let us keep courage in our souls."

The young man with the saxophone, who had left a haberdashery shop for the sake of art, blew an ironical cackle of mirth down his instrument and then glared at the proprietor and spoke fiercely.

"A week's money in advance, eh? And very nice too, I suppose? Generous, by God—I don't think! And what am I going to tell the wife who's expecting her third confinement next week? Haven't I blown my lungs out for you in this foul atmosphere, night after night, and kept the people in a good humor with your rotten show just because they couldn't keep their feet still when they heard me? A week's notice, indeed! I won't take such an insult."

"It is good, that," said Joan as he swept his bow through the last note. "You ought to have made a fortune with it, Mr. Ferrari"

Alberto Ferrari, violinist, and with music in his soul, especially when he was slightly fuddled by the wine which he had loved as well as women—too well, too well!—had often desired to kill this young man with the saxophone, whose name was Bert Smith—to kill him with slow and lingering tortures because of the abominable sounds which outraged the ears of one who had played an obligato accompaniment to Tetrazzini; who had composed, many years ago, a "Melody in A minor" which was the very harmony of love, and who sometimes, even now, when he had drunk good wine, heard within himself divine music which afterward he could not remember or write down, as one can not remember dreams. He had called this young man, Bert Smith, many things, and at times Mr. Smith had resented his plain speech. But now Alberto Ferrari, whom they sometimes called "Daddy," put his thin, old hand on the knee of the younger man and pressed it gently.

"My dear sir," he whispered, "do not lower your pride before this swine. We are artists. We are musicians. The world can not live without us. In a little while they will be calling for us to come back—at high wages."

Bert Smith listened gloomily and then shook his head. "Don't you believe it, old bird," he said in a hollow voice. "We're doomed. That's what we are. Doomed! I'll have to go back to the haberdashery. And meanwhile the shock will kill my poor wife."

"Don't tell her just yet," suggested Alberto Ferrari, who remembered a similar episode in his own career many years ago when he had had a young wife. "Wait until you are engaged again—in the Savoy, perhaps, or one of the night clubs where they like the merry saxophone."

In his pity for this young man who had lost his job, he forgot his hatred of that diabolical instrument which had caused him hideous agonies.

The orchestra of six dispersed in the Edgeware Road where a drizzling rain had driven people home before their bedtime, except for a few lovers who strolled amorously under dripping umbrellas, and a policeman flashing his bull's-eye at bolts and locks, and some soldiers with their wenches standing at a coffee stall.

"A hellish life," complained the saxophonist. "No justice!"

He saw the Cricklewood bus slithering along the rain-swept street with an ugly skid, and he boarded it after a gloomy wave of the hand to his fellow victims of progress.

The lady pianist, Miss Peerless, was waiting for a bus to Notting Hill. She had forgotten her umbrella, and her thin frock was already wet.

"I keep an invalid brother," she remarked plaintively. "Crippled in the war, you know. We could just do on what I was earning. Now—" She stared up Edgeware Road with an anxious look.

"You will give piano lessons to young people," said Mr. Ferrari. "I should say you would be a very good teacher, my dear."

After all, poor creature, she could not help that redness of the nose nor a lack of instinct for rhythm. He was sorry that he had wanted to strangle her sometimes.

"Too many gramophones!" she answered. "It's all mechanical nowadays."

She saw the Notting Hill bus advancing rapidly towards them. There was no room inside, of course, judging from all those umbrellas on top.

She had just time for a few more words, and put her hand on the arm of the oldest member of an orchestra which would never play together again.

"Thanks for all your kindness, Mr. Ferrari. I'll never forget you and all your wonderful stories about Tetrazzini and the others . . . Good luck, and all that!"

A charming creature. Beautiful, really, if one looked into her eyes and forgot other parts of her face.

Alberto Ferrari, who had been a great lover in his time and who was still devoted to women, held her hand and patted it.

"Bless you, my dear. And if you find things difficult for a time—with that poor brother of yours—don't forget a drunken old reprobate who would be glad to help you with a little loan as long as he has a pound or two to spare."

Then Miss Peerless startled him.

Just as a Notting Hill bus came to a stop outside the picture palace where the lights were blurred through the rain, she leaned forward to the old man and kissed him on the cheek before darting on to the bus.

ALBERTO FERRARI remained standing for a moment after the bus had gone. The lights from the picture palace shone upon his black hat with its slouching brim and touched his sharply cut profile, clean-shaven like the face of an old actor, with a parchment skin creased by innumerable little wrinkles.

"Women! Women!" he said tenderly, with a deep sigh, before turning up the astrachan collar of his worn overcoat and walking slowly toward the Marble Arch, from which he took a bus to his lodging in Oakley Street, Chelsea.

He had been very happy here for a year or two, since he had been playing first violin in that picture palace to which he had been reduced by ill-fortune, and the creeping on of old age, and a human weakness which overtook him once a month or so, when he drank, perhaps, a little too much wine, for the sake of the beautiful melodies and the charming dreams and the illusion of youth again which came to him at such times.

IT WAS a most respectable lodging house, and the landlady, Mrs. Kenderdine—poor soul—was a lady for whom he had the very highest respect, and indeed a real affection, because of her courage and good-nature. She was the widow of a colonel who had been killed in the war, and she had started this lodging house for the sake of her boy and girl, who had been at good schools until a year or two ago, when they were old enough to begin careers of their own. Richard, the boy, was in a city office, which he hated, poor lad. Joan—the beautiful, laughing, dreamy-eyed Joan, his particular friend—had gone into a hat-shop near Sloane Street.

Some of the other lodgers were interesting and pleasant, though uncertain at times in their payment of accounts, upon which Mrs. Kenderdine, dear lady, depended anxiously. There were two young Indian students, a journalist belonging to one of the great newspapers, a retired major and his wife, two maiden ladies of elderly years with their Pekingese which yapped when Mr. Alberto Ferrari played his violin upstairs, and a lady novelist with short hair and thick ankles, who objected even more than the Pekingese to the sound of a violin in the room above her head.

Three guineas a week he paid for his rooms, and it was rather a tug sometimes, out of his wage in the picture palace, yet not too much to pay for the privilege of the friendships he had formed among these nice people. They respected him. They knew—he had told them once or twice—that he had once played an obligato for Tetrazzini. Some of the younger people—those two Indian students—called him "sir" when they passed him on the stairs. They were grateful when he gave them free tickets for the picture palace, where there were plenty of empty seats. They admired his "Melody in A minor," that song of love which he had composed—was it forty years ago?—for a child of beauty who had been his wife until she ran away from him and became the mistress of a rich man. They were good enough not to disturb him when, once a month or so, he shut himself into his room because of that human weakness which overcame him. At first he had frightened Mrs. Kenderdine—he was apt to be a little foolish at such times—until she understood and forgave.

It was Mrs. Kenderdine's daughter, Joan, who had made this house homelike for an old man, and kept life sweet for him so that he would hate to go away to a cheaper lodging. There was a particular friendship between them, a rare understanding between youth and old age. Often she would come and tap at his door, and when he called "Come in!" she would appear before him with her finger to her lips and a Mona Lisa smile and a swish of her short frock.

"I've escaped from the lodgers and domestic squalor! Play something to me—or let's talk about life and love."

He played to her that "Melody in A minor" of which she never tired, because it seemed to be the music of some dream in her own heart, and other things which came to him when she sat in his armchair with her long legs outstretched, looking at him with those dreamy eyes of hers, which reminded him of another girl he had known years ago, that wife who had run away from him. Sometimes he made her laugh by the things he played, musical nonsense, musical jokes, the merriment of melody.

"Better than jazz!" she confessed. "You do know how to play, Mr. Ferrari!"

And sometimes they talked about life and love. He had to be careful about that, not to hurt this child's mind—she was nineteen when he first came to Oakley Street—by any of the bad things in his own mind. He was a drunken old reprobate. At least, he had taken to drink when his wife ran away forty years ago—that thing of beauty so like this Joan with her blue eyes. He had lost job after job because he couldn't keep off the drink. His ambition to be one of the world's masters had gone down into the dirt. He had sunk as low as a picture palace in the Edgeware Road. But always he had been faithful to romantic love, to his homage for the charm and grace of womanhood. It was the Italian blood in him. His father had been a music master in Bayswater, but he had bequeathed to his son this love of beauty, this passionate devotion to women, this incurable sentiment.

"Tell me about your love-affairs when you were a young man, Mr. Ferrari," asked Joan. "That exquisite Contessa—"

She laughed, and the old man wondered if she doubted the truth of that Contessa. He was not quite sure himself whether it was absolutely true. He lived so much in dreams! Perhaps she hadn't been a contessa really, but just a little actress at the Gaiety—one of the chorus girls, of Italian blood like himself.

"She had almond eyes," he said, "and such a delicate grace of body that it was like music when she moved. Every evening I used to take her for a drive round Hyde Park—it was in the days of hansom cabs—and sometimes we would dine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, when dusk came up the river and lovers drifted in their punts under the willows, with Chinese lanterns. She had an admirable wit, and a laugh like fairy bells. As a young man I was passionately in love with her. I remember her now as a charming memory."

"Did you ever kiss her?" asked Joan inquisitively.

"MORE than once," answered the old man cautiously. "More than once, my dear, before she left me in the lurch for a commonplace fellow who was a stockbroker or something."

"What a slut!" said Joan. "If I allowed any man to kiss me—passionately, I mean—I should feel myself bound to him. And you must have been extremely good-looking, Mr. Ferrari!"

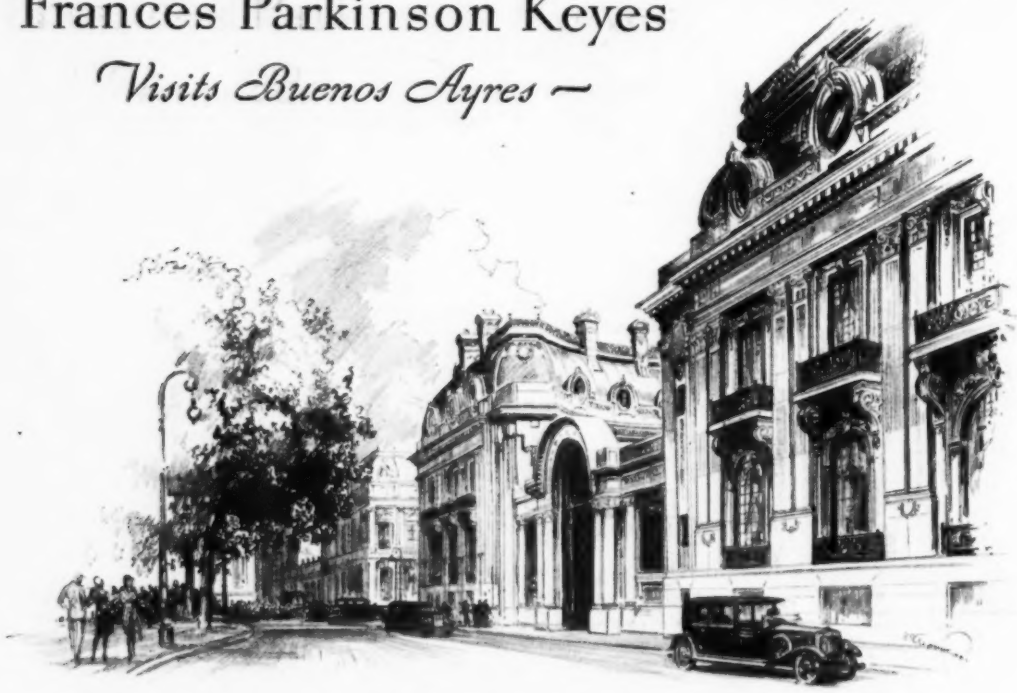
"I was a very (*Continued on page 297*)

THE old lady peered at his face through the soft lamplight. "Tell me about that tune of yours," she said. "You wrote it in Venice?" "We were in a gondola on the Grand Canal when it came singing into my mind," he told her. "Lucy was with me—my wife, madame"

Next, on her South American Tour for Good Housekeeping

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Visits Buenos Ayres —



Magnificent marble edifices in Buenos Ayres, resembling public buildings, prove to be private residences

A CITY of SUNSHINE

And the Falklands, Islands of Mist

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

DEAR CATHERINE:

Have you never envied people who prefer discomforts to luxuries? I always do—and never more than when I am traveling! But I frankly envy the persons who whole-heartedly and joyously tell you—and mean it—that the more they have to "rough it," the happier they are! For though I have never yet hesitated for fear of being uncomfortable to visit any place which I wanted or needed to reach, no matter what kind of conveyance I had to take to get there, and no matter what kind of accommodations I found after my arrival; and though I have enjoyed many such places in spite of their lack of the essential elements of comfort, I must confess, all things being equal, that I prefer space to crowding, cleanliness to dirt, warmth to cold, good food to bad, and plumbing to pitchers! And though I shall be thankful to my dying day that I went to the cataracts of Iguazú, when at last I saw, around a curve of the Paraná River, the splendid and sophisticated city of "goodly airs" looming up before me, it was all I could do to refrain from hailing it with a paean of thanksgiving!

But Buenos Ayres inspires this feeling for many other reasons than because it offers every conceivable luxury, refinement, and distraction that the most exacting, fastidious, and pleasure-loving traveler could demand. For many other reasons, also, than because of its enormous size—it is the largest city on the South American continent, the sixth largest in the world—and the omnipresent evidences of power and progress with which it pulses. There is, besides all this, essentially a joyous quality about it, of which one is conscious as soon as one sees it even from afar, and which floods every fiber of one's being as one makes closer acquaintance with it. It has in it something of the rich, golden mellowness of Tokay, of amber, of Venetian velvet, of Indian summer, of the flame that glows rather than leaps, of the sun just before it sinks beneath a dark horizon, of love that comes late and lasts long. There may be crowded and ugly districts in it—but I never saw any; only spaciousness and beauty and magnificence. There may be inclement and chilly weather—but I had only sunshine and warmth and that wonderful, clear, sparkling air to which it owes its name. From the moment that I landed to the moment that I left, I felt filled with a *joie de vivre* as complete as it was stimulating.

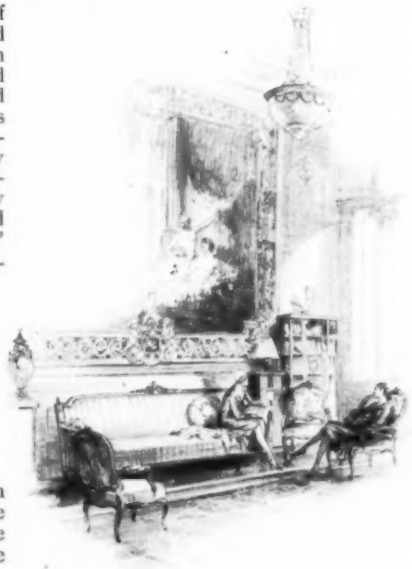
The boys and I were met at the wharf, by Dr. Vance Murray, of the United States Public Health Service, a right-hand man of General Cummings, the chief of that great branch of our government service. Four years ago, when we were in Japan, Dr. Murray was filling a position in that country similar to the one which he now holds in South America; and perhaps more than any other one person he taught us to know Japan and to love it. For he is much besides a skilled physician and a conscientious public servant. He has that rare "gift of tongues" which enables him to learn almost any language in an unbelievably short time; and the still rarer gift of adaptability which enables him to conform rapidly to the customs of any country, to share its viewpoint, and enjoy its pleasures, and understand its psychology, free from antagonisms, unerring in judgment, sympathetic in spirit.

Fortunate in our possession of such a guide, philosopher, and friend, we began our exploration of Buenos Ayres. We darted about her in the small and unpretentious car which is the logical successor to the smaller and still less pretentious one in which, with such infinite enjoyment, we darted about Japan; and thus, in an unbelievably short time, her landmarks, her beautiful streets, her places of public interest, became familiar to us.

Of the latter nothing impressed me more favorably than the Immigrants' Hotel, that remarkable institution in which every humble traveler knocking at the gates of Argentina finds abundant welcome; food and lodging furnished free for five days; a white-tiled dining-room and laundry, immaculate dormitories, rows upon rows of spotless bathrooms, a model hospital and pharmacy, and a great, sunny plaza in which to rest and plan. Four thousand persons can be, and frequently are, housed here at one time, for Argentina places no restriction of numbers upon the European (Caucasian) settlers whom she gladly receives. They bring in their belongings free of duty; they change their money free of cost at a branch of the national bank; and at the end of their five-days' visit they are furnished free transportation to any part of the Republic in which they wish to settle, their choice having been facilitated by instructive movies with captions in their own languages, which reveal the respective advantages of the different states and provinces. Many a man and woman, many a little child, who has found harbor here must in after years think of this place not as an institution, but as the personification of the spirit which proclaims, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in." If there had been time and opportunity for me to see nothing else in Buenos Ayres but this one building, I should have felt amply repaid for my journey by the hours which I spent there.

Viewed from almost any angle, the Immigrants' Hotel is one of the most interesting institutions in Buenos Ayres, and so is the *Sociedad de Beneficencia*—the Benevolent Society—with which I became acquainted through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Bliss, the wife of the American Ambassador, to whom I am endebted for this and many other privileges and pleasures. The *Beneficencia* has the status of a subdepartment of the government—a rare, if not actually a unique position for a charitable organization, and, moreover, a charitable organization which is under feminine direction and management! It was founded more than a hundred years ago, with the object of "educating women to take their rightful place in the social development of their country," members being "elected from the aristocracy, not only for their position, but also for their qualities of heart and spirit"; and it began its work by taking charge of an existing school and orphanage.

At first, there was a hard struggle to provide instruction and organize more schools with the limited material which the Society had at its disposal, but within four years nine hundred girls were being taught under its supervision, and this number grew rapidly; while the utility and worth of the work was publicly recognized even during the most unsettled periods in the life of the young republic, and the famous dictator Rosas visited and commended the schools. Later, however, under the so-called "Tyranny," all teachers were forced to take an oath of allegiance to the "Sacred Cause," and many of the ladies belonging to the *Sociedad* were obliged to emigrate. At this time the regular funds hitherto bestowed by the government upon the *Beneficencia* were withdrawn, and it became dependent on intermittent grants, while the number of pupils was greatly diminished; but the work of the society never ceased entirely, and in due course of time the full recognition and assistance which had originally been accorded it were restored. In 1852 the *Beneficencia* began to do charitable as well as educational work, and twenty-five years later—the government having then assumed full control of the schools—it enlarged its plan for the relief of public need, and since that time has devoted itself entirely to this, maintaining hospitals and asylums for women and children, both in Buenos Ayres and in the provinces, raising and administering funds to alleviate poverty, and tendering material assistance in times of epidemics, floods, earthquakes, and other disasters. In all there are twenty-seven institutions under its direction, several of which I visited, and ten thousand persons are regularly cared for by it, besides those to whom it ministers in periods of emergency. Its prestige and its power have increased with the passage of time; and some of the most competent and consecrated women whom I have ever met are dedicating their lives to its service.



I doubt if there is any capital where there is more elegance of living than in Buenos Ayres

I do not often devote a large part of my time in city to visiting institutions and organizations; but not many cities which I have visited have so many institutions commanding attention and admiration. When I had been to the Immigrants' Hotel and the *Casa de Huéfanas*, I was only too eager to follow the suggestion of Mrs. Bliss that I should also make the acquaintance of the *Amigos del Arte*—the Friends of Art—the original object of which was to foster the work of Argentine artists, to create a *foyer* for them, and to protect them from extortionate picture dealers. Founded by a small group, without any special grant or fund, the *Amigos del Arte* has nevertheless grown, in less than six years, to a position of great importance and influence, and has extended its activities in many directions. Its attractive headquarters are in the fashionable *Calle Florida*, and consist, besides the necessary offices, of three large rooms for exhibitions, an auditorium and a reading-room, which are all constantly in use; and in addition (*Continued on page 225*)

Government House, at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, is a comfortable, rambling, English home

The FOOL of THE FAMILY

Was Wise Enough To Become the Hero Of the Most Intriguing Novel Of the Year — A Sequel to "The Constant Nymph"

How They Fell in Love:

IF IT had not been for Gemma, Caryl Sanger's engagement to the daughter of Sir Ivor and Lady McClean might almost have gone smoothly, although the course of true love is notoriously not smooth for a daughter of nobility such as Fenella McClean, and a struggling musician such as this son of the magnificent Bohemian, Albert Sanger. But, from the moment when Caryl, rebelling against the tawdry music he must play in the Lido Pier Cinema, launched into a protest of chords more fitted to the thunder and the sound of the sea outside, and lost his job thereby; and Fenella, struck with the profile she saw in the brief glare of lightning, persuaded Herr Heinrich to introduce them, there were no objections from Fenella's elders. Caryl spent his pitiful savings on flowers, gondolas, ices for this child who did not understand poverty. They looked at paintings together, unconscious of coming disaster; floated happily together on the canals. And now that they had promised to marry each other, now as they exchanged their first shy kiss in the shadowy entrance of the palace Fenella's parents had rented for the winter, it was perhaps as well that they could not know what was taking place upstairs.

For upstairs was Gemma. She had apparently come visiting the palace with a party of schoolgirls; and her low slippers, her sensible dress, proclaimed her the proper English schoolgirl her slanting dark glance, her too-wise mouth, her low Slavonic brow denied. She had been found hiding in an upper room, and was seized and brought before Sir Ivor and Lady McClean, and Herr Heinrich, as a probable thief. Gemma protested that she had stolen nothing; and she spoke the truth. But they would not let her go free until they had heard her story, which was not a pretty one.

She had run away from home in England, she told them, and gone to a convent. Her home had not been happy; and convents were not for her. Since her childhood days her life had been checkered; there had been men who had been good to her, and men

Illustrated By W.G. Ratterman

This was the end, Natasha said They would be kind enough to pay her her share of the money and she would go. "You can't go," cried Sebastian. "We can't possibly give our show without you"

By Margaret Kennedy

who had not. She had had a baby, and been very ill; and when she came from the hospital had fainted in the market. A stranger had offered her his protection and had been very kind indeed. His name was Sanger; he was a musician, a son of the great composer.

The McCleans, aghast, set her free, for they heard Fenella's footsteps on the stairs.

It was natural that Fenella should protest at being told peremptorily upon her entrance that she should never see Caryl again.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," she said. "I've promised to marry him."

Nor would she believe that Caryl could be the hero of Gemma's tale. She was dragged protesting to the Dolomites next day, with only time to shout to Caryl from her speeding train that she would marry him when she was twenty-one; and to call to him, "Gemma! Ask Heinrich!" as an explanation.

Caryl knew no Gemma; but Heinrich could at least tell him of the incident in the McClean's drawing-room, offer as chilly consolation the counsel that Fenella, in any case, could hardly be expected to share an ambitious musician's life of penury, and promise to take him that evening to play before Madame Rovere, who had long ago known Albert Sanger, his father, and whose friends might further his career.

Gemma had not known Caryl; but she had not lied. She was living with Sebastian Sanger, Caryl's half-brother, as Sebastian explained when Caryl found him in the fruit-market and told him his troubles.

At Madame Rovere's that evening, who should turn up uninvited but Sebastian. He completely outshone Caryl, who left the party early and went home to sulk.

In a burst of repentance rare for Sebastian he came the next morning with a plan for Caryl. They would take Gemma and her baby, and the puppet-show that she had made; they would play at all the hotels in the Dolomites; and they would find Fenella.

CHAPTER XI

CARYL, toiling up another turn of the road, discovered that the worst had happened. The donkey had fallen down, nor could all the proddings of Gemma and Sebastian induce it to get up again.

From the first it had been an unlucky animal. Its viciousness was equaled only by its instability. Half-an-hour out of Belzano it ran away down a steep slope, with Gemma's baby on its back. Yet often it would stand for twenty minutes at a time without budging, so that they arrived at their destination late and had to give their evening's performance without waiting for supper.

Of late it had developed a most astonishing feebleness, so that they were able to do only a half-day's journey at a time. In despair they removed more and more of its load, until it bore the lightest burden of any of them, but still its tottering grew slower. Sebastian thought that it was dying of old age, as indeed it was.

This had been the worst day of all. It seemed as though they would never get up the seven-hour climb to the Adlersee, where they were billed to give a performance that evening. They were all in poor spirits, because they had taken a bad collection the night before at Kohlbach, in the valley.

Gemma's baby seemed to be getting whooping-cough. Caryl's knee ached. The three Russians, who completed their troupe, had made a scene half-way up the climb and refused to carry any more of the donkey's load. Only Sebastian remained indomitable. He ran backward and forward, up and down the road, cheering his little company, smacking Gemma's baby on the back till it stopped coughing, bandaging Caryl's knee, cajoling the Russians, and prodding the donkey. But he was powerless now.

"Have you kicked him?" asked Caryl when he came up.

"Yes, it was no use."

"Well, do it again."

Sebastian gave the donkey a gentle little kick, more like a caress, with the toe of his boot. The poor beast twitched its ears tiredly, but otherwise took no notice.

Gemma, glad of a rest, had slung off her heavy pack and was sitting with her baby in the grass by the roadside. "When Max and Mischa come up," she said hopefully, "they'll kick him. They're quite good kickers. Better than you two."

This was quite true. From the first the Russians had complained because Sebastian would not let them kick the donkey properly. There had been high words about it more than once, especially when they had to carry all their luggage.

"They'll murder him," said Caryl.

He went to the edge of the road and looked over the steep slope to the zig-zag path below, where the Russians were toiling sulkily with their packs.

Max and Mischa were twin brothers, and they had been waiters in a Venetian café. Sebastian knew them because they were communists. Max could sing, and Mischa could play the violin, and they hated being waiters. So they had jumped at the chance of touring the Dolomites, and they had further produced a soprano, a lady called Natasha Petrovna Sanin, said to be their step-aunt, who washed dishes in the same café. Mme. Sanin was undoubtedly a powerful singer, but she was no longer young, and the fatigues of the tour had been too much for her.

"We shall never get to Santa Maddalena tonight!" Caryl exclaimed.

Sebastian, who was removing the last of the donkey's burdens, agreed, but pointed out that it might be well to give their voices a rest after such a tiring day. It was the first evening that they had failed to give a performance.

"Taken as a whole," he said contentedly, "I think we've done very well. We've paid our way, we've got an engagement for the autumn, and we've saved something as well. If Natasha didn't sing flat, and if Mischa didn't play sharp, I should be quite happy. Give me a plantain leaf and I'll fan the flies off poor old Mussolini. No, Caryl, don't jump! Nobody's listening here. I've promised I wouldn't call him that in the towns, and I won't. But *in Gottes Natur* I can and will."

"There's a hotel on the Adlersee, nearer than Maddalena," said Gemma. "The Benito. Why can't we stop there for the night?"

"Too grand," said Sebastian. "It's one of those *de luxe* places. They might let us give a show, but they'd never let us stay the night. Are those Tatars coming?"

"Yes," said Caryl, looking.

When they saw what had happened, Max and Mischa flew into a transport of rage. They rushed upon the donkey with curses, while Caryl and Sebastian tried to haul them off. Gemma and Natasha, each supporting her own men, screamed like a couple of parrots. The quiet evening was shattered by a perfect babel, and only the donkey lay still. But at last the Russians understood that no kicks could help them, and they stood together, looking sullenly at Sebastian as if it had been his fault.

"Are we then to fly to Santa Maddalena?" enquired Natasha.

"We must get on to the nearest house," said Sebastian, "and leave Mussolini there, and make the best of our way without him."

"But how are we to get him there if he will not walk?"

"We must carry him."

"We must . . . you say . . . what did you say?" stammered Natasha ominously.

"We must carry him."

Natasha opened and shut her mouth several times before she could speak. But at last her breath returned to her, and she went on for some time. She had demeaned herself to the basest toil without a murmur, she said, but never, never, never had she been called upon to carry a donkey. That was too much. It was the end. They would be kind enough to pay her, her share of the money, and she would go.

"But, my dearest aunt—"

"This very night I return to Kehlbach. And tomorrow I will go to Venice. I will wash dishes. But to carry a donkey—I find that is too much."

"You can't go," cried Sebastian distractedly. "We can't give our show without a soprano."

"As to that, *je m'en fiche*. It is nothing to me, your show. Perhaps your donkey will sing for you."

So Caryl counted out the little hoard of savings in his belt and gave a sixth part to Natasha. She began to move off down the road, turning round at intervals to shout back remarks about donkeys and ungrateful nephews. The scene did not end; it melted slowly as she got further off, and twilight stillness fell upon the little group in the road. But at length the shadowy gorge swallowed her up.

"Now we must try to shift Mussolini," said Sebastian.

This was unnecessary. Mussolini had died during their arguments. He would never exasperate them again. They dragged him to the side of the road, and held a gloomy discussion as to the best thing to be done. It was clearly too late for them to get up to the Adlersee, burdened as they were with the whole equipment of their theatre. Caryl thought that he remembered a clearing some way down the road, with a forester's log hut, where they could spend the night.

The *Abendrot* paled and went out suddenly. The rosy peaks turned to a forbidding grey, and night rushed up from below. In the cold air the sound of a waterfall came across the gorge, but everything else was wrapped in a profound stillness.

"I don't see this clearing of yours," said Sebastian, when they had gone downhill for some time. "Are you sure it was there? We'll get back to Kehlbach before we know where we are."

"And won't Natasha crow!" added Gemma.

Caryl was sure that the clearing was there, although nobody else had noticed it. And after another twenty minutes, when dark had quite fallen, he offered to go on by himself a little way and look for it. The night was so cold, he thought that it might rain, so that he was very anxious to find cover of some sort, and the log shelter had looked to him quite weather-proof.

Slinging off his pack, he left it with the others and stepped out with a new energy, now that his shoulders were free. Under the pine-trees it was so dark that he could hardly see the road. He plunged downward into the night, past two hairpin bends of the road, and paused again to reconnoitre, convinced that his log hut could not be far off. He was already more than a hundred feet below the others; he could not even hear the sound of their voices on the road. He could hear nothing save the soughing of the wind in the pines and a faint scuffle of some kind among the bushes immediately below him, which he took to be a herd of cows stampeding through the wood.

Disappointed, he began to retrace his steps, but he had not gone ten yards before something brought him to a standstill with a pounding heart. It came again, tearing harshly through the night, an awful sound like a long, high scream, and with it were other noises, thuddings and cracklings, and a muffled shout.

Caryl began to run down the road. He had fought in the French army all through the war, and he knew that men do not scream like that for nothing. As he ran,

NOSTALGIA

By Sara Henderson Hay

DOWN *the dull street*
Spring comes apace
On slender feet—
Spring has begun
To say grace—
Oh, I know, Wearer of Light,
Home is the loveliest place
Under the sun.

AND *tell me—is the dusk there sweet?*
Has the pear tree flowered white?
And does the crocus fill its cup
That new-born bees may sup?
And are the tulips up?

Fenella's lips parted, and her eyes shone like blue stars as she stared at Caryl's brother. Sebastian, gazed up at her as though he looked into the sun

he gave two or three breathless shouts, but he heard no third outcry. Another turn in the road brought him to his clearing, and he stopped to listen. Although everything was quiet, he could not get rid of the idea that many people were moving about in the forest close at hand. He ran on to the clearing and almost crashed into a large car which stood, drawn up and deserted, in the shadow beside the road.

At first he thought that the occupants must have heard the scream and had probably gone to investigate. So he shouted again. Almost immediately a man came running out of the woods across the clearing.

"Who are you?" panted the man as he came up. "And what are you doing to my car?"

"Did you hear some one scream?" asked Caryl.

The other did not reply. Instead, he turned on the headlights so that he could see Caryl's face.

"Somebody screamed," repeated Caryl.

"I do not think so," said the other calmly.

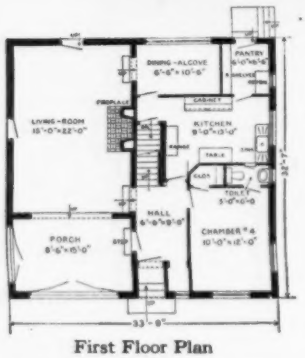
He came and stood in the light of the lamps, himself. Caryl saw that he wore a black shirt.

"I heard no scream," he said. "And I do not think that you heard one either."

"I tell you," protested Caryl angrily, there is some one in trouble. I heard him call for help twice. If you won't help me, I must find him myself.

(*Continued on page 138*)

"1930 American" is the style of this cottage built skyscraper fashion, largely of brick, steel, and concrete

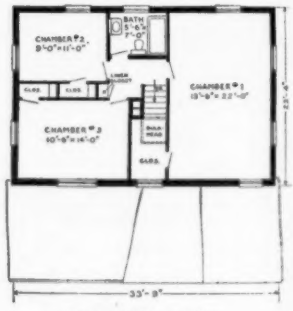


First Floor Plan

FIREPROOF *And* MODERN

By

Margaret Berry Hand



Second Floor Plan

WHEN Elizabeth Wells Robertson, District Art Supervisor of the Chicago Public Schools, decided to build a house, she rejected stereotyped styles of architecture. Style, she reasoned, should be submerged in the personality of the owner, and since no two personalities are alike, no two houses should be alike. She wanted a house thoroughly modern and thoroughly American—a house that could be built economically, that would express her own interests, that would form a harmonious background for the pieces of furniture her family had treasured and passed on from generation to generation, and for the pictures and other treasures she had collected. The site she had chosen was wooded and somewhat remote from prompt fire protection, so she wanted a house more than ordinarily fireproof.

Because of its beauty and the fact that it is settled largely by artistic folk, she chose the suburb, Ravinia, home of opera in the woods, as the environment that would be most congenial to her. Henry K. Holsman, F.A.I.A., a prominent Chicago architect, whom she consulted, advised her to take advantage of the natural slope of the lot, place her basement where the lot sloped off sharply, and let the living-room and sun-room rest directly on the ground. There was room for a garage in the basement, thus saving the expense of a separate one, and since the house was to be fireproof, there would be no additional expense for fireproofing the walls between the garage and the living quarters.

All these considerations, practical and esthetic, resulted in the unusual little cottage of six rooms and dining alcove shown on this page. Though it is so tiny and looks so beguilingly domestic, it is built on the same principle as a skyscraper—verily a small rock of Gibraltar.

The walls are made of common brick laid on edge with a hollow space in the manner known as the rowlock wall. The interior walls are of rough plaster over metal lath. All the floors are terrazzo (Tennessee pink marble fragments thrown into concrete). They were ground down to a polish with a carborundum wheel and waxed. The ceiling of the downstairs is the floor of the upstairs, and the tremendous weight of the concrete is carried on steel beams anchored to the brick walls, skyscraper method. The windows are steel casements, and the window-sills, in order to eliminate the use of wood, are made of tile. The house is roofed with slate-covered asphalt shingles over wood rafters, which are protected on the under side by gypsum board. The shingles are made to bend over the roof construction at the gables and the eaves to avoid the use of exposed wood as much as possible on the exterior of the building.

The cost of the house was very moderate, considering the high type of construction. The original contractors' bids ranged from $12,000 to $21,000. With regard to the cost of such a house Mr. Holsman says:

"Houses built in this manner cost no more, if as much as houses built in the ordinary manner, when care is taken to design the house so that the reinforced concrete slab is not more expensive than it should be. It makes the house inexpensive from the insurance point of view, saving at least $250 a year on insurance. It saves on upkeep since the exterior needs very little attention for paint, and the interior requires no expense for repairs except the ordinary waxing and cleaning."

He goes on to say: "There is a definite prejudice in America against hard floors such as Miss Robertson's, which does not occur in European countries where most of the residences have them. Most Americans believe that *(Continued on page 137)*

Mix Your Own GARDEN SOIL

By Romaine B. Ware

THE soil of the garden is as important in the life of flowers and shrubs as the home environment is in the life of a child. Just as a poor and unhealthy environment is likely to produce a starved and stunted character, a poor soil will bring forth feeble plants and sickly flowers. Fortunately, the most unpromising soil can be modified so that instead of forcing plants to struggle for existence, they will thrive and blossom luxuriantly. You can make the soil in your garden just what you want it to be if you will go at it properly, but first you must know your soil and the needs of the plants you are going to grow in it.

Time and again we are told that this or that will grow in any good garden soil. Well, just what is good garden soil? This will vary greatly in different parts of the country. Soil that would be considered good in southern New Jersey is vastly different from the good soil of Illinois prairies, and the good soil of a rocky Connecticut hillside is little like that of the Willamette valley near Portland, Oregon. The good soil of the Texas plains is unlike that of either Florida or Southern California. Still in each section they are good garden soils. What then constitutes good garden soil? It is a fertile soil that has proper drainage, that contains good supplies of available plant food, and that is of good texture which may easily be brought to a high state of cultivation.

Not all the so-called "good" garden soils meet all these requirements. A light, sandy soil is easily cultivated and has good drainage, but it usually lacks plant food. A heavy clay soil has plenty of plant food, but it is not easily available because it is difficult to work and drainage is poor. The best soil is one that is neither too light nor too heavy. It should also contain plenty of humus—that is, organic matter in the process of decomposition. Humus aids the soil in holding moisture; it helps to aerate clay soils and encourages bacterial action so necessary for plant growth. Humus is deficient in many soils, especially light, sandy ones and those that have been gardened a great deal without replacing organic matter used up. Humus is comparatively easy to replace. The addition of leaf mold, compost, strawy manure, or pulverized peat moss, and the turning under of cover crops, will all improve the humus content of the soil and add to its fertility.

Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Deep spading, thorough raking, good drainage, an adequate supply of plant food, and the right soil texture are necessary if you want to be sure your garden will flourish and bloom

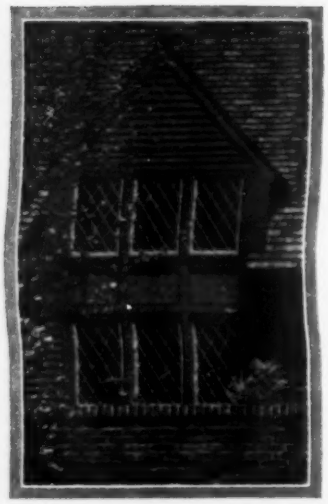
Good drainage is vitally important in the average garden. Practically all garden flowers, trees, and shrubs demand it. Poor drainage may be due to the soil being made up too largely of clay, it may be due to a clay subsoil or hardpan that prevents the excess water from sinking away, or it may be due to the lay of the land. Many times a garden is built in a low spot where excess water collects so that there is simply too much to pass off properly. Clay soils may be improved in drainage by the addition of sharp sand, fine gravel, or sifted ashes. Humus should be added also to help in breaking up their consistency. Hard and impervious subsoils may be broken up by trenching and working them deeply, but naturally low spots should be tiled. That is, they should be drained by installing a system of open-joint drain tiles to carry off the water.

Light, sandy soils are just the opposite. They are generally too well drained: water runs through them like a sieve and carries much of the plant food with it. Humus added to sandy soils helps them to retain moisture, and clay well mixed in will improve them wonderfully.

Your garden soil can simply be made to order if you wish. Section after section of the borders may be made over to meet certain specifications. Some plants are particular as to their soils; they will thrive in a heavy soil and sulk in a light one, or vice versa. Heavy soils tend to make the color of blossoms and foliage darker, while root systems seldom develop so well in them. Seeds do not germinate well in heavy soils. Regardless of the nature of your soil in the beginning, it may be modified to meet any requirements.

The amount of food in your garden soil is adjustable to meet the needs of your plants. Available plant food is that which is soluble and capable of being taken up readily and used by the plants. Three of the most important food elements — potassium, nitrogen and phosphorus — are frequently deficient in garden soils because they are so soluble. They quickly wash out of well-drained soils. More than a dozen other elements should be present in the soil for plant growth, but the three mentioned are the ones usually deficient. Most of the so-called "complete" fertilizers combine these plant foods in varied proportions. Commercial fertilizers can be used to good advantage, but their use may be overdone.

(*Continued on page 154*)



A well-designed bay gives interest to the exterior; it adds space and pulls sunlight into a room

WINDOWS For Beauty and Use

By Roger H. Bullard
Architect

Illustrated by Examples of the Writer's Work

AS "eyes are the windows of the soul," so are windows the eyes of the house. They are the means by which we get those tantalizing glimpses of the intimate life of the home—the flicker of a fire on the hearth, a shaded study lamp, or a lighted Christmas tree—and it is through our windows that we look from the seclusion of our home out on the various aspects of the world. Literature has dwelt upon the outlook from windows. They are perhaps the most romantic feature of the house—or, to be more exact, our windows frame the romance of our home. A shaft of sunlight through a casement bay throws a checkered pattern on the floor; a branch of apple blossoms across the pane, a bird singing on the bough, a bit of blue sky framed by the window leads our imagination into the sunlit garden.

And so we might go on; but looking upon windows as an element of design, their proper grouping and spacing plays a far more important part in the composition of a house than one might suppose. It is the size, proportion, and relation of openings to wall space which determines the character and beauty of a building from the outside; and the proportion and distribution of windows is of vital importance in the design of a room. Therefore, an architect must think of the exterior and interior at one and the same time, so as not to come to grief in his treatment of window openings.

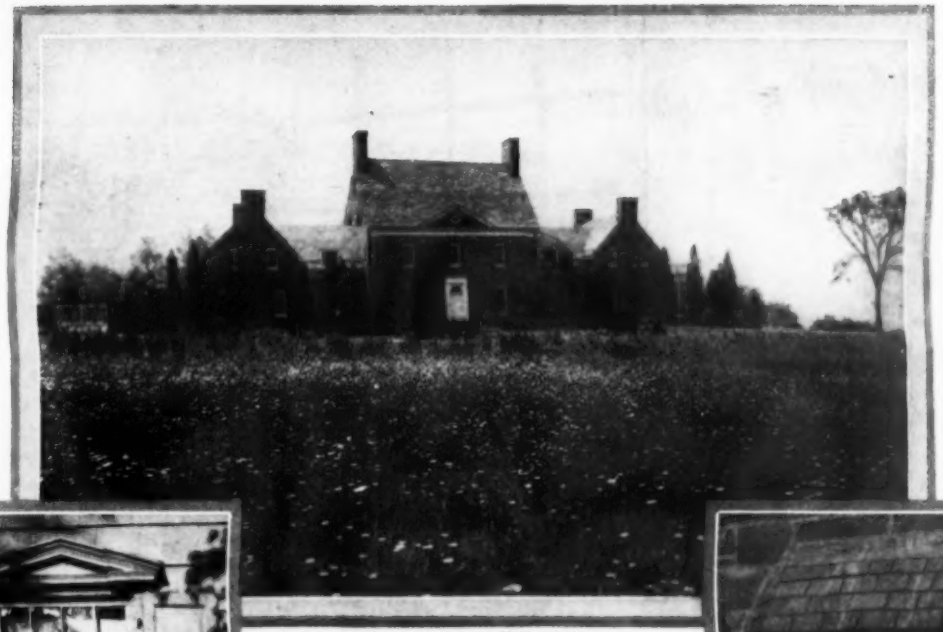
It is easy enough for a client to say, "I want a window in this closet," or "in that corner of the room," but he seldom realizes how difficult it is not to spoil the outside appearance of the house by such specifications. From the eighty-storied office building to the small country house, the problem of fenestration is the most important element of design and makes or mars any building.

The possibilities of the general arrangement of windows in a country house may be classified into four distinct groups. One group is characterized by a repetition of individual window openings of the same size and spacing across the entire façade, uninterrupted save possibly by the entrance doorway. Another group has a symmetrical treatment, although the individual windows are not uniform as to size and spacing. In the third group are houses having a balanced, although not symmetrical, treatment of window openings, where bays and casements of varying numbers and sizes are used. The fourth group comprises houses combining the double-hung and casement sash. Which type of arrangement is chosen depends on the character the architect wishes to achieve in the house as a whole.

The front façade shows a symmetrical arrangement of windows, broken only by the doorway, which is typical of Colonial façades

One of the first problems we must decide is whether our windows are to be the ordinary double-hung or sliding windows, or whether they should be casement sash; and if casement windows, whether they shall be hinged at the top or sides. The choice of either of these two types of windows and their particular grouping, as well as the subdivision of the window panes, immediately establishes the character of the exterior, as can readily be seen by the accompanying illustrations.

The embellishment of the window frame of the country house both inside and out is unlimited in design, ranging from the simple, molded wood trim of a frame house to the more elaborate designs, such as those with cornices and pediments and label molds used over the openings. These projections over the heads of the windows not only serve as a protection from drip, but also give a line of shadow which accents the opening. The proportion and size of window panes depend largely on the scale and proportion of the window opening, the division of leaded panes usually being smaller than wood. Diamond-shaped panes may be used for either wood or



Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The beauty and dignity of this house are partly due to the windows which, though symmetrically arranged, are not uniform in size and spacing

Photograph by Van Anda

A white-sashed, double-hung window of beautiful proportion and detail, with shutters painted in two shades of gray

Photograph by Van Anda

The metal mullions of this simple bay are of minimum width in order to give the maximum sunlight to the room

Photograph by Amamya

A metal casement, with intermediate mullion of wood, has inside screens and a pocket at the head for Venetian blinds

leaded sash, but seem better suited to casement than double-hung windows.

The casement opening, to be practical, should not be wider than 18″ or 20,″ nor for proportion more than 4′–0″ high, the required amount of light area being obtained by combining these windows in groups of two or more, as a room may require, or with transoms above for additional light and ventilation. The sash may be made of wood or metal, the latter being somewhat more expensive. It is worth while remembering, however, that the standardized metal sash of today can be obtained for almost the same cost as wood, when you take into consideration weather-stripping, painting, hardware, and the upkeep necessary for wooden sash. Metal has a great advantage over wood in that it is designed with a standardized, weather-proof joint and does not shrink or warp and the windows do not stick.

The double-hung or sliding window can be used in larger units than the casement sash and has an advantage in scientific ventilation in that the top and bottom of the window may be open at the same time without so much danger from drafts. On the other hand, only half the glass area of double-hung windows can be open, whereas casements may be entirely open for the summer breezes if desired.

Now, having decided which of these two types of windows you will have, there are still an infinite number of details to be considered and problems solved with regard to shades, screens, shutters, and awnings.

In many respects the double-hung window is the easiest to handle. Here you may have inside shades, outside screens, and outside shutters or awnings. A full outside double-sliding metal screen is made which will fit between the sash and shutter and can be raised to reach the shutters or awnings. There is also an adjuster by which shutters may be opened or shut by a handle coming through the sill, but with a sliding screen this is hardly necessary. For those wishing inside screens which cover only the open portion of the window, there are rolling ones which are concealed in pockets in the sill or head and are not in evidence when the window is closed. These can be used both with double-hung windows and casement windows which open out, but they are expensive both to install and to repair. Shades can be made a decorative feature in a room by using the many glazed chintzes now made for that purpose. Shutters, too, have their decorative value. A wide range of colors and varied styles of panels, battens, and movable and fixed slats offer interesting possibilities.

The furnishing of casement windows presents problems not so easy to solve. It is impractical to use shades with this type of window, but instead one can use Venetian blinds which pull up into concealed pockets above. If the windows are not too wide and are set in masonry walls, side shutters which fold upon themselves and into side jambs can be used. Another solution for shading casement bays is to have double-deck casement hangings which can be pulled partly or entirely over either the upper or lower sash. Awnings are now made with a double break for casements, to clear the sash (*Continued on page 189*)

Illustrated By Rose O'Neill

Jerry's grasp tightened, and the doll cried out piteously, "Mama." But all Anne said was, "I don't care what you do to the silly thing"

The DOLL

HER face was perfectly round, far bigger than her mother's, which was small, dark, oval, and delicately hollow-cheeked. Anne's cheeks were bursting, so pink and tight that they shone. Her small, upturned nose was covered with golden freckles, exactly the same gold as her thick, straight eyelashes. Her mother's lashes were dark and curved.

Anne's upper lip was a charming shape, but her fu'l underlip pouted, and she set her mouth so tight in that eternal effort to keep up with her brothers that it gave her a sullen look. Her eyes were blue and slightly staring, but that, too, was a sort of defiance. Her neck was thick and white, and her hair hateful, or so it seemed to her; silvery fair and fuzzy.

But her legs were the worst of all, she thought, straight and solid. Her whole body, indeed, was solid, her small, broad chest hard as a boy's.

When her mother sat down, she drooped a little, and there was a lovely, curved line from the shoulder of her dress—which she often wore a little gathered—"I'm so abominably thin, you see," she would say with that gentle, deprecating laugh of hers—down to the low, delicately-molded breast, with two small, curved, horizontal lines at either side of her waist.

Often, in the evening, Anne would come back from school and, climbing the immense flight of brown steps, see her mother sitting there in the porch, with a sort of golden mist from the sunset all about her: sitting a little sideways with one elbow on the arm of her rocker, her hand supporting her chin; her fine, smooth, dark head delicate as a gazelle's; one knee crossed over the other, showing the long and lovely line of her, from the waist with those two curved horizontal lines, to the knee; and so on to the length of pale gray silk stocking, the delicate instep and black satin shoe.

People said that Mrs. Hervey was lazy and affected, that she never did anything. She herself said that there were more than enough people who did things in the world, and anyhow her two maids always remained with her, which was more than other people's did, while her husband and her five boys looked upon her as perfect, and what could any one want more?

Anne thought that, too. Anne looked upon her mother as far and away the most wonderful person in the world, but she did not know how to express this feeling. Only when she looked at her her face became a little redder and more set; her underlip stuck out a little more; her eyes—or so the boys said—goggled.

Sometimes she would throw her arms about her mother—half-way up the long, slender body—and press her own hard, plump person against her in a passion of love. But not often. In general, when she was with her mother, it seemed to Anne that she was packed too tight, almost to bursting, with the adoration she felt and was unable to express. Then she would stand and stare, with her straight, solid legs planted wide apart and her stomach stuck out.

Often her mother would give her a playful little poke and say,

"Anne, darling, don't stick your tummy out like that."

The Story Of a Little Girl Who Tried Her Best to Be a Little Boy

By

Elinor Mordaunt

Upon which Anne would get redder than ever, and one or other of the boys would cry:

"Look at her! She looks as though she was stuffed—"

"She looks like a doll!"

"Lord, what legs!"

"Looks like a doll—isn't she a daisy? Why, she's just like a doll!"

Her mother's friends would say that, too, and she hated it, though they said it in a different way from the boys; just as she hated dolls, with their horrid, flaxen hair smelling of glue.

If only she could have been a gazelle like her mother! Or, lacking that, a boy, a real boy like the others. But she did her best there. She was a coward by nature—but, no, she was a hero who had never dared to show fear.

All that the boys would do, she would do also. When Hugo, the eldest but one, held two large worms in his mouth ready for the hook while he was fishing, she went one better and swallowed a live minnow because they dared her to it. For weeks afterward she could have sworn that she felt that minnow swimming about inside her, hated it and was sorry for it, did not dare to drink anything hot because of it.

When the boys built a boat out of an old wash tub, it was she who volunteered to try it, she who stuck upside down in the mud with her feet just out of the water when it capsized; she who was very nearly suffocated; and she who found a water beetle in her hair in the middle of the night. The boys had done no more than build the boat, which was taken away from them after they had tried it on Anne.

To Anne also fell the unpleasant task of digging worms for fishing, muzzling the ferrets ready for the rabbit burrow.

Frankie had boasted at threshing time that he could catch a live rat in his hands, and did. But it was no more than a baby rat. Anne caught a full-grown one, not because she was brave, but because it happened to be easier to catch. But it bit her to the bone, and when she let it go—the horrible, squirming, fierce-eyed thing—they all yowled at her:

"Go home to your Mammy, go home and play with your doll. Sis—sis—sis!"

She was no more than just upon eight, and Noel, the only brother younger than herself, was seven when she taught him to box—as the others had taught her—and knocked two of his front teeth down his throat.

And though he cried, nobody said, "Isn't that just like a girl!" because he wasn't a girl. Only Anne's mother said, with her youngest son's head buried in her lap, while he hammered the ground with his heels, emitting howl upon howl:

"Really, Anne, I don't know what to do with you. You're getting so terribly rough, worse than any boy."

But she was not really rough. There was nothing about her really rough. She was only trying terribly, terribly hard not to be left out of it. Her mother adored the boys; any one could see how she adored them and how they adored her, hanging round her. And Anne had a sort of idea that if only she could become altogether like a boy, she would get her chance—not in the least realizing that all the time it was she who was holding her mother off.

Then on the evening of her ninth birthday, a terrible thing happened. Her mother had been away from home for close upon three weeks, nursing an old aunt who was ill. When she came back, she looked more delicately lovely than ever. She had

brought them all presents, but at first she would not give Anne hers.

"We must keep yours until tomorrow because it's your birthday," she told her.

Later on, however, after they were all in bed, she remembered the child's silence, her set, sullen-looking face when she realized herself out of the present-giving, and remarked to her husband:

"I think I'll slip up and give Anne her present now. Poor little mite, I think she felt rather left out of it all when the others got theirs."

"I'll be blessed if any one knows what Anne feels or doesn't feel," remarked Anne's father, and his wife sighed.

"I wish I could make her out. I wish I could understand her. But I don't know how to start getting at her. She's like one of those Chinese boxes that no one knows how to open. There must be a way—But anyhow I'll try her with this," she added, and moved away upstairs with a parcel in her hand; slowly, because she was tired with the long journey and a succession of broken nights.

It was still light, and Anne lay flat on her bed with her solid little body showing beneath the thin coverlet. The low rays of the sun wove her pale golden hair into a sort of nimbus, and her mother thought what a beautiful woman she would make if only—only—

She knelt down by the edge of the child's bed and began untying the parcel she had brought up with her.

Anne turned her head and stared at her mother. She did not say anything; she did not jump up as any one of the boys would have done, hug her mother, cut or tear at the string, with exclamations of excitement and delight; just lay there and stared.

In reality she was wrapped in a sort of trance at the beauty of her mother's hands with the red, low-setting sun shining through them, glinting on the diamonds and opals in her rings. But for all that she looked sullen and sort of fixed; "stuffed," the boys would have said.

"Darling, I don't know if you'll like it—I hope you'll like it—"

Her mother's voice sounded nervous. She was nervous: for she was trying an experiment, and experiments are the most dangerous things on earth in connection with a person one loves. But if it succeeded—and she had thought this to herself, lacking the courage to lay that sensitive inner-self of hers bare even to her husband, "I shall have my little girl."

For that was what she longed for; that was what she had always been trying for in Anne, and somehow or other never got, almost given up in despair. "Another woman about the place," as she put it to herself whimsically, with tears at the back of the thought. Not another son—she had five sons, with whom she had to be the gallant Roman mother, the good sport; but a mere girl with whom she could be as silly as she liked.

Her fingers trembled over the string. There was a thick, green outer paper, then fold upon fold of tissue.

Suddenly the sun slipped behind a thick bank of trees, and the room became gray; full of delicate shadows and half-transparent light, like a clouded Venetian glass. There was one big tree close to the window, and one star hung itself clear in the pale, Chinese blue of the sky above it. Looking over her mother's head Anne saw this star, and something in herself seemed to cry out for help, straining toward it. For by now she knew what was coming.

The last layer of paper was drawn aside, and a large, flat pad of cottonwool raised. Yes, that was it. It was a doll.

Not a flaxen doll, but a dark doll; with smooth, dark-brown curls and great, dark eyes which shut as it was laid back against her mother's arm.

Anne's soft and passionate heart turned right over in her strong, hard, little body as she saw it; something like a sob of rapture rose in her throat. Here was something of her very own to love as much as ever she liked, caress as she liked; something that would never laugh at her, something which had nothing to do with the boys. Something, or so she fancied, so exactly like her mother must have been as a little girl, that she might almost seem to be mothering her own mother.

It seemed as though the whole of herself grew soft with rapture. But all the same there was something which felt like a ramrod stuck tight down the very middle of her, in the midst of this softness.

The boys had once dared her to swallow whole, immediately, one after another, with their stones twenty cherries, and she had done it. It had felt like this then.

The boys—yes, there it was. What would the boys say if they knew that she had a doll? Everything she had worked so hard for would be lost. She would be cut out from every thing. She knew what they could be like. How cruelly they would ignore her; go on with their own affairs without missing her at all, however terribly she missed them.

She was in torture. But as she tore her eyes away from the doll and raised them to her mother, her face was perfectly expressionless.

Anne's mother hesitated, jerking back her head, so that the stupid tears gathering in her own eyes should not fall; disgrace her in front of the Spartan daughter.

"You don't like it, darling? It's such a pretty doll, I think. And see here!"

She gently pressed the doll somewhere in the region of the

(Continued on page 261)

Anne laid first one cheek and then the other against the doll's. Then she put it back in its box. Her mother dropped to her knees beside her

When A MOTHER Tests A BOOK

She Should Have an Understanding Heart Says

Emily Newell Blair

The honesty of Katharine Anthony will appeal to the young. They will like her "Queen Elizabeth" even if they have read Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex"

AMONG the many letters I receive each month, a large number come from high school and college girls asking me to recommend some of the new books for them to read. They are not satisfied, they say, to confine their reading to the books on lists submitted to them in literature classes for collateral reading. Yet they do not want to waste their time reading the nearest book offered. Doubtless many of these requests come from students who have been stimulated to the desire to read by these classes; others, from those who have always had a taste for it; and still others, from those who do not want to remain outside the current of modernity.

Often the same mail brings me letters from parents asking me to suggest books for their daughters and their sons—good wholesome books. They are afraid, they say, of the stuff that their children are reading, meaning the literature of the day with its frankness and candor in discussing the facts of life. Bred in another day, with a different attitude toward these facts, they are fearful of the effect on their children. Their natural reaction is to insist upon books which meet their own standards of the literary proprieties. But their young people, needless to say, being of the same generation as the writers of these books, feel differently. To satisfy both the parents and their adult children, therefore, constitutes a problem. If I suggest books that satisfy the parents, the children will not read them, and their reading will still be undirected. But if I suggest books that satisfy the children, the parents will not trust me, and my usefulness is forfeit.

For several months I have pondered this problem, and this solution has occurred to me: to name certain books for the young person's reading and explain to both the parent and the young person my reason for choosing them.

Since the recommendation of any book, to be effective, must depend upon the reader's tastes, I asked a girl in the last year of a preparatory school what kind of books her friends liked to read.

"Problem novels," she said, "that are frank and honest, with just a dash of love."

Having just finished Susan Glaspell's "Fugitive's Return" (Stokes, $2.50), I submitted it to that test. It deals with one of the sternest problems which life offers—that of accepting life on its own terms instead of our own. Irma Lee believed herself so defeated by life that she resolved to leave it, and then by a curious twist of circumstances found herself in Greece where life and love caught her again and pulled her back. Thinking she had lost everything, she suddenly came to understand what was really beautiful and valuable. Many mothers will be shocked at the very idea of their daughters' reading this book. For Irma's husband leaves her, marries again, and then returns at the death of their child; he tells her that he loves her still, but that his other wife is the woman whom he really needs. And even worse, Irma Lee brings back from Greece a girl who has killed her faithless lover; she risks her life and sacrifices her own happiness to save the simple peasant from the gallows.

But girls know about such things. In fact, they know many things that their mothers do not. They read about them every day, whether their mothers wish them to or not. They read about them in the classroom, in Tennyson's poetry, in "The Iliad," in Proust, and in their courses on French literature, in Balzac, Zola, Gautier, and also in dozens of worthless novels of the present day where such actions are reported by an author without, alas! any sense of values or proportion. How much better to find them here presented by an artist who gives them the values that repeat the conclusions of the ages, such, for instance, as those which Christ gave when he said that only by losing one's life did one find it, that the guiltless should cast the first stone. The truth, the earnestness, the depth, the integrity of Susan Glaspell must carry conviction, for here, these girls will realize, is no cant, but the considered thought of a woman of the world who has lived and suffered and experienced for herself. There is an unhappy marriage and a divorce. Yes. But what (*Continued on page 252*)

The Flirt Hat

Just the Right Millinery Intervenes Before Just the Wrong Matrimony

PAT CECIL FARRIDON, late of Arcadia, on Peace River, in Florida, sat in the Ferry Building at San Francisco and tried to tell Willie James the truth about why she was marrying him. Why she had, in fact, come clear across the continent to do so. She eyed him doubtfully, wondering how to go about it.

If the truth were known, Pat Cecil, who hadn't set eyes on Willie James for over a year, was beginning to feel a little panic-stricken over her choice in husbands. Willie James was good—Willie James was dependable—but she'd always wanted some one exciting and adventurous. Some one, preferably, as much like her father as possible. And here was Willie James, brisk and businesslike, with that look on his face that her old black mammy Chloe had always called his "Yankee look," sort of sharp and pointed.

He was also looking awfully well-satisfied, as if he'd put over a good deal. And he was saying: "We can't sit here all day and talk, Pat Cecil. There'll be plenty of time for that after we're married. And I've attended to everything—the license—the minister—"

Pat Cecil swallowed hastily. Things were happening too quickly for her, and she simply had to tell Willie James about Aunt Bursey, and that Wilkins woman, and Sammy, and her father. She cried, protesting with a complete indifference to grammar,

"Willie James—you ain't goin' to ma'ry me right this very minute, are you?"

Willie James, whose full name happened to be William James Albee, flushed uncomfortably. None of the drawl of the South lay on Willie James' tongue. It was crisp and sharp. "I wish you wouldn't call me by that ridiculous name!" he cried, quite forgetting that nobody in Arcadia had ever called him anything else. And then, firmly: "You bet I am, Pat Cecil. I made up my mind I was going to marry you fifteen years ago, when I was a kid nobody paid any attention to and you were a Farridon who lived in the big house on the hill. Now that you're here, I'm not going to let any grass grow under my feet." And his voice sounded crisp, like a real estate man's.

Pat Cecil drew a deep breath. She knew that if she had to marry Willie James at that very moment, before she'd had time to get used to the sharp little point on the end of his nose, she'd simply die.

"But yo' got to let me tell you, Willie James," she gasped in that unmistakable drawl of hers. "Yo' simply have to let me tell why I'm ma'rying you, 'cause maybe you won't want me when I finish!"

Willie James laughed indulgently. "I always said I'd get you in the end, Pat Cecil, and I have. I don't care why you're marrying me. You are, and that's enough for me. If it's because I've made my pile—well, that's why I made it. For you. If it's turned the trick, I'm satisfied. As for some mix-up your precious father has got himself into, I guess he had it coming to him. The way he's let you grow up—as poor as a church mouse—unprovided for—"

Pat Cecil, whose quaint, droll little face bore the famous Farridon scowl, bristled. "You look heah, Willie James," she burst out hotly. "Don't you go talkin' that-a-way about my dad! I want to tell you, he's the most fascinatin' man in Flo'ida, and so cha'ming that somebody's always tryin' to ma'ry him! It's not his fault he's like all the rest of the mad Farridons, wantin' only two things on earth, a good horse and a good race! But as for not providin' fo' me—with Farridon Hall—"

Willie James smiled. "Gosh, I used to think it was a castle, set up there on the hill. Now I wouldn't take it as a gift. Wait until you see the house I'm going to

Illustrated By Pruett Carter

"Yo' ought to be ashamed of yo'self," Pat Cecil said hotly, "—racin' through streets —knockin' down people— nearly killin' little white pup dogs!" She thought the young man tried to apologize

By Vivien R. Bretherton

build for you, Pat Cecil. Its roof won't leak!"

Pat Cecil's eyes were dangerously dark. "Farridon Hall is mah home, Willie James, an' I love it! It's got bougainvilleas trailin' all ovah its pillars, and there's always scads of little black boys lyin' around to fetch you a pillow or a lemonade. An' it has lovely, dim hallways and a curved mahogany stair, an' there's always a right nice horse or two in the stables, and piles of young folks laughin' and flirtin' all ovah the place. What if its roof does leak a little! It doesn't ha'dly evah rain in Flo'ida, and when it does we just sleep around somehow in the libra'y and put little pans in the attic to catch the drip. And everybody is happy, Willie James, because we're togethah and at Farridon Hall. So there!"

But Willie James wasn't listening. He was looking at her.

"Pat Cecil, do you know I've been certain all the time that you'd take me in the end? So if you're ready now—"

Pat Cecil, who hadn't been at all certain about that thing herself, looked at him helplessly.

"Willie James," she cried, "I'm not a bit all ready! I've got to tell you *why* I'm ma'ryin' you! It's not love at all—it's Aunt Bursey—and that Wilkins woman!"

Willie James looked a little impatient. "But I've told you, I don't care why. You're here, and that's all that matters."

"I'm heah," agreed Pat Cecil gently, "but I'm honest, Willie James. I'm heah because of Aunt Bursey. She's m'rich aunt, though much good that does us Farridons. A shiftless lot, she calls us, and she won't give m'poor, sweet Dad a cent. But she came down to Farridon Hall three months ago, Willie James, an' she brought five trunks! She came to ma'ry me off, she said, an' lift the mortgage from our silly heads. I thought Sammy would choke!"

"That young squirt!" Willie James didn't say it any too pleasantly. "I don't think much of your fine young brother, Pat Cecil."

Pat Cecil eyed him. It was hard, at times, to remember all Willie James' good qualities.

"He don't like you any moah than you like him, Willie James. He hasn't, evah since that time you ran away from fightin' Tubby Walker. But he's my brothah, is Sammy, an' I love him to death. It was pa'tly because Sammy was so hurt by Dad runnin' away, that I came here."

Willie James sat up a little straighter. "Ran away? Your father? Why, for Heaven's sake?"

"That's what I'm tryin' to tell you!" wailed Pat Cecil. "It was all because of Aunt Bursey! I was nineteen m'last birthday, Willie James, and Aunt Bursey came down to stay, like I said. To bring me out, though Dad tried to tell her there wasn't any 'out' in Arcadia. But Aunt Bursey wouldn't listen, an' things been

te'rible evah since. Aunt Bursey's been like a foreign missiona'y disciplinin' the heathens, and mah poor, da'ling Dad, he just wilted away befoah our eyes. He got a kind of hunted look, all flattened out, like Aunt Bursey was a steam rollah and he a bug in her path. Until one day last week he just disappeared, and left a note tellin' Sammy an' me that he wasn't comin' back until there was a new mistress at Farridon Hall, if he had to bring one back himself!"

Willie James looked unimpressed. "Well, what of it? Good thing if he did marry again. Let you clean out of it, back there."

Pat Cecil flamed. "My Dad, so sweet an' pathetic-lookin' that some woman is always fallin' fo' him, rampagin' ovah Flo'ida with a heartache an' a determination to get Aunt Bursey out? Willie James, I thought I'd die! I told Sammy we simply had to do something!"

"And Sammy was a great help, I'll warrant."

"Sammy was sunk," vouchsafed Pat Cecil darkly. "Sammy said, 'Prob'ly that Wilkins woman will get him!' Oh, Willie James, if yo' could see the Wilkins woman! She's rich as dirt, an' she's got an awful crush on Dad—an' she pats Sammy on the head an' kisses m'cheek an' calls us 'these deah children!' When Sammy said that, I just dragged out m'little blue bathin' suit and went down to Peace River to collect m'thoughts. And while I was there, swimmin' around, I thought of you."

Willie James didn't look particularly pleased. "See here, Pat Cecil, do you have to go into all this?"

Pat Cecil's eyes were as round as a baby's. "Of co'se I do, Willie James! I got to tell you why I'm heah, don't I? I can't ma'ry you, lettin' you think I'm in love with you, when I'm here just because of m'poor, darlin' Dad wanderin' around Flo'ida, driven from his home, and huntin' a new wife so he can send Aunt Bursey away! Mah Daddy doesn't want to get ma'ried, Willie James! He's just sacrificin' himself fo' Sammy and me, so we can be happy! An' I'm heah, because when I'm Mrs. Willie James Albee, I can go back home and run Farridon Hall, and Aunt Bursey can't say a thing! I had to ma'ry somebody, Willie James, an' you kept writing and proposin'. But as fo' me lovin' you—"

WILLIE JAMES rose to his feet. "I've told you once, Pat Cecil, I don't care about that. I guess I can make you love me, fast enough, once we're married. So if that's all—"

Pat Cecil looked about her desperately. Suddenly marrying Willie James here in San Francisco, when he was trying to hustle her up Market Street to a minister, was mighty different from marrying him when she'd been back in Florida, with Aunt Bursey laying down the law, and her father looking crushed, and Sammy scowling about.

She said breathlessly: "But I'm hungry, Willie James, an' that's one reason I don't want to be ma'ried this very minute! An' I want to buy me some—some powdah! An' a hat! Willie James, I won't be ma'ried without a new hat!"

"Don't call me that!" Willie James whined just as he had when he'd been a little boy.

That was one reason Sammy had never liked him. Sammy never whined. He roared like a lion.

"As for the rest, if I'm of less interest to you than a new hat—"

For a moment Pat Cecil felt the impulse to tell him that he was; then she thought of her father mounting the steps at Farridon Hall with the Wilkins woman on his arm, and she drew a deep breath.

"You ain't. I mean—it ain't and you are. But I'm queer, Willie James. I'm gettin' ma'ried sudden like, and I want me a new hat to give me backbone!"

And that was how Pat Cecil came to be sitting in a little shop that looked like a drawing-room, eying the flirt hat.

Of course, she knew from her first glance at it that it was a flirt hat—not at all the sort of thing to be married in. A hat for adventure, not domesticity with Willie James. She tugged it down over her *farouche* little head and thought ruefully:

"An' yo' can't be Pat Cecil in that hat! Yo' got to be Mrs. Willie James!"

But she bought it. What girl wouldn't have? And when she'd paid for it, a gesture of independence she indulged in over Willie James' protest, she had but twenty-five dollars left of the money she'd got by selling her grandmother's diamond ring. She put the crisp bills in her purse, thinking:

"Pat Cecil, yo' suah is ma'ryin' now! Yo' couldn't go home if yo' wanted to—not on twenty-five dollahs!"

And with the flirt hat on her head and Willie James at her side, Pat Cecil went out once more into the sunshine of Market Street.

NOW, Pat Cecil had once heard a man say that there were but four streets in the world down which adventure strolled—Fifth Avenue, the *rue de la Paix*, Piccadilly, and Market Street. She'd only dreamed of Paris and New York and London, but here she was, actually walking down Market Street, and she felt a tingling go through her. For the sun was shining as though it didn't know the month was November, and all the curbs were lined with flower stands, while on the very air was a lift and an eager zestfulness that were like an ecstasy.

So Pat Cecil and Willie James walked down Market Street, and Pat Cecil stole a glimpse into every window she passed, and thought she looked very nice indeed in the flirt hat. And as she was thinking so, one of the mad Farridons popped out of the past and flickered to life inside her.

"Pat Cecil," whispered the mad Farridon, "why not take a day off fo' yoah very own? Yo' have to ma'ry Willie James, whether you want to or not, but yo' can take a whole, wonderful, adventurous day first! You an' the flirt hat. An' here is this excitin', stirrin' city just waitin' fo' you!"

Pat Cecil cocked a listening ear to the temptings of her ancestor. And as she listened, she heard herself saying in the calmest of voices,

"Willie James, do yo' suppose I left mah purse back there in that store?"

Willie James looked annoyed. Willie James wanted to get married, and all this shilly-shallying didn't please him any. He said impatiently, "Did you leave it there?"

Pat Cecil's eyes were two blue lakes of innocence. "Where else could I have left it, Willie James? I ain't been anywhere else!"

Willie James winced. It was so like Pat Cecil, who had been educated to better things, to say "ain't." He remembered it as a habit picked up in her baby days, to which she stubbornly clung. Another was her tranquil manner of strewing her belongings in a stream behind her, wherever she went. So he grunted in a resigned manner, parked Pat Cecil at the next street corner, and went back to the erstwhile abode of the flirt hat. And when he had gone, Pat Cecil took out her purse and looked at it.

"Anyway," argued Pat Cecil logically, "I didn't say I'd lost it! And I'll go back this evening and ma'ry Willie James and make it up to him the rest of his life, so I will!"

And on her way she went.

Ah, but it was a lovely feeling, to be all alone and walking down Market Street in the sunshine! Night might come, and the inevitability of marrying Willie James, who had lots of noble qualities if one wanted noble qualities. But the day was hers. It lay before her, an adventure to be experienced.

PAT CECIL walked four blocks and turned three corners before it happened—the adventure that turned out to be Half-Pint. And the moment she saw him she knew that something was going to happen. Not that Half-Pint looked much like an adventure. Though he was supposed to be a dog, he looked more like a bit of cotton batting, with a white mop for a tail and another white mop hanging over his little pink eyes. He was about eight inches long and wore a woeful look, and when he peered out at Pat Cecil from beneath his front locks, he looked right into her heart!

It was all up with Pat Cecil after that look, for what horses did to Sammy and her Dad, dogs did to Pat Cecil. Proof of that lay at Farridon Hall, where there had been seventeen dogs by the last counting, with more coming all the time. Spaniels and Airedales and collies, with an indiscriminate assortment of mixtures. And all of them named Maudie or Flo or Clotilde, because they were that kind of dog, and every once in so often they came prancing out of the stable with a new litter of puppies tumbling after them.

Of course, Pat Cecil knew that this was no time for her to be buying a dog, but there sat this forlorn little poodle with half a dozen other dogs all large enough to swallow him with one bite, and she told herself she'd just go in and give him a friendly pat or two.

Half-Pint recognized his victim in a flash and gave an ecstatic wiggle. He stuck his cold, little nose into Pat Cecil's hand, and Pat Cecil turned to the man who stood beside her.

"How much?" she asked helplessly.

"Twenty dollars." He said it crisply.

That settled it. If he'd said two, Pat Cecil might have torn herself away. But twenty put the mark of superiority on Half-Pint, and Pat Cecil gasped, dug out her twenty, and walked out of the store, the small, white poodle under her arm. She had, when the transaction was finished, just five dollars between her and Willie James. (*Continued on page 274*)

PAT CECIL reached a brick wall and pressed up against it, clutching the small poodle and praying that somebody with a white face would come along and get her out of there. Even Willie James would do. And then a hand—a yellow hand—reached out and touched her

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO

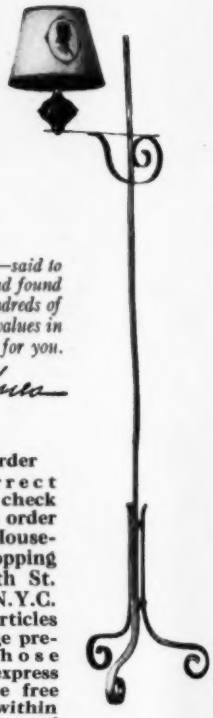
Will Buy These Attractive Articles for You

For your bedroom this cream-painted wooden lamp, with gold design and matching shade, 12″ high, is $4.95. A well-built, all-mahogany or all-maple, drop-leaf table, 36″ x 78″ open, 29″ high, is $34.75, express collect. The brace-back Windsor chairs, in maple or mahogany finish, are $4.45 ea., express collect. A stunning, black glass fruit bowl, $2. Octagonal mirror tray, 16″ wide, only $5.75

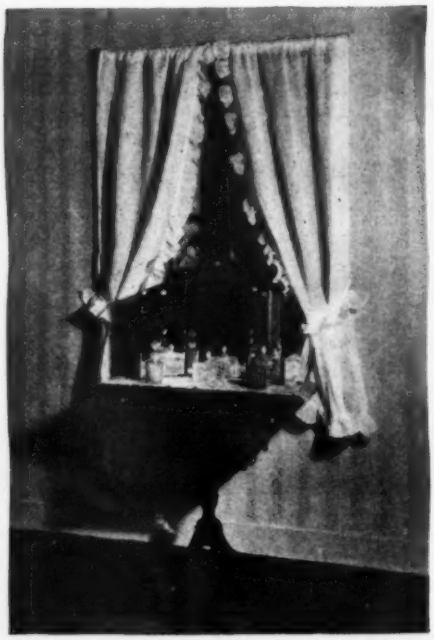
A cunning, yellow pottery kitten lamp, 13½″ high, with a matching shade, for your nursery, is $5.75. A sturdy, wrought-iron bridge lamp, 54″ high, with silhouette shade, is $3.75, exp. collect

One of my staff—a young married woman with a house of her own—said to me: "I really believe, if we searched and searched and searched, and found good, attractive things for the house for less than the usual price, hundreds of women would buy them." Well, here they are: good, attractive, rare values in pretty and useful household articles our Shopping Service will buy for you. You won't be disappointed!

Helen Koues



New square plates of black glass, above, $7.95 a doz.; matching crystal goblets with black bases, 29c each; matching ice-tea pitcher, $2.95. Hand-made linen set: runner, 18″ x 45″; 6 mats, 12″ x 18″; 6 napkins, 14″ sq.; $9.75. Dainty, dotted, cross-bar, white ruffled curtains with tie-backs, 2¼ yds. by 30″, $1.65 a pr. A nicely-finished, drop-leaf table, 2 drawers, all-maple or all-mahogany, 14″ x 32″ open, 28½″ high, $24.75, exp. collect. Triplex mirror, 20″ high, $15. Pottery pots and saucers, yellow or green; in 4 sizes: 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25, smallest, 4″ in diameter; largest 7″



How to Order

Send correct amount in check or money - order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C. All small articles sent postage prepaid; those marked express collect have free delivery within 100 miles of New York City

The crewelwork hanging and bedspread are moderately priced and an excellent reproduction of the embroidery done on heavy linen by ladies of the manor three centuries ago. They add a gay note to the neutral coloring of the period background

The Art of Creating an Atmosphere

A Bedroom Furnished in Sturdy English Oak

By Helen Koues, Director

A BEDROOM furnished in oak, and the intimate, colorful, walled garden we illustrate this month are the last of the series of rooms in the seventeenth-century feeling, which was started in the December issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The exterior of the house, the hall, living-room, and dining-room had the same structural building features as this bedroom, while another group, of bedroom, dressing-room, and bath, illustrated last month, was in the eighteenth-century feeling. Bedrooms of such different atmosphere in the same house give variety, and are in good taste, provided the background is harmonious.

In this room the structural features are the same as in the dining-room illustrated in January. The walls may be of rough plaster with the building beams exposed on the long sides of the room, and cross-beams in the ceiling. Or, if you are building or remodeling, take advantage of a new building material and use Celotex for the walls and between the beams of the ceiling, as the Studio did, nailing it to the studding of the house. Though primarily an insulating material to keep out heat or cold, its surface is such that it may be used in this way, the joints being covered by wood strips. This treatment would be particularly adaptable to an unfinished room—one without plaster, perhaps, on the third floor. If furnished in this sturdy oak with only a few pieces, it would appeal to any man, old or young.

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit The Rooms Created by
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
Our Publication Building
New York

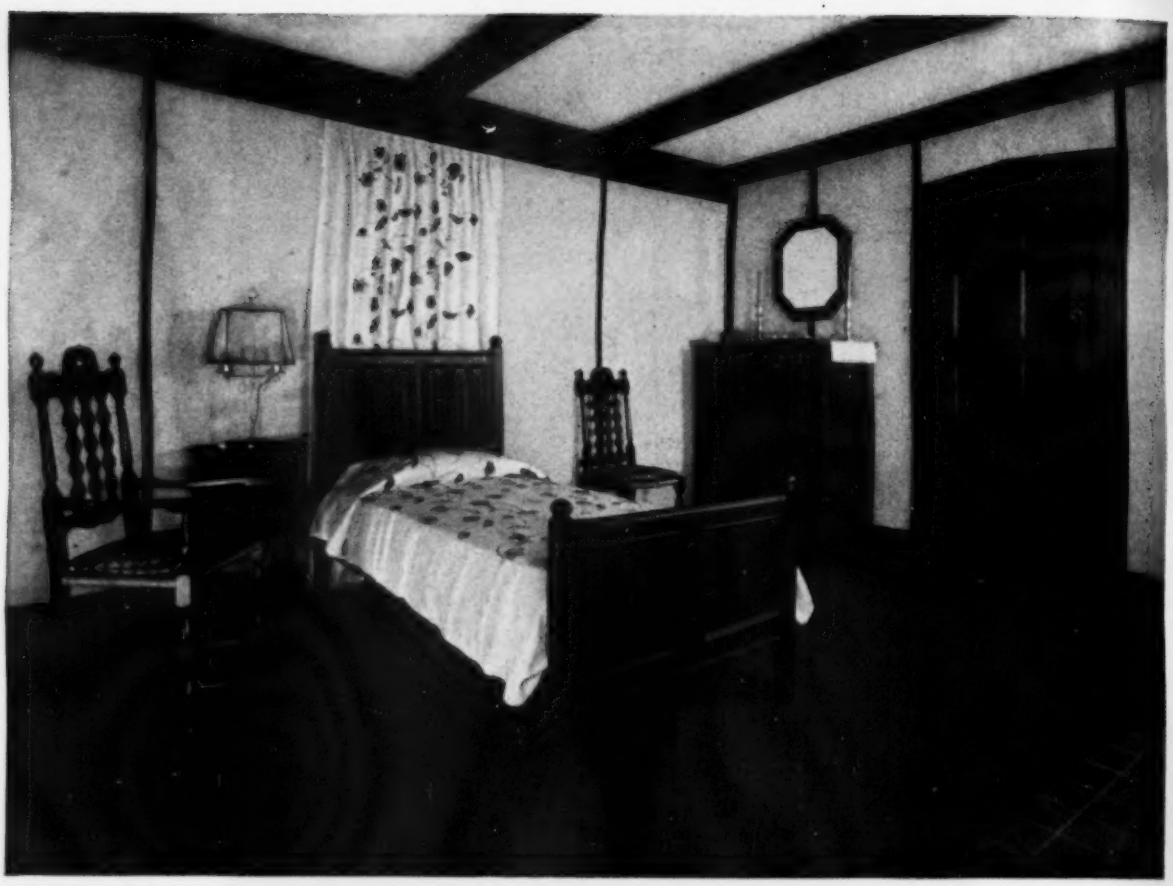
John Wanamaker
Philadelphia

The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

The New England Furniture & Carpet Company
Minneapolis

The five principles, *choice of type*, *background*, *scale*, *color*, and *individuality*, used throughout this series of articles, you will be able to apply yourself, if you have followed these articles. The *type* follows rooms built in the seventeenth century in England. The *background* has been built also to follow the period, which has been consistently adhered to. *Scale* has been observed by using pieces of furniture of medium size to give a pleasant, comfortable feeling in a medium-sized room. The *color* is characteristic of the period: putty color for the walls, mellow brown for the oak woodwork, casement windows for the openings, stone for the fireplace. Oak furniture in the straightforward forms of the seventeenth century is used, relieved by the bedspread and wall piece over the bed of crewel work, which shows bright, crude colors on a tan ground.

One of the red tones was chosen for the rug, and that (*Continued on page 306*)

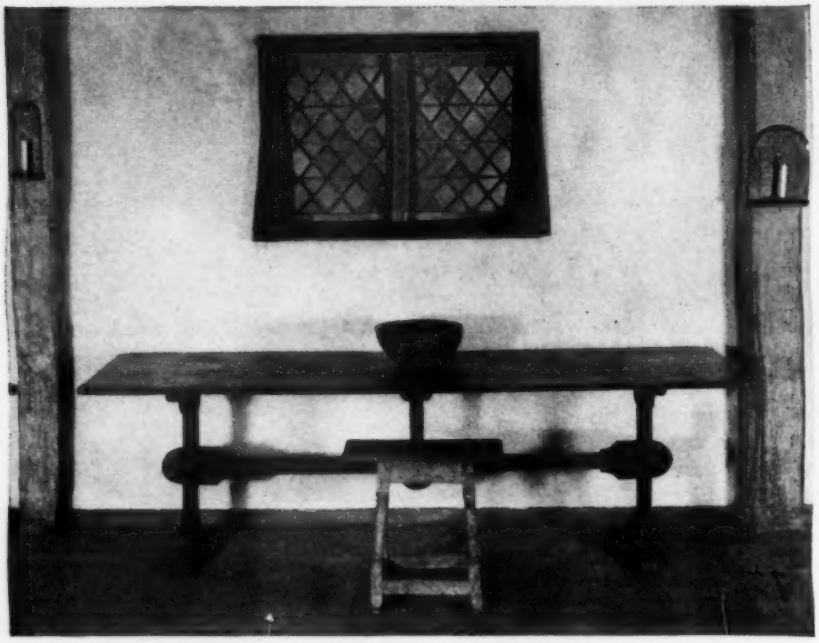


The oak bed and chest in this early English bedroom have linen-fold paneling. The long chest below the windows does not show here. Above the lower sections of the garden wall a hedge may appear, or on a roof small arboritum or hemlock may be used in boxes. In a tiny garden like this, potted plants, if cared for, can be kept in bloom around the fountain. Only the corner of a delightful chaise longue on rockers shows in the picture. Its gay cushion and pillows of Meritas, and the cushions of the black willow chair are the same bright yellow as the flowers in the border, and add greatly to the decorative scheme

Cooperating with the Studio. Bedroom: Walls: Celotex Co., Oak Service Bureau; Side Lights: Todhunter Inc.; Lamps: Kanne & Bessant; Rug: Walker & Heisler; Fabrics: H. B. Lehman-Connor, Quaker Lace; Furniture: Charlotte Furn. Co., Baker Furn. Fact., Cassard Romano, Kensington Furn. Co., Wycombe & Meyer; Accessories: A. C. Thomas Co., W. E. Lindemann. Garden: Walls: Morene Inc.; Wall Tiles: Ludovici-Celadon; Floor Tiles: Associated Tile; Light Fixtures: Kanne & Bessant; Furniture: Bielecky Bros., Troy Sunshade Co., Sarti-Luchesi & Co., Stone Garden Furn., Erkins Studio

A Walled Garden of Stucco and Tile

AGAINST the yellowish color of the walls and the green of the foliage, a border of yellow pompons makes an attractive contrast to the terra cotta of the tiles, the awning, and the floor. Pink primroses and ferns are grouped around the fountain, and on the iron tables are plants with gay red berries. The Studio chose the colors of the flowers with great care



A trestle board of medium size was set up, as is this one in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, with two trestles. The stretcher is held in place by pins, and the top reinforced by an upright brace. The thin top of the table is characteristic

Furniture of the 17th Century

By Anne Webb Karnaghan

Of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

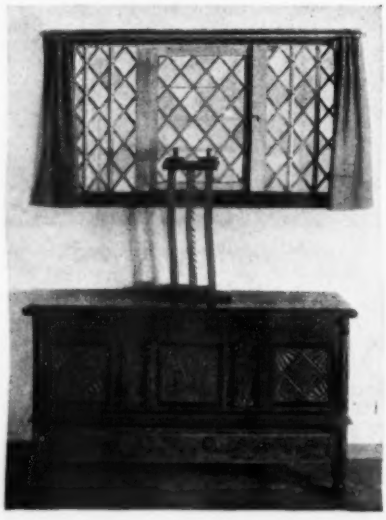
THE simple, seventeenth-century interiors, with their sheathed walls, rough-hewn beams, and small leaded windows, had their counterpart in the furnishings of the period. The furniture was built of sturdy pieces of wood, along the simplest possible lines, and was joined for the most part by mortise and tenon. Nails were occasionally used, but were the exception rather than the rule.

The elaboration of this furniture, so simple in construction, was frequently of a rich nature. Carving, painting, paneling, turning, and appliqués were employed sometimes singly, sometimes in combination. Seldom, however, do American Colonial pieces show a degree of ornamentation comparable to the English and Continental examples which inspired them. The method of construction and ornamentation, simplified by the conditions of pioneer life, soon gave the Colonial pieces an individuality which easily distinguishes them from their European models.

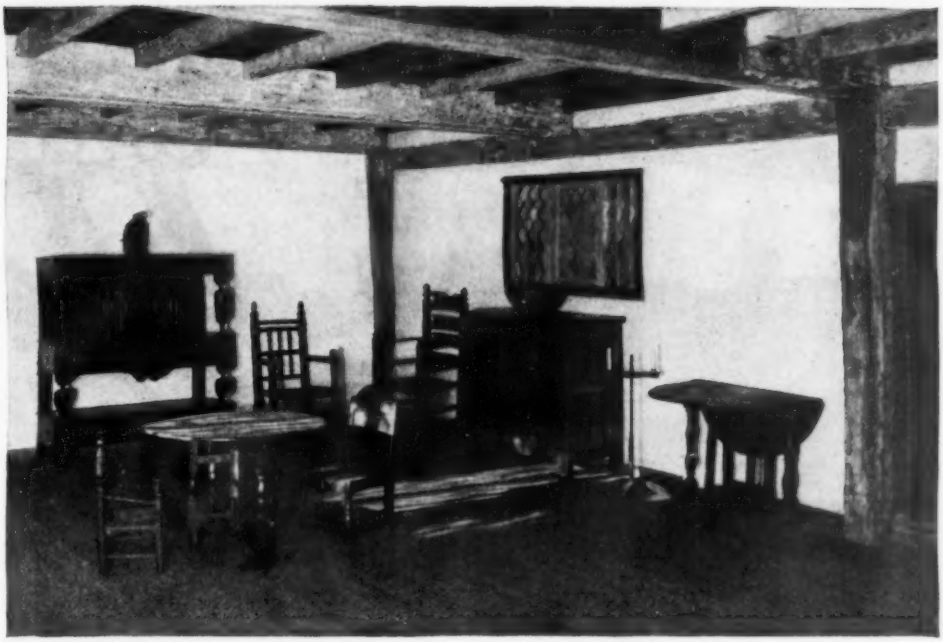
The types of furniture found in early homes were few. Chests, cupboards, tables, stools, boxes, desks, chairs, and beds of simple form practically complete the list. Frugal as the furniture may seem, the seventeenth-century interior was by no means without comfort and charm, as may well be imagined when bits of pottery, Turkey work-table carpets, woven covers for boxes and cupboards, pieces of silver, pewter, brass, and iron, as well as wooden bowls and trenchers, were placed about the room. Much of the furniture was painted as well, and before the middle of the century, printed India cottons were found at the windows.

For many reasons the most important article of furniture in the seventeenth century was the chest with hinged top. Not only did it serve a variety of purposes, but from it was developed a number of other furniture forms — the chest of drawers, the chest-on-chest, the chest-on-frame, and related pieces. It was used as a storage space or to transport one's possessions from one place to another, as in medieval times; it was a seat or a table on occasions; and sometimes it served as a bed. The earliest form of the chest had a simple compartment raised on feet or plain supports, and with a hinged top. To increase its usefulness a drawer below the chest was added, thus making the one-drawer chest. A second drawer was added later and eventually a third. The three-drawer type encroached upon the chest of drawers with the fixed top, and was less frequently made. From early inventories it is known that many a person owned as many as eight or ten chests. The more elaborate ones stood in the hall or living-room, and simpler ones in the bedrooms. While the all-pine chest is found, examples in which oak and pine are combined are much more usual. Oak was used for the parts subjected to constant wear. This combination of woods in a chest is not found in English examples of the period, and therefore frequently serves as a basis for determining the origin of a piece in question.

Above, a carved Bible box. Below, a Connecticut chest dated 1699, with carving and applied half-turnings, holds an adjustable, ratched candle stand



All types of ornamentation were employed in decorating the finer chests of the seventeenth century. The earliest carving was closely related to that of Tudor England, but toward the close of the century, a type of cutting especially associated with the Connecticut and Hadley chests was introduced. The background is cut away, leaving the



The simple, rectangular character of medieval times persisted in furniture of this period; note the accord between it and the rough construction of a typical interior of about 1685. Chests were elaborately painted. Desks made their appearance

design in relief, the whole being brought out by black and red paint. The decoration on the Hadley chest is a formalized tulip design, arranged in three panels, while the Connecticut chest has sunflower and tulip motifs. It is usual to find two drawers in the Connecticut chest. Painting was used more and more as the century advanced. As the chest of drawers became popular, there appeared one- and two-drawer chests painted to simulate a chest of drawers, while retaining the hinged top and storage compartment. Gradually, however, the top became permanently affixed, and the ancient chest passed into the background.

The most elaborate and sophisticated piece of furniture found in the American Colonies was the cupboard, commonly known as the "court cupboard." The possession of such a piece was a mark of distinction among early Colonists. It was built of heavy oak, along the simple, straight lines previously described. Every type of decoration was lavished on it, one piece frequently combining turning, carving, paneling, and appliqués. The one in the illustration, above, has a single door in the upper compartment, with splayed sides completing the enclosure.

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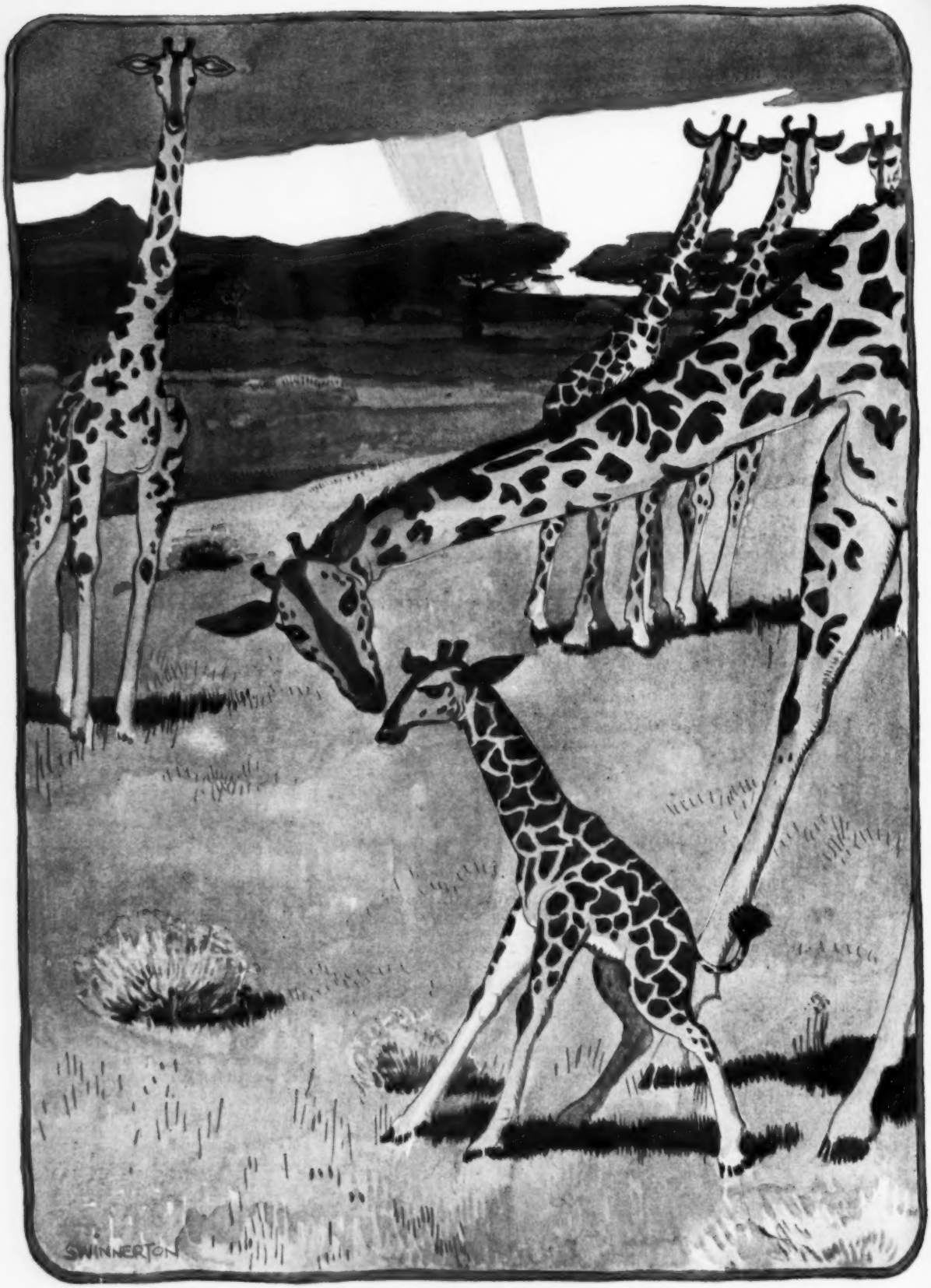
The Cromwellian, the Carver, and the wainscot chairs are left to right, below. The Carver shows surprising grace in its sturdy turnings and construction

Frequently the lower space is open, with a single long drawer forming a shelf below, on which plate and valuables might be displayed. Chest covers are so frequently mentioned in old inventories that probably it was the custom to have a runner or woven scarf on top of the piece of furniture to give a more agreeable setting for silver and other pieces of metal displayed on it.

Characteristic turnings of the century are best seen in the chairs, which may be roughly divided into four types—the wainscot chair, the Carver type, and the slat-back, and finally the Cromwellian chair which made its appearance near the end of the century. The wainscot chair, which is comparatively rare, is entirely of wood. The front posts are turned and extend above the seat to support the arms, which fit into the uprights of the wooden back. The back is usually carved and the top finished with a sweeping curve which extends to the edge of the uprights into which it is mortised and tenoned. More common is the Carver chair, with turned legs terminating in elaborate finials. The back has one or two sets of upright turnings which are inserted, top and bottom, (*Continued on page 306*)



WHEN the little giraffe first stood upon his feet, he felt weak and bewildered. Instinct taught him that mother was his friend. He rubbed his little nose against her neck when she bent down to nudge him. Then he had his first breakfast of warm, rich milk

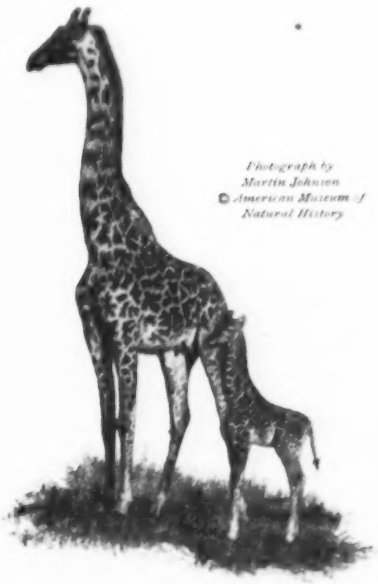
Drawing by James Swinnerton

TOTO-TWIGA

The Quaintest Jungle Baby In Africa, Who Wears a Spotted Coat and Never Cries

By

Mrs. Martin Johnson



Photograph by Martin Johnson © American Museum of Natural History

CLICKETY click! Clickety click! Clickety click! It was a melody of adventure played by the spinning wheels of my train on their ribbon-like instruments of steel. I was on my first trip toward that weird, old sleepy heart of Africa, where I was to find a new, strange life crowded with thrills, romance, mystery, joys, and sometimes heartaches.

The weather was hot and thick, as we began our trip toward the plains of Kapiti. Our train was rushing along between Mombasa and Nairobi, and I slept only fitfully during the night ride.

The atmosphere was heavy with humidity and pressed against me as though trying to push me back and away from the mysterious plains it guarded. Clothing clung to my body, damp and uncomfortable. Dust, shot through with gritty cinders, filtered through the compartment in which I rode.

Despite the feeling of discomfort I was happy. I was again upon the high road to adventure. The lure of strange creatures and unknown lands held me in its spell. I was eager for the iron horse that pulled us to eat away the weary miles between the jungle coast land and the plateau game country. It is a custom of mine to fit a phrase to the music of the train wheels when on a journey of importance, and I was not satisfied until I composed words for a silent song in harmony with the rhythmic steel. "Closer and close, closer and close" seemed in sympathy with my eagerness to complete the journey. And so the endless refrain ran on and on as my thoughts drifted, idly as smoke in a summer sky.

Just before dawn crept over the land I enjoyed my dream sleep—that period of the morning when drowsiness clings to the mind, reluctant to surrender it to full wakefulness. Imagination had full sway. Visions stood out sharp and clear. I pictured myself as a heroine in strange and exciting adventures.

A cinder from the engine ahead shattered my pleasant dreams. Somehow it crept under the lid of my eye and stung like the lash of a whip. I awakened suddenly and went after the cinder with a handkerchief. By the time I had rubbed the cinder away the sun was well up, and day had dawned quickly and completely, as is the habit in the tropics, where both dawn and twilight are short.

I turned toward the window, tears clouding my injured eye, and watched the Master paint a scene of amazing beauty. First the eastern sky was shaded with a glow of dull red. Slowly the color became more vivid and alive. Clouds turned into molten, steamy drifts of polished bronze. Sun rays stabbed their way through the mist. The land was flooded with light. Day had come.

I was absorbed in the beauty of this African daybreak when I caught my first sight of one of the funny fellows of that far-off land. He was a big bull giraffe silhouetted against the sky, a strange, misshapen beast that caused me much wonder. I rubbed my eyes to make sure they were not harboring some lingering dream, and looked again.

I had seen pictures of giraffes and heard a great deal about them, but this old fellow, standing out there like a welcoming committee of one in the African morning, impressed me deeply.

Some jokester must have stolen into the workshop of life to build this droll creature, using an assortment of odds and ends that were left over. The body resembled that of a camel modeled by an impatient schoolboy. It was mounted on four long, slender legs that looked like stilts. The neck was a masterpiece of absurdity. It stretched away from the shoulders as though it were made of taffy and had been pulled by some playful urchin. On top of the neck was a head, small and insignificant in comparison to the rest of the animal. It was decked with two tiny horns just about big enough to hang a hat on. Two round ears protruded curiously from the sides.

His coat was a reddish brown embroidered with an oak-leaf pattern of black. At the stern he wore a long, slim tail decorated with a tassel of black hair.

My first impulse was to laugh at that big giraffe, but I felt friendly toward him, too. He was a dignified-looking beast, despite his grotesque build. His head was about on a level with the top of the train. I worried a little for fear he would get tangled up in the telegraph wires that bordered the railroad and choke himself to death.

The funny fellow looked at me with warm, friendly eyes and nodded his head as though to bid me good-morning. The impression was so vivid that I nodded back and thought,

"Hello, yourself."

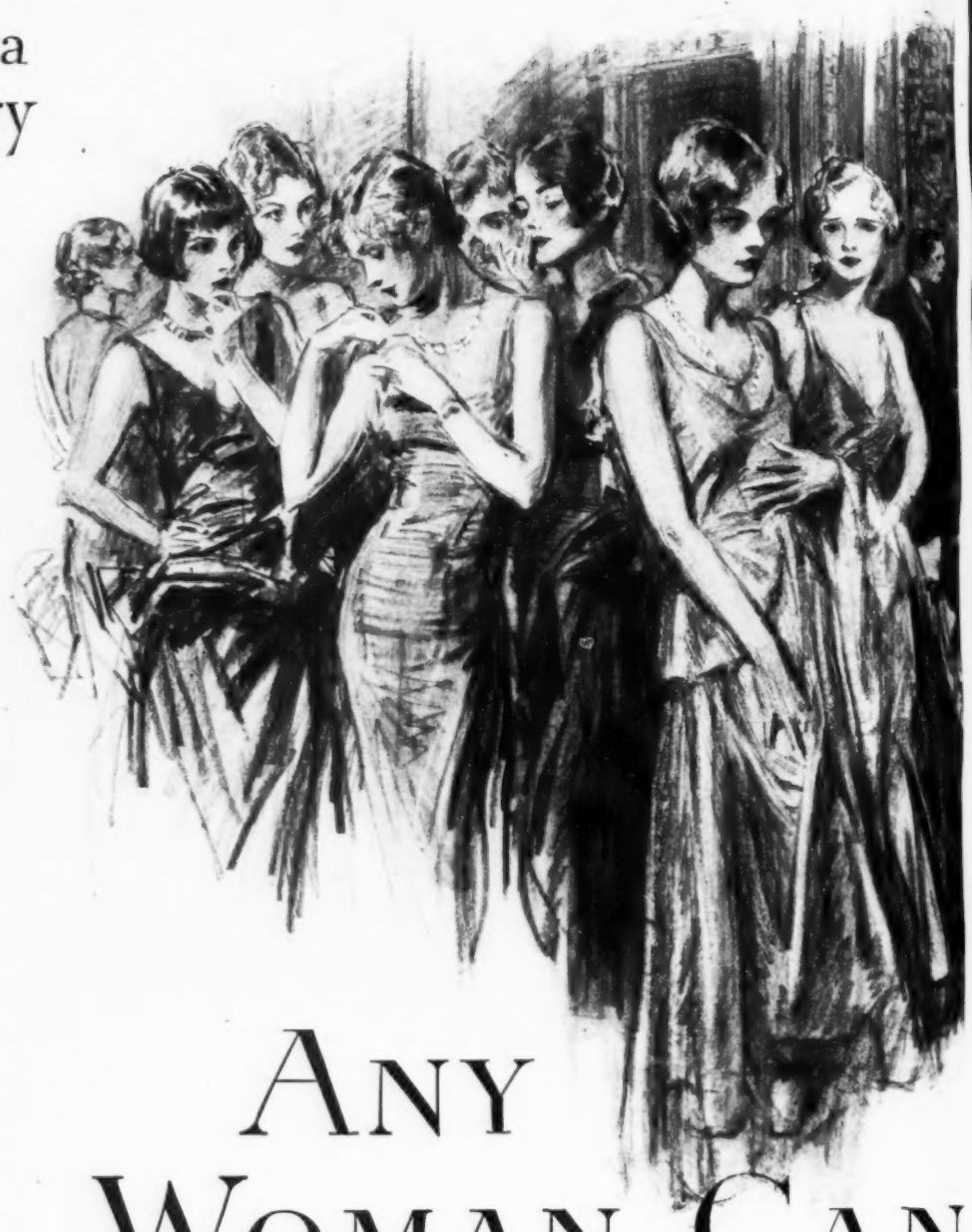
The giraffe didn't seem to be afraid. He stood there and surveyed the train calmly as it passed, making no gesture of retreat. As he faded into the distance, it occurred to me of a sudden that something was missing from the picture. That giraffe should have been wearing a high silk hat.

Once upon a time giraffes were called cameleopards, a name coined, no doubt, by some imaginative person who viewed this animal as a cross between a camel and a leopard. It was not a bad idea, but even so the mixture was not complete. I can visualize an animal made by taking a camel, moving his hump up on his shoulders, mounting him on stilts, and dressing him in a leopard's coat. It would look something like a giraffe. But still the neck needs more attention. I think the fellow who originated the name, cameleopard, should have tossed in a smokestack for the neck and called the animal, "cameleopard-smokestack," or something of that sort.

In spite of his awkward build, the giraffe moves with grace and dignity, and he wears a coat of beautiful skin. I have seen great herds of these elongated creatures. Their color ranges from a light sandy hue to varying shades of brown, almost black. The old bulls are orange and black. All of them are marked with a light tracery of dark lines. They appear to be haughty beasts, which, of course, is natural, since their height makes them look down upon other beings, and there is a touch of elegance to their bearing.

Martin and I were on an expedition in search of lions to photograph for motion pictures when I first saw Toto-Twiga, a tiny, fawn-colored baby giraffe lying at the feet of his mother. (*Continued on page 240*)

By Vera Caspary



ANY WOMAN CAN

But Some—and Minnie Mae Was One—

"MILLICENT," she murmured softly, and she crossed her small hands over the place where she supposed her heart was. "Call me Millicent."

There was no one to witness this fine gesture, for Minnie Mae sat alone under the copper beech tree. On the long grass lay her sewing, a pile of stockings, gray-black and mud-brown. The sun came dancing through the dusky afternoon shadows, and the wind brought the perfume from the honeysuckle that twined its tendrils about the faded porch pillars.

She looked at her idle hands and sighed. "But to you," she whispered, "I'm Millicent." This was her favorite moment in the story. Thinking of it, she was warm and contented as when the sun caressed her. Sometimes she was a débutante with her picture in the Sunday papers—"Miss Millicent pouring tea on the lawn of her sumptuous summer home . . ." Sometimes in the story she was a picture actress making a personal appearance at the Castle Gardens. Sometimes she was a dancer who made little delicate steps on the tips of her toes and in a rose-fragrant dressing-room extended her hand for men to kiss.

One part of her dream never changed. He was always the same. Since that winter day when she had almost been run over by his maroon car, she built her dreams around his image. Every evening at ten minutes to six he passed her house. He had never stopped to notice Minnie Mae, but she knew, just the same, that there would never be another man about whom she could weave such tender stories.

Minnie Mae was a practical girl. She realized that she was not glamourous like a débutante or a picture actress or a dancer named Millicent. All Minnie Mae could do was to keep house for the family, see that the children were decently dressed, and sew the clothes she wore. None of these was an accomplishment that would attract a beautiful young man in a maroon car.

Today the faded chambray dress was a glittering costume of apple green with spangles. Her golden hair hung loose because she had been dancing a dance about a princess. The wind came through the trees, tumbling her hair. It was not golden at all, but light, soft brown. The reason it hung loose was really because she had just given herself a shampoo.

The gate creaked. The enchanted dressing-room became a front yard. The street was alive with the sound of feet and young voices.

On the grass before Minnie Mae squatted a girl, her blue plaited skirt spreading like an umbrella about her legs.

"What've you got to eat?" she demanded

"Bread and jam," said Minnie Mae.

"Only bread and jam?"

"Why, Minnie May Bradley!" Anita shrieked. "Imagine finding you here—and in that dress!" "I think it's a very nice dress," John said

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

WEAR PINK

Ought Never to Wear Anything Else

"There's some peaches in the ice-box. I wanted to slice them for supper."

When Alice had gone, Minnie Mae snatched at the tangled ends of her story and tried to piece them into another dream. But Peter and Buddie came swinging over the fence, and there was no peace in the Bradley yard. Faintly from upstairs came the voice of the Baby asking if he hadn't slept enough.

Alice trailed back into the yard, dripping jam and peach juice.

"Be careful," Minnie Mae warned; "you can wear that middy another day if you don't spill things. The rough-dry came from the laundry. Which do you want to do—dress the Baby or help with the ironing?"

"Gee, Min, have a heart. I've got to practise my jacks this afternoon. If I win, I'll be girl jacks champion of Ridgefield. You don't understand."

"The ironing has to be done." Minnie Mae's voice was stern. She could not discipline those four imaginative youngsters if they perceived she was human, too.

"Gee, Min!"

Minnie Mae bit her lip. "I do think you could try and help me a little. And you know I don't like to be called Min."

A grin spread Alice's mouth. "Oh, Min," she shouted. "Oh, Min! OH! MIN!" She pulled at a loose strand of her sister's hair. "O H! MIN!" she screamed with all the power in her voice.

Minnie Mae was not twenty. She was young enough to lose her temper in a childish way. She let her hand fly against Alice's cheek. Alice started yelling and pulled harder at Minnie Mae's hair. Minnie Mae rose and slapped Alice lustily. Alice stopped pulling Minnie Mae's hair and ran around the yard, alternating cries of terror with the offensive, "Oh, Min!"

The Baby's voice joined Alice's. The Baby never lost an opportunity for making noise. "Oh-min, oh-min, oh-min," he made it into an endless, gleeful song.

Alice and Minnie Mae were too preoccupied to notice a car stopping at the gate. While Minnie Mae was spanking Alice most heartily, she saw the young man in the yard. He was smiling.

Minnie Mae's hand stopped making journeys to Alice's skirt. Her hand was paralyzed. She felt the red mounting from her chest to her cheeks.

The young man grinned. "Don't let me disturb you," he said. "When you're through, perhaps you'll give me some water. Engine's overheated."

He looked at Minnie Mae and laughed.

She stammered. She could not answer. She noticed that his eyes were blue and shadowed with dark, long lashes. She saw then that his eyes were looking beyond her face. She turned and followed

his gaze. On the porch stood the Baby hopping up and down in accompaniment to the new song.

"Oh-min, oh-min, oh-min," sang the Baby. He was stark naked.

Minnie Mae dashed up the steps, clasped the Baby in both arms, and whisked him behind the screen door. She wanted to venture into the yard again, but her feet were afraid. She heard Alice say something to the young man. She heard the water running from the hose faucet. She heard him thank Alice, she heard his engine sputter, she heard his car move away.

Minnie Mae went into the kitchen and ironed all the wash. She was so full of self-loathing she scorched Buddie's Sunday-school shirt. Perspiration rolled down her cheeks, but Minnie Mae could not know her body was hot. All she could think of was her humiliation and her failure.

The potatoes were overcooked that night and big slices of peel left on the peaches. Minnie Mae felt no shame. She scarcely heard her father's surprised complaining. After the dishes were done and the Baby was tucked in, Minnie Mae lay down in the bed she shared with Alice.

"I shan't think of him again, ever, ever again," she resolved, as she stretched her tired body under the blankets.

The darkness shut out the scarred ceiling. Minnie Mae sighed as she curled into her favorite position. She was in a salon with blue-silk paneled walls and chairs upholstered in glittery blue satin.

"Of course," she laughed lightly, "my little sister and brothers have a nickname for me. They never call me anything but Min. Isn't that quaint? But you, you must call me Millicent."

Now Minnie Mae did not linger on the porch when it was time for his car to drive by. She did not want him to turn and fling a contemptuous smile at the flustered little nobody whom he had caught in such an embarrassing predicament.

"If I don't see him, I won't think any more about him," she told herself.

This was only a theory. Minnie Mae could no more stop thinking of the maroon car's young man than she could stop washing dishes. There were things about him she loved as she loved the Baby's warm, inquisitive fingers. The more stubbornly she resolved to stop thinking of him, the more flagrantly she loved him. It was ridiculous, said the sensible Minnie Mae brain, to waste dreams on a man who had never come calling. But, argued the foolish Millicent heart, he might have come again if she had been friendly and gracious the day he stopped at the door. For why had he stopped at their house for water when there was a filling station at the next corner?

She had to know things about him. She went to Miss Carola Dade, who never left her front porch but knew everything. She talked all about the uninteresting people in the neighborhood so that Miss Dade would not suspect any special reason for her questions about the maroon roadster. She discovered that his name was John D. Bentley, that he was a nephew of old Bentley, that he had come from Detroit to work for his uncle, and that he had prospects. He was not married nor engaged, but Anita Shane was frequently seen in the maroon car.

Then Minnie Mae settled down to the housework and decided to be an old maid. She could not compete with a girl like Anita. She spent the money she had been saving for a new dress to buy some tablecloths for the house. She was not interested in new dresses. Nobody ever looked at Minnie Mae Bradley.

After a week of housecleaning and the sternest mental discipline, she decided that maybe Miss Carola Dade had been wrong about Anita. She had to find out. The truth cost her one dollar and ten cents.

Five blocks from Minnie Mae's house was the Castle Gardens. Often, when Minnie Mae went on errands after supper, she had seen the maroon car parked there. She decided to go and see for herself if John Bentley was serious about Anita. She had nothing to wear but the old blue crêpe she had made from a pattern in a style book. "The truly smart woman," said the style book, "adheres strictly to simplicity." She had adhered strictly to simplicity, but the dress did not look like those worn by the super-thin, haughty creatures on the fashion pages.

The Castle Gardens was the home of refined dancing. Probably Minnie Mae Bradley was the only girl in the town who had never danced on its incomparable floor. It had opened the year she was not going to dances, just after her mother died. Minnie Mae had dropped out of social things to take care of the house and children. But she had heard talk and read in the papers about the Castle Gardens' ten-thousand-dollar velvet draperies, the marble pillars, the irresistible jazz music.

As she combed her hair, that night, she thought about the girls who went to the Castle Gardens regularly twice a week, girls whose clothes were ready-made, girls who could converse with boys about automobiles and new dance music, girls who kept their skin good with cold cream and had different hats for every night in the week.

Although popular girls usually went to the Castle Gardens with escorts, there was no disgrace in going alone. Hostesses introduced new girls to polite young men. If John Bentley was there, he would not have to be introduced to Minnie Mae Bradley.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he would ask, and she would drift off in his arms to the music of the Castle Gardens jazz orchestra. Then he would say, "You know, little girl, I have never learned your name," and she would tell him, "Millicent."

Minnie Mae walked slowly up the grand staircase. She was dazzled by the color and the beauty of Castle Gardens. She circled the balcony, looking down on the heads of the whirling dancers. A fattish man of indeterminate years came and asked her for a dance. She declined. She walked around the balcony. Presently she was sorry she had dismissed the fat man. He would have been better than no partner at all. She felt that every one was staring at her, the men sneering, the girls laughing. She wished she had a gown of soft chiffon. She felt homely and old and out of place among these happy girls, these careless boys.

She leaned over the balcony and pretended to be seeking some one in the crowd. Suddenly her eyes fixed themselves on a dark head of curling hair above broad shoulders. He was alone! Knees quivering, she fluttered down the balcony steps. People pushed her aside as if they did not see her. Determinedly she fought her way through the crowd. Twice she traversed the velvet-carpet walk around the dance floor. Then she caught sight of John Bentley again. He was dancing. In his arms was Anita Shane. She had on a dress of bright green with silvery beads twinkling all over her restless body. As she danced, she slanted her eyes up at John. He was smiling, too. There was only one thing for Minnie Mae to do. She went home.

Twice she saw him on the street and twice she passed without speaking. Something would always happen that made her stiff and tight inside, that made her face freeze and her mouth fold in a grim line. She could not tell why she acted so proud. Surely a girl who wore a blue plaited skirt and middy blouse had no right to such haughty manners.

Apparently John was no more anxious to greet Minnie Mae than she was to speak to him. The second time, she clearly saw him turn his head as she passed.

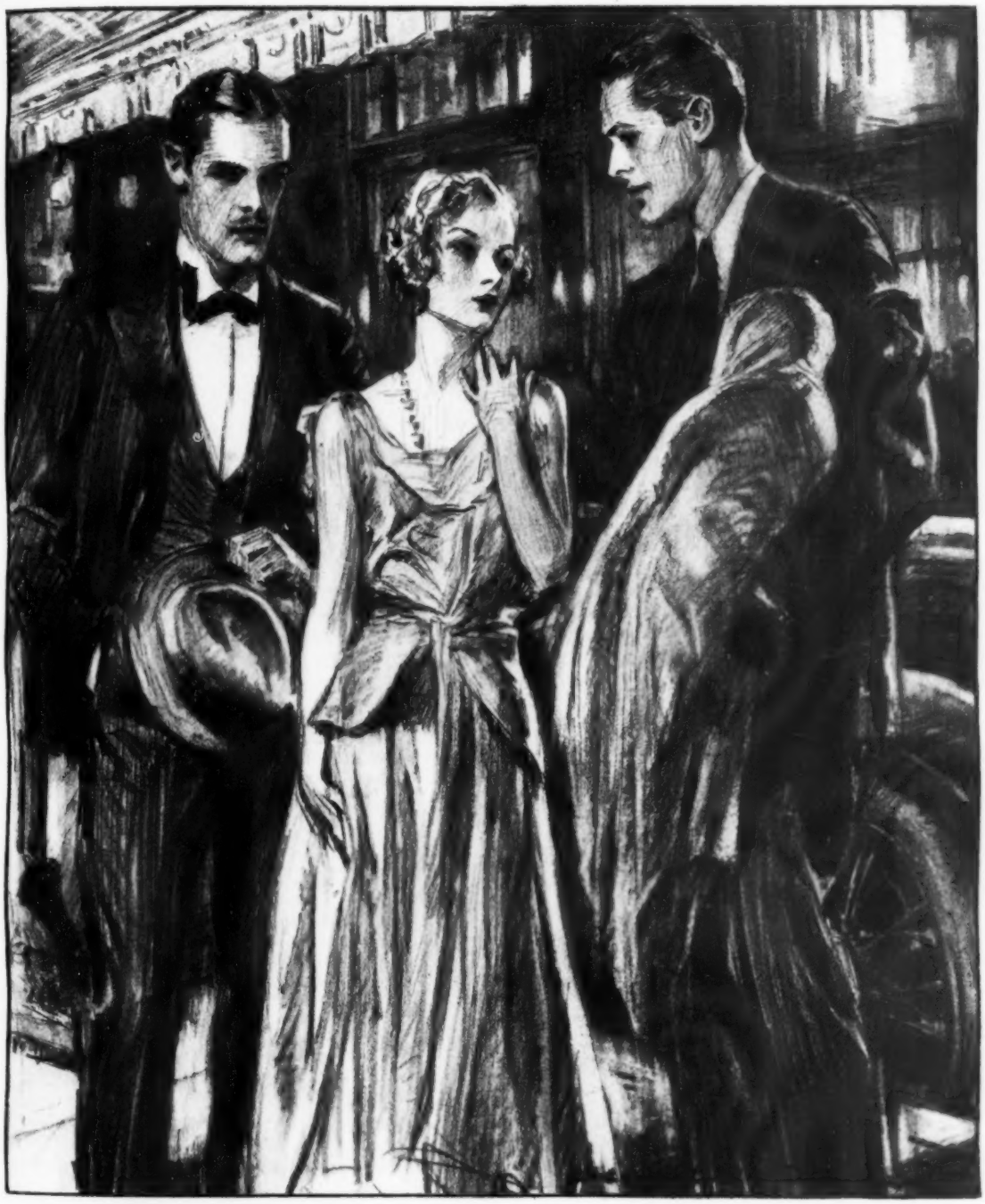
Minnie Mae knew what made girls attractive to men like John Bentley. She understood why a girl who made her own dresses out of remnants and worked in the house all day could never hope. But as she stood before the bathroom mirror, nights, in her white gown, she thought how alluring she could be if she were like the girls who had jobs in offices and had money for lovely dresses and exquisite grooming. She would gaze in the mirror at her wide-set eyes and look coyly at her image through dark lashes.

THE SURPRISE

By Sylvia W. Schwarz

WE RAKED *the leaves from the garden bed,*
Daddy and I,
And what do you think we found under them?
Little bunches of straight green stem!
That's what we found in the garden bed,
Daddy and I.

AND ONE *of the stems had a fat little head!*
And what do you think my Daddy said?
He said it would grow fatter still,
And soon we'd find a daffodil
Nodding there instead.
That's really what my Daddy said
When we raked the leaves from the garden bed.



John held the Baby while the man who owned Castle Gardens helped Minnie Mae out. As he took the sleeping child, his fingers touched Minnie Mae's fingers lightly

Her skin was delicate and faintly tinted, her nose pert. But she knew it was no use trying to compete with Anita Shane. She hadn't the clothes.

School was out now. The house was never quiet enough for dreams. One day, just to escape the clamor in the yard, she walked downtown for some white cotton thread, number sixty. That was the day she first saw the pink silk dress. All her dreams changed after that.

This was the loveliest dress that had ever been stitched. It was pink taffeta with a wide skirt that emphasized by its fulness the slenderness of a youthful waistline; scalloped at the hem, cut low at the neck, and with a wreath of white, gleaming blossoms trailing from the shoulders down the bodice. With it, pink slippers of shimmery satin, frail flesh-colored hose and a great, pink chiffon shawl like a rosy bridal veil. Not only was this the loveliest costume she had ever seen, but it was *free*.

It was all due to the generosity of the people who manufactured that incomparable laundry product, Golden Glow Soap. To arouse the interest of Ridgefield housewives, the Golden Glow people were giving valuable prizes to the holders of lucky number coupons. A lucky number coupon was wrapped around each cake of soap. The prizes in the order of their importance were a chest of silver, the pink silk dress outfit, a professional tool chest, a baseball suit, and a bicycle.

Minnie Mae could not think of entering the contest. She hated contests. Her father worked at puzzles every night. Alice and Buddy were always neglecting their school work to try for prizes. She firmly believed that prize contests would be the ruin of the Bradleys. But as a housewife she thought it her duty to try a new product, and she bought her first bar of Golden Glow. She was (*Continued on page 245*)

A Portfolio of Paris Fashions

MARIA GUY

Maria Guy designed this spring hat of dark brown tweed, stitched all over, fitting snugly, and turned up with self-toned quills—an excellent hat for early spring days to wear with a tweed suit

MARIE CHRISTIANE

Marie Christiane sends this béret of black satin with gathers in the front. For spring hats, the French designers sponsor the use of fabrics and straw as well as different fabric combinations

Variety in Fabric And Line Marks the Hat Mode

By Helen Koues, Director

AT THIS season, millinery once more takes its place as the most vital of fashions. We must have a new hat. And while there is no tremendous change, we have progressed from the helmet hat to a less severe and softer toque on draped lines, from the hat with exaggeratedly long back brim and upturned front brim to a more balanced and becoming hat that is not extreme. In other words, we have reached a phase of becomingness that was bound to develop from the severity of the hats of the last two seasons.

There is always at the turn of the season a question as to whether large hats or small hats are to be worn. Such a question seems unnecessary. Both small and large hats always have their place; not only that, but every woman needs both. Certain occasions require a large hat, others a small one; therefore, to state deliberately that either small or large hats will be worn in any given season is a mistake.

No less important is the matter of personal suitability. A hat that seems large on one woman will seem small on another who may, by the way, be just as stout or as tall. It is a matter of feature rather than figure. Allow a certain amount of respect for the mode to rule in the way of moderate weight and length to the back brim, and at least half an inch over the eyebrows in the way of forehead, with the crown shallow and fitting the head snugly, but choose the hat that is becoming and suited to your features.

This season, a new tendency is to use all sorts of fabrics, many varieties of straws, and slightly less felt. Nearly all the straws are soft ones that can be easily draped. Only for the classic capeline of formal dimensions does one see stiff straw, and of course, for the equally classic sports cloche of natural Bangkok, or of the new lacquered panama. The Suzy hat of straw, at the right, is a good type of sports hat for general wear. Then, on the opposite page, is a Maria Guy hat of tweed, stitched all over and trimmed with quills. Maria Guy also uses quilted taffetas and other fabrics for her spring hats. Agnès, who has used so much fancy *lainage* for winter hats, is continuing to use fabrics for summer. The one at the top, on the right, is of fabric, draped like felt. The black and white hat, also from Agnès, is of bogota straw, wound around the crown with a twist of black satin.

Off-the-face effects continue good, but for sports they are not so suitable as a cloche, and with the advent of really sunny weather naturally the brim will become even more important. After all, a hat has a utilitarian purpose, and if that purpose is not fulfilled, the hat becomes unsuitable and therefore in bad taste. Know what is smart and then adapt the smartness to your needs. This same word of advice applies to clothes. Not for many (*Continued on page 158*)

ANTELOPE PURSE FROM DUVELLEROY

AGNÈS

SUZY

AGNÈS

ALTMAN KURZMAN JAY-THORPE

Two essentials of the spring street wardrobe are the Nicole Groult tweed dress and coat, and the Lucile Paray dress of wool crêpe trimmed with white Canton crêpe

Street Clothes From Paris Designers

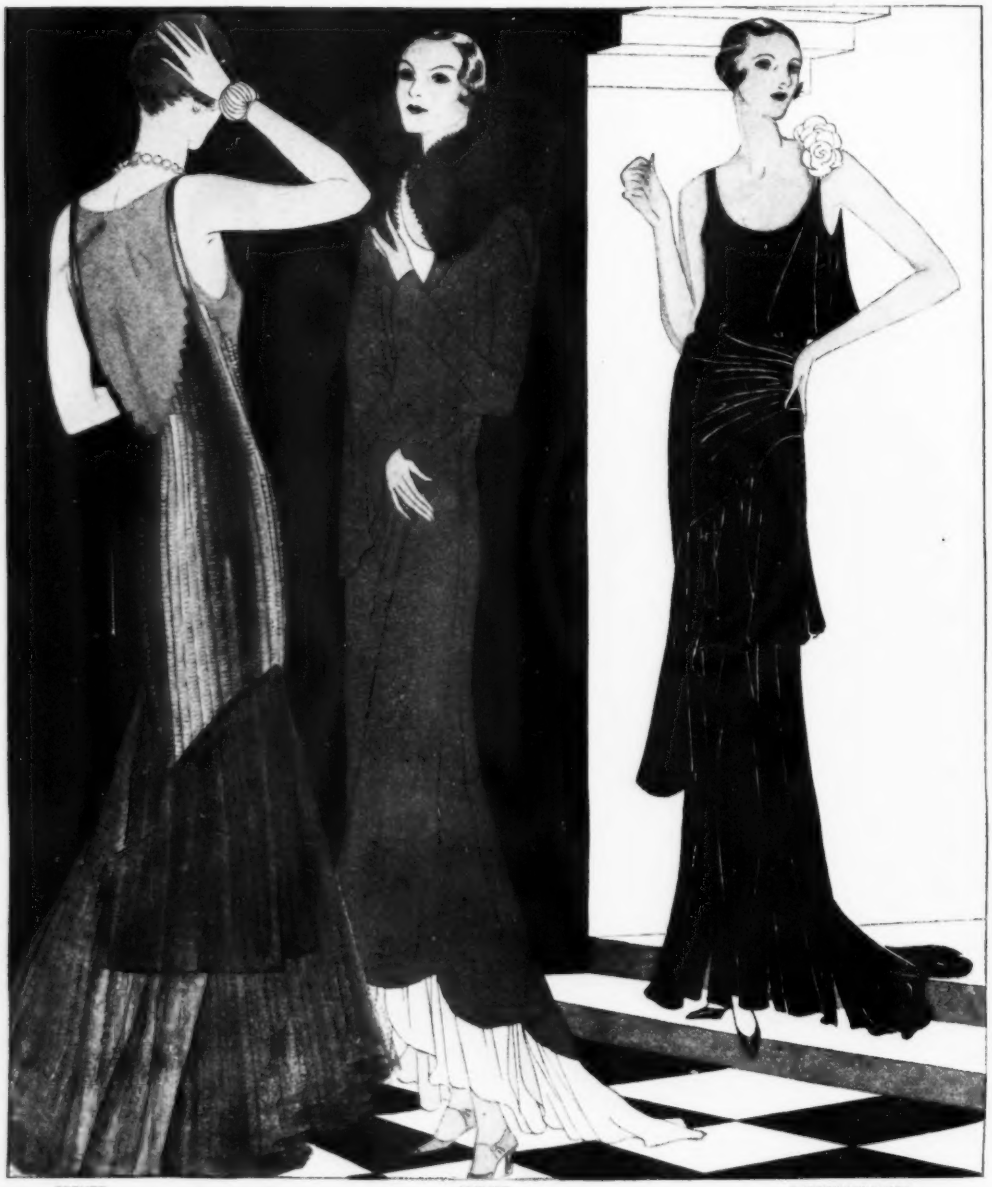
Patou designed this plaid woolen street ensemble, the long coat trimmed with collar and cuffs of beaver. The skirt has box-plaits; the tuck-in blouse is white crêpe

CHÉRUIT BERGDORF-GOODMAN JAY-THORPE

Suitable for more formal afternoon occasions is the black crêpe frock with looped skirt, or the black crêpe frock trimmed with white handkerchief-linen collar and cuffs

New Afternoon Frocks For Springtime

A dinner frock is one of the main essentials of the spring wardrobe, and above is illustrated a charmingly feminine one of blue chiffon with bolero effect and peplum

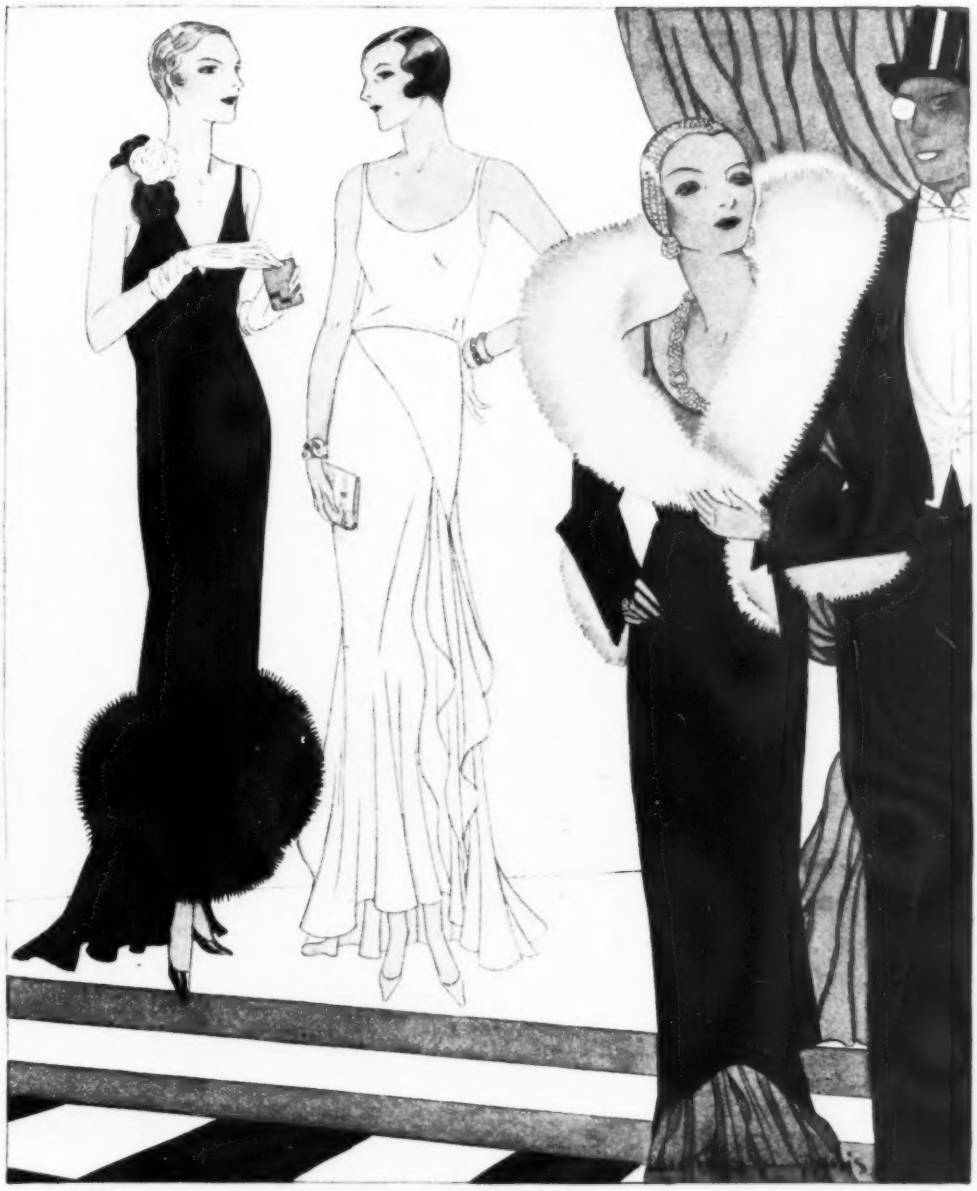


PREMET PREMET LOUISEBOULANGER

The monotone color scheme for evening is shown in this lead-colored, tulle gown with tubular beads, and the satin wrap with fox collar in the same lead tone

Typical of the new femininity is the slim, almost Grecian silhouette in the plain, black satin gown with its tiered effect and its extremely long skirt

Extreme Length is The Mode of Evening



WORTH AUGUSTABERNARD PAQUIN

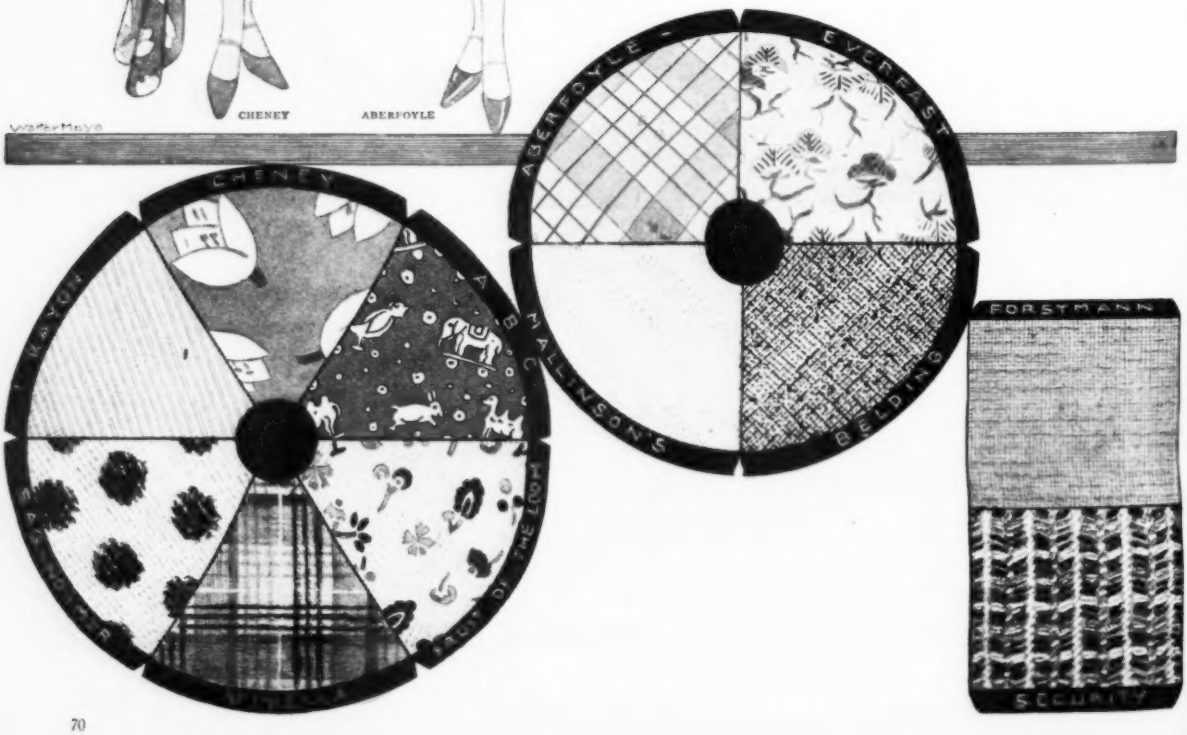
Of black silk jersey, bordered with fox and trimmed with black and white fur flowers, is the Worth evening gown showing the slim, molded silhouette

Black velvet is a year-round material for evening wraps, and Paquin's is trimmed with white fox. Smart and distinguished is the crêpe de Chine gown

Paris Still Favors Both White and Black

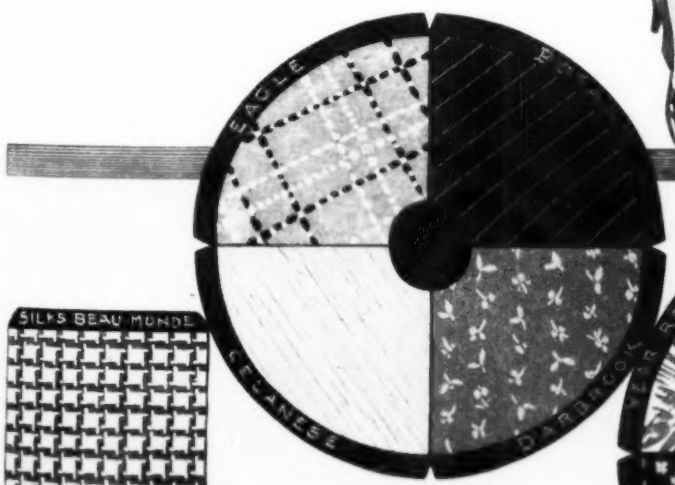
American Designers Interesting

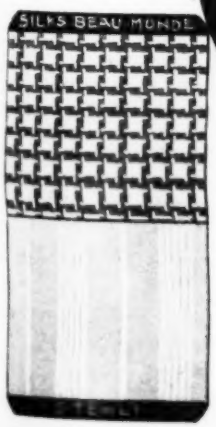
AMERICAN fabrics this spring are of infinite variety, and many have done interesting things by borrowing nice characteristics from each other. Significant materials of wool, silk, cotton and the newer fibers are illustrated on these pages. In the larger medallion below we find a Cheney printed chiffon which features a large tulip design, evenly and openly spaced, an important point in the new prints whether the design is large or small. This fabric is charmingly used in the dinner dress at left; next comes Velvena, a Year Round rayon and cotton piqué; then Sag-No-Mor, a knitted wool jersey with a large polka-dot in a contrasting color on a light ground, most effective for sports clothes. The Viyella flannel combines wool and cotton in a plaid design; Fruit of the Loom is a printed cotton dimity, and A. B. C. a Sellezee zephyr printed in small animal designs, appropriate for children's dresses. In the second medallion is an Aberfoyle figured gingham smartly adapted to the dress at left, and Mallinson's Gabby crêpe, a silk gabardine. Then come Belding's printed silk suiting and an Everfast printed ratiné called Heathermoss. Forstmann's fabric Shanta, below, is a lightweight wool shantung particularly smart for

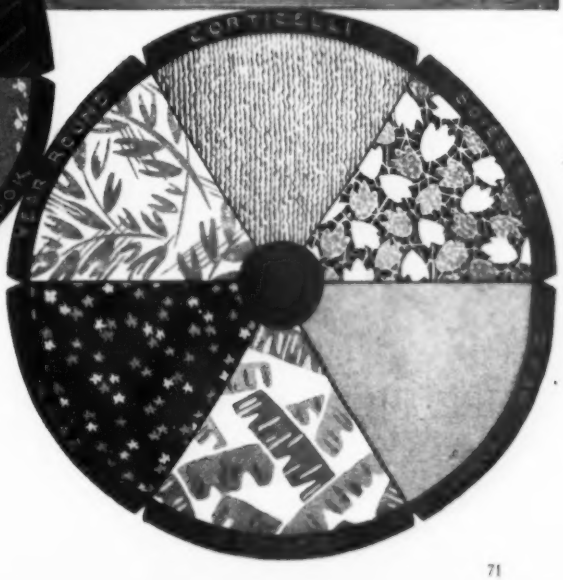


Interpret Fabrics in New Ways

tailored dresses, and Security is a knitted wool material in a tweed effect. That broken checks are good is testified by the Silks Beau Monde Talisman printed crêpe below, while Stehli is one of the new Basque satin-stripe shirtings. In the smaller medallion below is Eagle's Zanbaraza printed silk, the design of which was taken from the ivory and ebony jewelry used by the natives of Zanzibar; next a Celanese shantung mixed with silk, and Darbrook, a silk crêpe printed in a Directoire design. Botany's flannel fashions the tailored suit at right, the coat in a plain version and the skirt in a matching stripe. The larger medallion, below, shows a Corticelli, double-bordered silk crêpe Eldorado printed in wavy lines and used to make the cape costume at right. The Year Round Plume chiffon is a printed cotton voile, and Haas, one of the jacquard prints so important this season, here shown in a colorful star design. Bemberg is a Svelda printed chiffon; Indian Head, a cotton broadcloth with a soft luster finish guaranteed fast color; and Soiesette is made of mercerized cotton yarns printed in a leaf design. These fabrics in a variety of weaves insure smartness for spring if carefully chosen.







Decidedly new for sports is the cape, as introduced by Chanel and shown in the three-quarter model of yellow tweed. The gored seams and yoke give a smartly fitted appearance, while the gray piping repeats the color used in the two-piece dress, which has a gray-and-yellow lace tweed top and a gray worsted skirt edged in yellow

Smart for town or country wear in spring is the tailored, three-piece suit of heather mixture tweed, at left. The seven-eighths coat is slightly fitted at the waist, double-breasted and unlined, and the yoked skirt has three plaits at one side. An interesting blouse of green silk crêpe has a soft bosom front cut in one with the scarf

BONWIT-TELLER

BERGDORF-GOODMAN

Spring Woolens Adopt the New Silhouette of Cape or Fitted Coat

Whether for travel or sports, nothing is more practical than this four-piece suit of beige tweed with wine-colored nubs. An unlined, three-quarter coat, with raglan shoulders and full back, slips over a short cardigan; the skirt has an interesting yoke, and the tuck-in blouse of beige crêpe is sleeveless and now replaces the sweater

Cut on smart diagonal lines after Vionnet, the coat of tan, nubbed tweed, extreme right, is shorter in front than back, while a luxurious shawl collar of gold polar wolf stands away from the face in the new manner. This coat, suitable for travel, sporting events, or informal town wear, is representative of the new silhouette

BERGDORF-GOODMAN BEST

The Smart Woman Selects a Four-Piece Suit for Sports or Travel

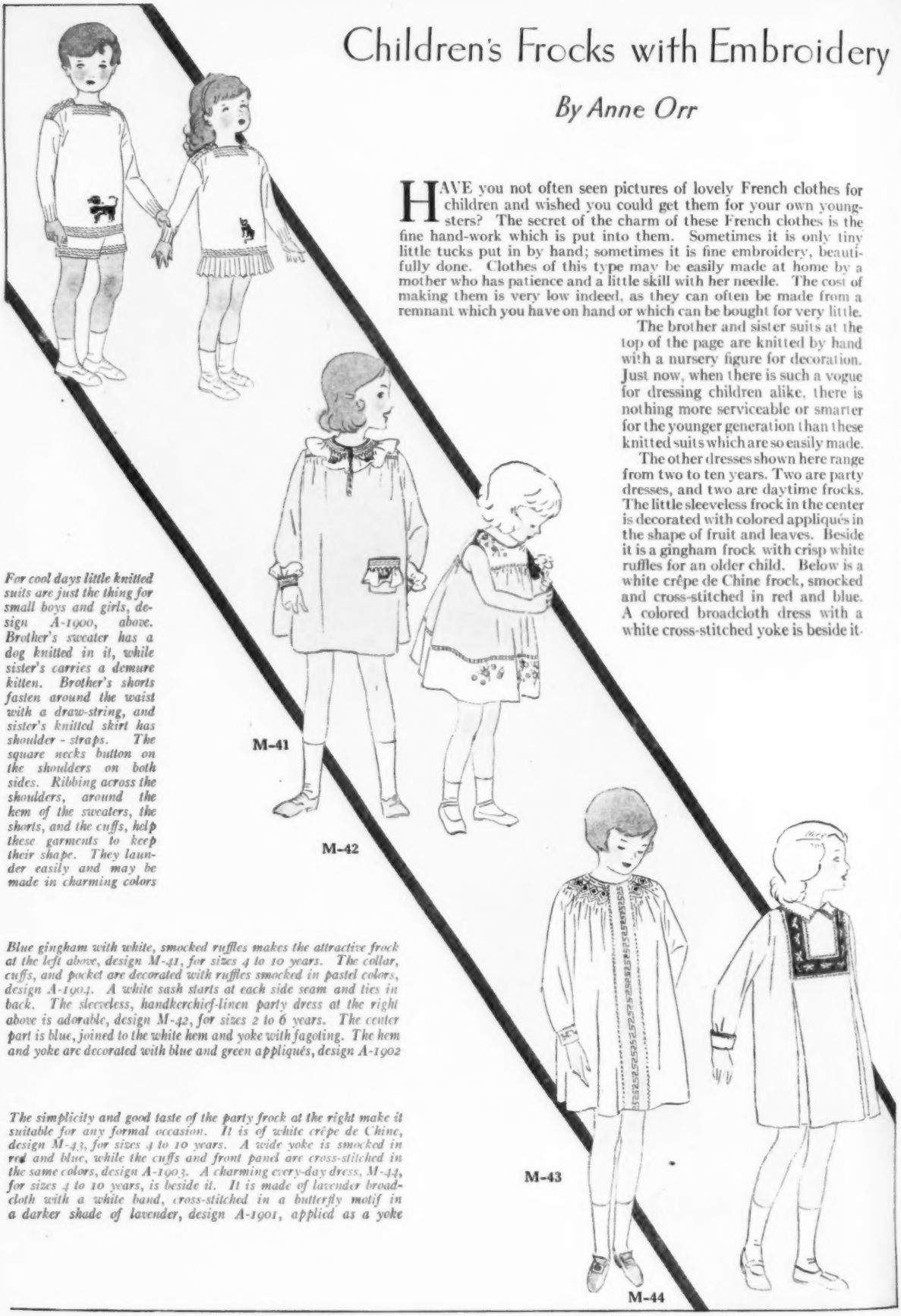
Children's Frocks with Embroidery

By Anne Orr

HAVE you not often seen pictures of lovely French clothes for children and wished you could get them for your own youngsters? The secret of the charm of these French clothes is the fine hand-work which is put into them. Sometimes it is only tiny little tucks put in by hand; sometimes it is fine embroidery, beautifully done. Clothes of this type may be easily made at home by a mother who has patience and a little skill with her needle. The cost of making them is very low indeed, as they can often be made from a remnant which you have on hand or which can be bought for very little.

The brother and sister suits at the top of the page are knitted by hand with a nursery figure for decoration. Just now, when there is such a vogue for dressing children alike, there is nothing more serviceable or smarter for the younger generation than these knitted suits which are so easily made.

The other dresses shown here range from two to ten years. Two are party dresses, and two are daytime frocks. The little sleeveless frock in the center is decorated with colored appliqués in the shape of fruit and leaves. Beside it is a gingham frock with crisp white ruffles for an older child. Below is a white crêpe de Chine frock, smocked and cross-stitched in red and blue. A colored broadcloth dress with a white cross-stitched yoke is beside it.



For cool days little knitted suits are just the thing for small boys and girls, design A-1900, above. Brother's sweater has a dog knitted in it, while sister's carries a demure kitten. Brother's shorts fasten around the waist with a draw-string, and sister's knitted skirt has shoulder-straps. The square necks button on the shoulders on both sides. Ribbing across the shoulders, around the hem of the sweaters, the shorts, and the cuffs, help these garments to keep their shape. They launder easily and may be made in charming colors

M-41

M-42

Blue gingham with white, smocked ruffles makes the attractive frock at the left above, design M-41, for sizes 4 to 10 years. The collar, cuffs, and pocket are decorated with ruffles smocked in pastel colors, design A-1904. A white sash starts at each side seam and ties in back. The sleeveless, handkerchief-linen party dress at the right above is adorable, design M-42, for sizes 2 to 6 years. The center part is blue, joined to the white hem and yoke with fagoting. The hem and yoke are decorated with blue and green appliqués, design A-1902

The simplicity and good taste of the party frock at the right make it suitable for any formal occasion. It is of white crêpe de Chine, design M-43, for sizes 4 to 10 years. A wide yoke is smocked in red and blue, while the cuffs and front panel are cross-stitched in the same colors, design A-1903. A charming every-day dress, M-44, for sizes 4 to 10 years, is beside it. It is made of lavender broadcloth with a white band, cross-stitched in a butterfly motif in a darker shade of lavender, design A-1901, applied as a yoke

M-43

M-44

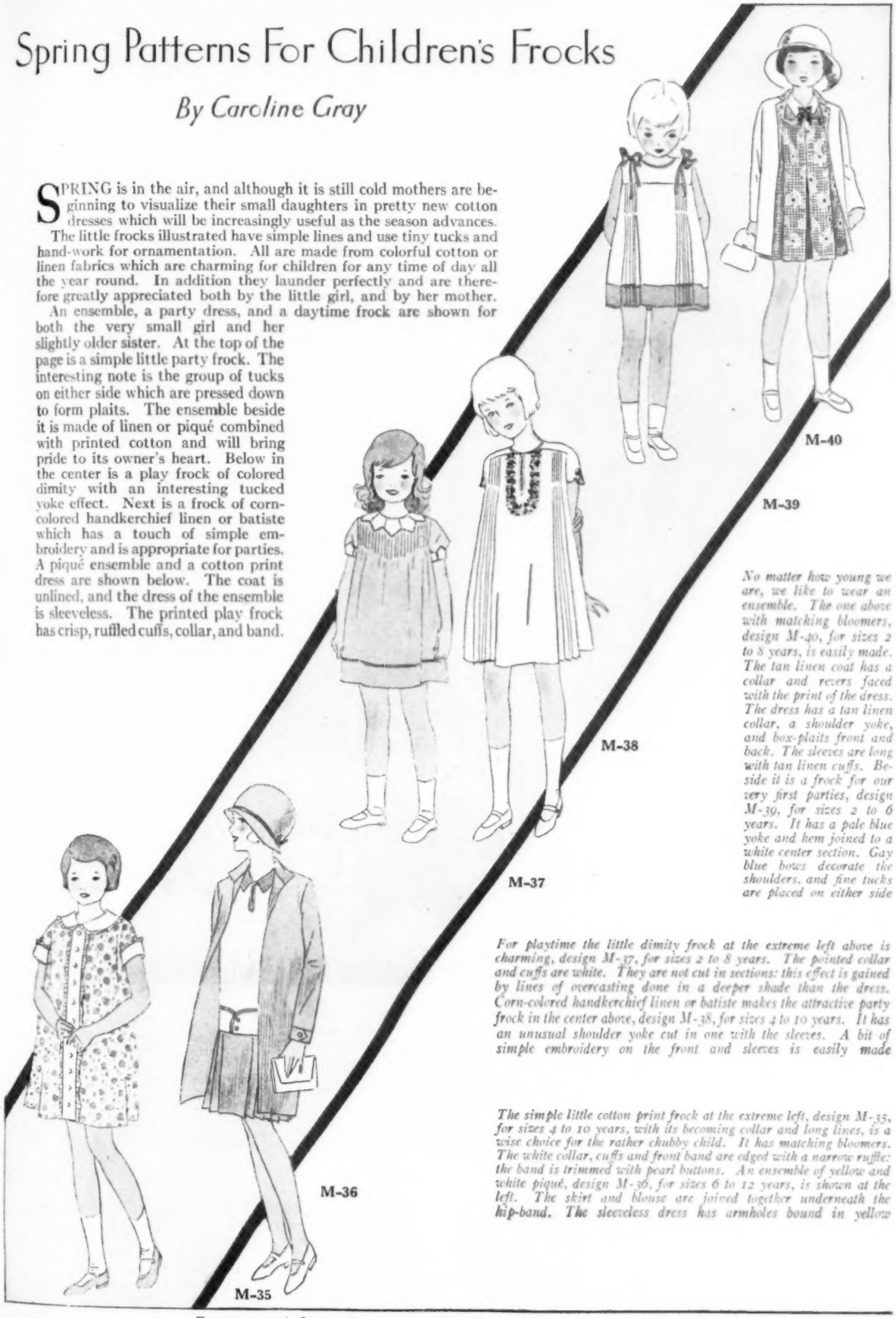
For information concerning dress patterns and embroidery designs, see page 273

Spring Patterns For Children's Frocks

By Caroline Gray

SPRING is in the air, and although it is still cold mothers are beginning to visualize their small daughters in pretty new cotton dresses which will be increasingly useful as the season advances. The little frocks illustrated have simple lines and use tiny tucks and hand-work for ornamentation. All are made from colorful cotton or linen fabrics which are charming for children for any time of day all the year round. In addition they launder perfectly and are therefore greatly appreciated both by the little girl, and by her mother.

An ensemble, a party dress, and a daytime frock are shown for both the very small girl and her slightly older sister. At the top of the page is a simple little party frock. The interesting note is the group of tucks on either side which are pressed down to form plaits. The ensemble beside it is made of linen or piqué combined with printed cotton and will bring pride to its owner's heart. Below in the center is a play frock of colored dimity with an interesting tucked yoke effect. Next is a frock of corn-colored handkerchief linen or batiste which has a touch of simple embroidery and is appropriate for parties. A piqué ensemble and a cotton print dress are shown below. The coat is unlined, and the dress of the ensemble is sleeveless. The printed play frock has crisp, ruffled cuffs, collar, and band.



M-40

M-39

M-38

M-37

M-36

M-35

No matter how young we are, we like to wear an ensemble. The one above with matching bloomers, design M-40, for sizes 2 to 8 years, is easily made. The tan linen coat has a collar and revers faced with the print of the dress. The dress has a tan linen collar, a shoulder yoke, and box-plaits front and back. The sleeves are long with tan linen cuffs. Beside it is a frock for our very first parties, design M-39, for sizes 2 to 6 years. It has a pale blue yoke and hem joined to a white center section. Gay blue bows decorate the shoulders, and fine tucks are placed on either side

For playtime the little dimity frock at the extreme left above is charming, design M-37, for sizes 2 to 8 years. The pointed collar and cuffs are white. They are not cut in sections: this effect is gained by lines of overcasting done in a deeper shade than the dress. Corn-colored handkerchief linen or batiste makes the attractive party frock in the center above, design M-38, for sizes 4 to 10 years. It has an unusual shoulder yoke cut in one with the sleeves. A bit of simple embroidery on the front and sleeves is easily made

The simple little cotton print frock at the extreme left, design M-35, for sizes 4 to 10 years, with its becoming collar and long lines, is a wise choice for the rather chubby child. It has matching bloomers. The white collar, cuffs and front band are edged with a narrow ruffle: the band is trimmed with pearl buttons. An ensemble of yellow and white piqué, design M-36, for sizes 6 to 12 years, is shown at the left. The skirt and blouse are joined together underneath the hip-band. The sleeveless dress has armholes bound in yellow

For pattern information, embroidery design and prices, see page 273

Let Our Shopping Service Buy For You in New York

All cut out to your size, with only the seams to sew up and hem, is the semi-made, wool crêpe street frock with tucking, little bows, and leather belt; in green, brown, navy, or black; 14 to 40; $7.95; or the charming, semi-made afternoon frock of flat crêpe, which ties in back, and comes with the neck, the lawn handkerchief trimming, the plaits, and the bows all finished; it may be had in rose-pink, bright green, navy or French blue, 14 to 40; special price of $9.50

Choose at least one printed frock for spring. The one above, of crêpe de Chine in black or navy with background in gay colors, has harmonizing border and is one-piece, with soft jabot, belt, and wrap-over skirt effect; 16, 18, 38 to 44; $16.75. Semi-made is the covert-cloth spring suit in brown, green, navy, or Oxford, with white or beige flat crêpe blouse—just sew up the seams and hem; sizes, 14 to 40. Suit, $7.95; blouse, $4.50; together, only $12.45

How to Order

To fill every need you may have for early spring clothes, here are seven charming and suitable frocks and a spring suit, which we have found for you in New York City. To buy them, just send your check or money-order, together with description of the size and color you want, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City, and your order will be promptly filled. For inexpensive wash frocks, a lovely printed georgette, and spring accessories, see pages 106 and 199

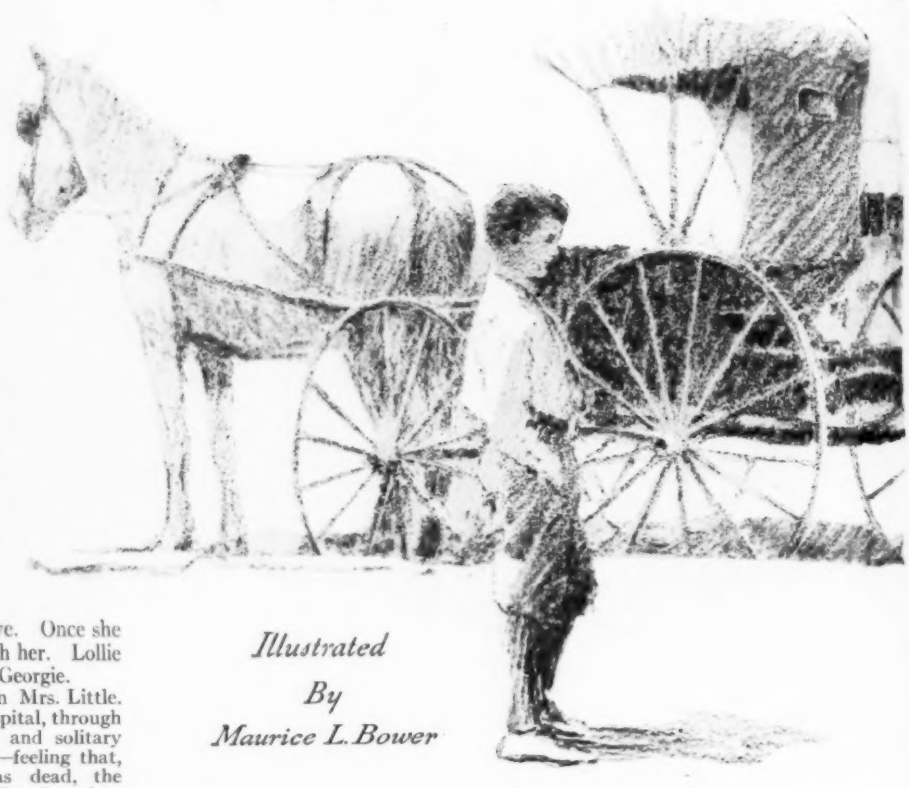
Easily adjustable is the bright, one-piece spring frock, 1st, above, of printed Celanese and cotton crêpe with border. The neck is finished with a bow, and a wide sash belt is attached and ties at the side; it comes in green and white or blue and white; sizes, 36 to 44; only $6.50. With handkerchief bow, the afternoon dress of flat crêpe has a circular godet skirt, the waist high, the bow detachable; in black, royal-blue, green, red, or beige; in sizes 14 to 42; $7.95

For only $1.95 you may buy this charming, one-piece frock, 3rd, above, which comes in all the pastel shades, nile, blue, orchid, rose, maize, or white handkerchief lawn with embroidered drawnwork. It has a deep hem, cap sleeves, and plaits in front; the belt is adjustable; sizes, 16 to 46; $1.95. In green or rose with large white dots, and plain linen lapels, the sleeveless, one-piece, cotton frock with plaits in front comes in sizes 16 to 42; its price is only $3.25

The KRAMER

Three Sisters — Who Lived Their Lives Together Yet Apart

CONCLUSION



Illustrated By Maurice L. Bower

NOW when people from Valley Junction went to The Rapids, there was something that they all must do. Georgie Kramer was in the hospital there. They must go in to see her before they went home.

"How was Georgie?"

"Oh, I thought she looked pretty bad." And shook their heads.

Or Mrs. Pickering did, Mrs. Pendleton and Bertha Scholtz. They were all fond of Georgie, and yet it can not be denied that her illness added a new excitement to their trips to The Rapids. There were others, however, who came in a different way. Mrs. Little had Mr. Little drive her into the city often, and she sat in Georgie's room, quiet and fond, hiding her distress under her gentle, old-fashioned, ladylike reserve. Once she brought Lollie McCoy in with her. Lollie had closed the shop to visit Georgie.

She cared even more than Mrs. Little. She went away from the hospital, through the little park, feeling old and solitary in the early spring weather—feeling that, now that her mother was dead, the Kramer girls gone from Valley Junction, Georgie perhaps—but she couldn't say or think that—her day, the day of her "crowd" and her generation, was past.

How changed Georgie was! Could it actually be—? They didn't like to say that word aloud. Then why hadn't she done something long ago? She must have known. Annie must have known, too. They were sure that Annie had suspected. Georgie had always been so strong, so used to looking out for other people, that she wouldn't admit until the very last moment that anything could be wrong with her. Rose told them that Georgie had been angry if any one even so much as hinted. And yet she had known all along! Well, people did foolish things like that!

But in spite of their dark prophecies as they drove home, when they were actually with Georgie—once the first shock of seeing her in the hospital had passed—it was impossible to think of her as dying. Her color was gone, her rough auburn hair was grizzled, there was a shriveled look about her large body. But her brusk cheerfulness still radiated from her, feebly at first, more strongly as she talked to them. She tossed off angrily any inquiries about her illness—angrily, and with a certain shame, quite unlike the pride of martyrdom that most women would have felt in her place.

"Oh, all right, I guess. No, can't say I enjoy the treatments, but it's all in the game." The worst she would ever admit was, "Oh, so-so—" She kept her fierce, shy, personal reserve.

Mr. Little had come in for a few awkward moments, since Mrs. Little had said that he must.

"Why, I don't think she seems so bad," he said.

But it was easy to make a man think that things were coming out all right. They didn't look underneath. Mrs. Little and Lollie both agreed upon that. As they drove home through the darkening spring air, their temporary cheer dwindled into a fearful certainty. They sat together in the back of the car, talking in low voices, encouraging each other all they could. The hospital room seemed very cheerful. How nice of old Mr. Yarborough to have sent his lovely tulips! It was so much better for Georgie that Rose was staying in The Rapids now. (They diverged for a moment into the subject of Rose's work at the court house, of the Carpenter affairs.) But by the time they reached home, they felt tired, silent and sad. They parted with comprehending but difficult smiles. While Lollie lighted the oil stove in her back room, and put on the water for tea, she cried a little. She went to the back door and called her cat. But this new little spotted kitty, although she was so sprightly and had such cunning little ways, could never take the place of Lollie's old black cat.

Georgie had insisted on going to the hospital. No sir, she said, she wanted people to take care of her whose business it was. Then she didn't mind asking for things. Georgie, who had given so much help in her life, would have no help given *her* that was not professional.

And in a way, it seemed to Rose that when Georgie was not too ill, she enjoyed the bustle and companionship of the hospital. Although she had that shamefaced air, it pleased her that so many people took the trouble to come to see her. The nurses were careful to tell her about all who had

GIRLS

By Ruth Suckow

Old Mr. Yarborough climbed down from his buggy and came over to them. He had a better appreciation of Georgie than did most of the people in the town, but it was for Rose's sake, not Georgie's, that he had driven in today

inquired. There were gifts from her patients. Once, when Rose was there, she looked around the room with a kind of abashed pleasure.

"Looks like a greenhouse, don't it? Didn't know I knew so many folks!"

But in general it seemed to Rose that Annie got more delight from all this attention than Georgie. She couldn't tell how much Annie realized. Annie never so much as hinted that Georgie might not get well—that frightened, secretive look came over her face—but sometimes, when they were together in the room in the evening, Rose would see tears in her eyes. Probably Annie didn't dare let herself think.

Rose, too, dared not let herself think too far, and during the bright, soft, spring daytime she succeeded. She had grown accustomed to Georgie's illness to some extent, so that she could feel something homelike about the small, white, sunny hospital room with its plants and flowers.

This crisis seemed to knit up the frayed threads of old associations. Mr. and Mrs. Seeger wrote from Florida, where they were living with their daughter and her husband, and sent up a box of fruit. The Christbaums "wouldn't come up," but left a basket with fresh eggs, jelly, and coffee cake at the hospital desk. There was that girl who used to work in the telephone office and who had got into trouble. She was a patient of Georgie's. Georgie had "got after the fellow," it seemed (she hadn't told Rose or Annie about it), and they were married and really happy now. They both came to her room for a moment, the "fellow" very bashful, but almost as grateful to Georgie as the girl. Once, even, their father came. The girls weren't present at that interview. He hadn't said much, Georgie told them. But they could see that she was pleased.

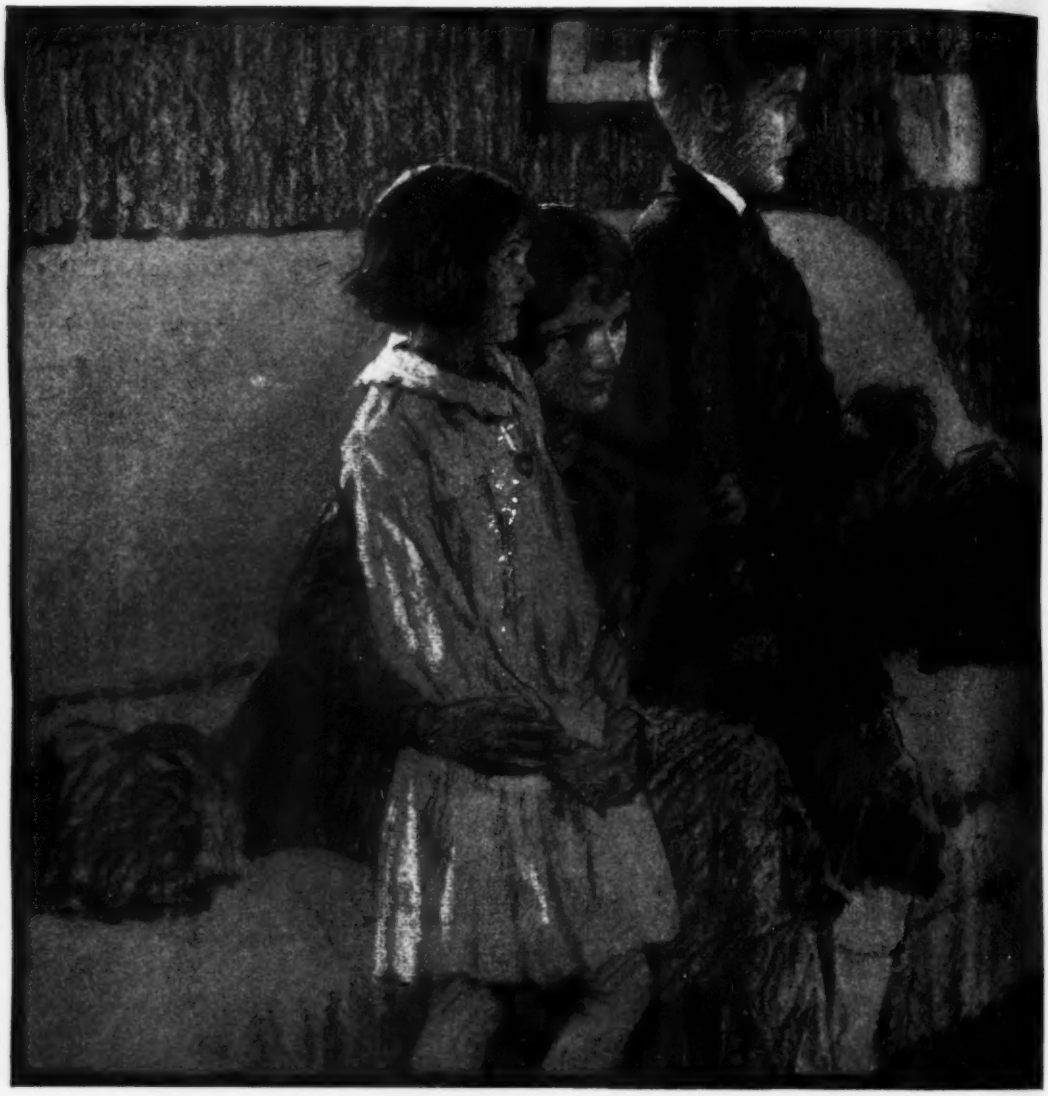
"You know, kid," she said to Rose that evening, "I don't know that anybody's so bad as it seems to other folks. Anyway—oh, well, shoot! Guess we're all kind of in the same box. Or some box."

Still she had enough of her old fierce, lifelong resentment left to say grimly of her father's wife,

"Well, I'd just as soon *she* stayed at home."

Georgie was still protecting her mother.

Annie and Rose had to take charge of the overflow of the gifts. Nothing had pleased Georgie more than the tulips from old Roland Yarborough.



The sound Rose had been listening for came now—the children's voices in the hall. of great pride. "Children, this is your Aunt Jane." She stroked Kramer's

"I always liked that old fellow. He was different."

Those she kept in her room, although she said of the other things,

"Well, gals, help yourselves to the plunder."

Rose even thought she looked just a little shyly at them . . .

Sometimes, when she was alone, and considered all the attention she was receiving, all the tokens of personal affection, Georgie's eyes misted over with a shy, almost unbelieving pleasure. She couldn't feel that such things belonged to her, but, just the same, when she heard a nurse coming, she reached for her handkerchief.

Rose was working for her old college mate, Arthur Kessler, who was County Recorder now. He knew that her sister was in the hospital, and was kind about letting Rose off for a while in the afternoon. They were good to Annie at Hofthaler's, but they were methodical. She could seldom be with Georgie in the daytime. Rose was very busy with her work, the time she must spend with Georgie, Marjorie Jane on her hands when school was over. But Georgie's illness made it unnecessary for her to explain—even to Mrs. Pickering—why she had come to The Rapids and left Kramer and Archie in Dudley.

Georgie never hinted to Rose that she might not get well, and she wouldn't have the slightest hint, or the slightest fuss either. She seemed to be full of plans. She talked about saving some money—"when she got over this"—and taking a course in orthopedics. Big things could be done along that line. After a little while in that sunny room, Rose got over the shock that first met her when she entered—the shock of thinking, "Only a few months ago, Georgie was all right and now—" and felt the reassurance and enlivenment of Georgie's old exuberance.

But sometimes Georgie would say things like this: "Well, babe, do you like what you're doing now? Do you think it's going to lead anywhere? . . . You don't want to leave Archie and Kramer off there away from you too long." She said that once. "Get them over here, too."

Then Rose had to talk against a deep uneasiness. Especially when Georgie said:

"I tell you, Rose, maybe Archie doesn't quite come up to the scratch, but it's pretty nice to be able to feel that you've got him there with you, all the same."

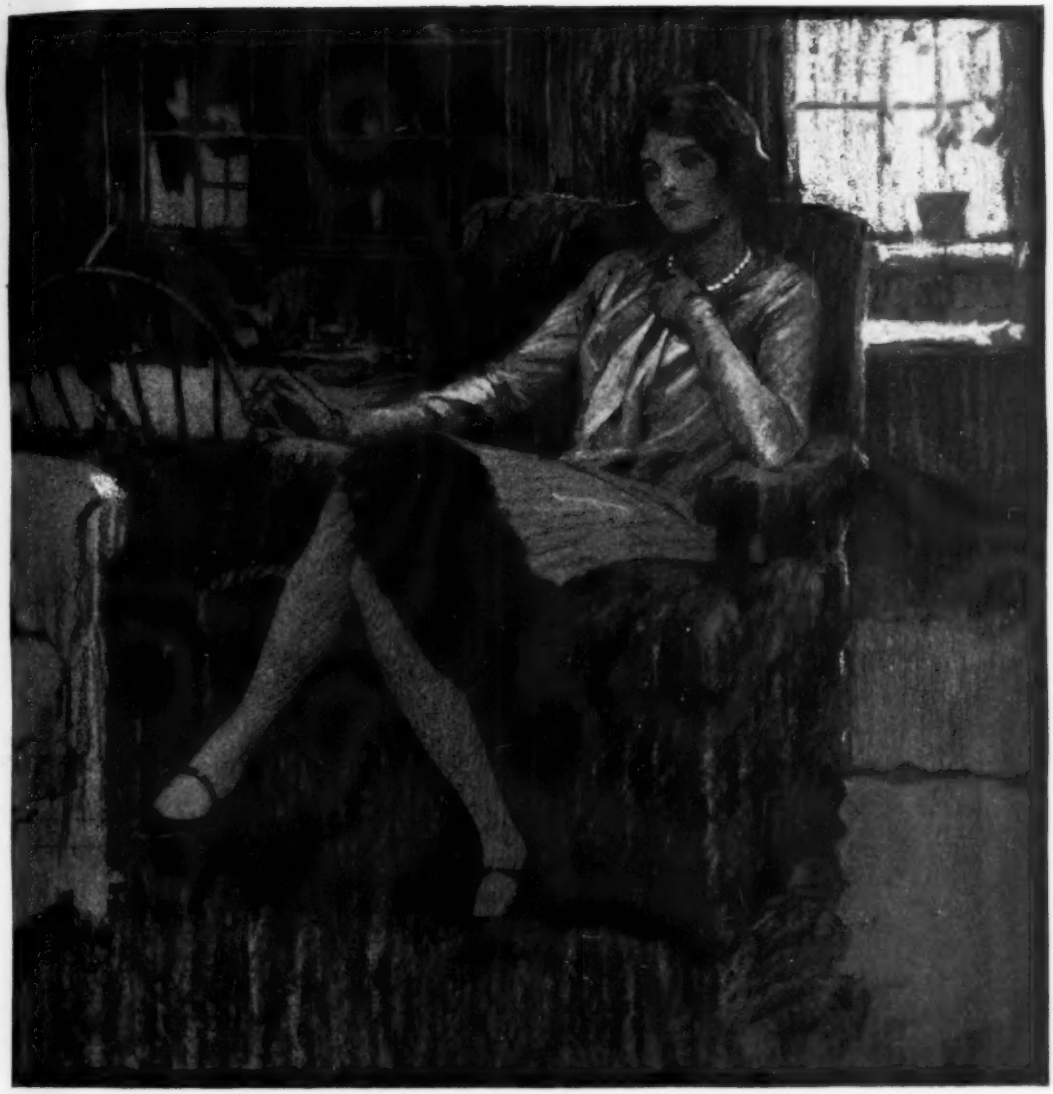
One day, it was a little later when Rose came. The spring light was dimmed and softened in the room; there was a hint of raininess about it. A damp earth scent seemed to come from the pot of gloxinia, great lavender bells that old Mrs. Katzemayer, in Valley Junction, had "sent by somebody else." There was an intimacy about that hour such as the two sisters—so far apart in age, until Georgie was almost more like mother than sister to Rose—had never experienced together before. Without any of her old shy, brusk reserve, simply as one woman to another, Georgie talked to Rose about Annie.

She told Rose many things that Rose had never known.

"You know—well, I suppose you didn't—but it was partly on Annie's account I wanted to get out of that burg."

"You did tell me that."

"Yes, but I guess I didn't tell you why."



They came in eager, happy—stopped short, grew shy. This was Rose's moment little rough sleeve. Marjorie stood solemnly staring at Jane in fascination

Rose thought she knew all about the girls. Yet this was something that she had never suspected. Did she remember how Charlie Ruble used always to sort of joke with Annie? Well, he did, always. Especially at the lodge—people even began to talk about it.

"That was one reason I dropped the lodge. That, and—oh, well, I got sick of working my head off for nothing. Well, then, Nettie—Mrs. Ruble—died, and everybody thought that Charlie would marry Annie. I wouldn't have liked that once. I didn't have any too much of an opinion of Charlie Ruble. But if Annie had cared . . ."

"But did Annie really care for him?"

"Well—I don't know, but I guess Annie kind of thought he'd take up with her, too. Oh, Mrs. Pick., of course, was always talking and teasing her. Gosh, I used to get sore! But then Annie thought about it a lot. Well, why shouldn't she? He's been acting that way toward her all those years. More than you ever knew about, kid."

"But why—"

"Well, why? That's the question. Here, before anybody thought he'd got over mourning for Nettie, he was going over to Warrington and calling on this little flip widow. And then we hear they're married!"

"And did Annie really feel badly about it?"

"I guess she did, all right," Georgie answered somberly.

Why was it? Who could say? Perhaps he'd fooled around with Annie too long. Perhaps, by this time, although she was younger than Charlie Ruble, Annie wasn't young enough to suit him. Perhaps she waited for him to ask her, and the other woman went after him. Anyway the widow led him a life, and Georgie didn't pity him a particle!

Care for him? Oh, well, Annie was kind of soft—she couldn't hold out against any man that cared for her. Otherwise, so far as Charlie Ruble himself was concerned . . . Georgie was lying and talking of Annie in a strange, softened way, as if she could see her sister's whole life, from their childhood together—reminiscence, of the kind old people feel at the end of their lives. It frightened Rose. And yet she could not help feeling the sweetness, the satisfying and painful intimacy, of this hour.

Oh, Annie could have married when she was a girl! Georgie said that with a kind of pride. If things hadn't been the way they were at home . . . And then Rose had a strange moment of remembrance. She thought of that summer day at the Plum Creek bridge, when she had first walked out there with Archie, and he had cut her initials—the very last; and she remembered seeing, near the fresh, woody-scented mark, one of those old silver-gray scars—"A.K. & C.F."

She asked Georgie about it.

Yes, Georgie said, that was Annie and Carl Finch! Could Rose remember when they used to go together? "You were just a tyke, I suppose." That seemed to separate Georgie and Rose again. Georgie's eyes grew cloudy—it seemed to Rose that she had drifted away into a past to Rose herself so distant that it was like the bright dawning of her memory. In this past Georgie and Annie were (*Continued on page 108*)

First Aid to Furniture

By Eva Wilson

Of the Institute Staff

STEEL wool, linseed oil, rottenstone! What do these words mean to us? Are they just names of materials found in paint shops, or do they mean familiar supplies used in caring for our fine furniture? A shelf or a corner in our cleaning cupboard should be reserved for these and other supplies which may be used in first-aid treatment of our furniture. Prompt attention may save a scratched or burned table from the store room and prolong its use until we feel it needs a thorough treatment and refinishing, when it really becomes a "surgical" case.

Scratches, burns, and white spots which mar the beauty of our tables, desks, and pianos fairly clamor for first aid. Slight scratches usually are sufficiently covered by a brisk rubbing with furniture polish or wax.

To the left is shown a deep scratch made by a sharp nail on a highly polished table

The same scratch, toned down after first-aid treatment, is illustrated above

A wet vase on a mahogany table caused the white spot shown above

The spot disappeared after wiping it with ammonia and water as directed

Deep scratches which extend through the finish well into the wood may require staining to match the surrounding surface. The scratch illustrated occurred on a beautifully finished maple table. We stained the exposed wood with a mixture of yellow ocher and burnt umber, applied with the end of a wooden skewer. After the stain had dried, we filled the scratch with shellac, smoothed it off with a palette knife, and wiped off all excess shellac close to the scratch. We allowed this to dry overnight and in the morning lightly rubbed the spot, following the grain of the wood, with a tiny pad of fine steel wool No. ooo, saturated with boiled linseed oil, until the edges of the scratch were smooth and even with the rest of the surface. Next we rubbed the entire surface of the table with a thin mixture of rottenstone and oil, wiped this off with clean oil, and finished with a clean, soft cloth to remove the oil. The table could have been rubbed with wax or a good furniture polish, had further treatment seemed advisable at this time. The scratch now is inconspicuous, and we feel the table does not need refinishing until other accidents or evidences of wear make it necessary.

Burns are more difficult to remedy than are scratches, as they vary so much in extent of the injury—and rubbing with any abrasive is apt to remove the charred wood, leaving an indentation. In treating a small burn, as from a cigarette or match, we consider it in relation to the whole surface, as the wood may be so grained and colored that a dark spot will be less conspicuous than a filled dent or groove. The general treatment for burns is similar to that for deep scratches. More rubbing may be necessary, as the finish surrounding the spot is usually roughened if it is not entirely destroyed, and must be smoothed down even with the rest of the surface. As the purpose of rubbing is to smooth the surface, *not to scratch it*, we use oil with the finest sandpaper, steel wool, or rottenstone to surround the abrasive particles and prevent their scratching. Many scratched, roughened, and generally marred table tops are remarkably improved by a brisk

Supplies for the first-aid cabinet include oil, turpentine, wax, polish, rottenstone, mild soap, a soft brush, sponge, and soft, non-linting cloths

rubbing with the oil and rottenstone mixture.

White spots on varnished wood come from various causes. If they are water spots of recent occurrence, we frequently can remove them by laying a clean blotter over the spots and passing a warm iron lightly over them several times to absorb the moisture. Furniture polishes, oils, or waxes often prove effective in removing these blemishes. To remove the more stubborn spots we wring a soft cloth out of clear, warm water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and sponge the marks, rubbing them *immediately* afterward with polish or wax.

Drops of alcohol, or liquids containing alcohol, cause spots on varnished surfaces because alcohol dissolves varnish. If we notice the accident as soon as it occurs, we can apply effective first aid by briskly rubbing the place with the finger, if the spot is small. This spreads the surrounding softened varnish over the bare spot and covers it. For old spots of this nature we may make a small pad of absorbent cotton, moisten it with alcohol, put two or three layers of cheesecloth over it so a minimum of alcohol will come through, and rub briskly around and over the spot. This accomplishes the same purpose by softening the finish first instead of spreading that already softened. Follow by rubbing with polish or wax. Only small spots can be treated this way. If the finish has been destroyed over a large area, we find it better to remove all that remains and refinish the entire surface in any preferred way.

When we find our light paint so soiled that many of the spots do not respond to washing with soap and water, we rub the spots with a little soap jelly, made by dissolving in hot water a sufficient amount of mild soap to make a jelly when it cools. We then rinse off the soap with clear, warm water and thoroughly dry the paint. If some spots still persist, rub them with a little very fine abrasive powder on the soapy cloth, and the marks soon disappear. Many of the good commercial cleansers for paint, some containing a fine abrasive, are effective and harmless when used as directed.

As much of our furniture is upholstered in fabrics of different kinds, first aid to furniture includes removing spots and stains from textile materials. When removing a stain or soil from an upholstered chair, we must remember there is padding or filling in the chair which, if wet or water-soaked, will be difficult to dry thoroughly and may become musty. It is best not to use strong chemicals upon upholstered furniture, as they may destroy the fabric, for it is practically impossible to rinse out all the chemicals or to be sure they are completely neutralized.

Grease spots and soil of an oily or greasy nature may be removed by sponging with carbon tetrachloride. It is well to have a clean cloth at hand to take up the soiled cleansing fluid before it evaporates. As this cleanser is extremely volatile, no special precaution is necessary to avoid wetting the padding of the chair or the cushion being cleaned.

A tapestry-covered chair being freshened by a shampoo of soap suds

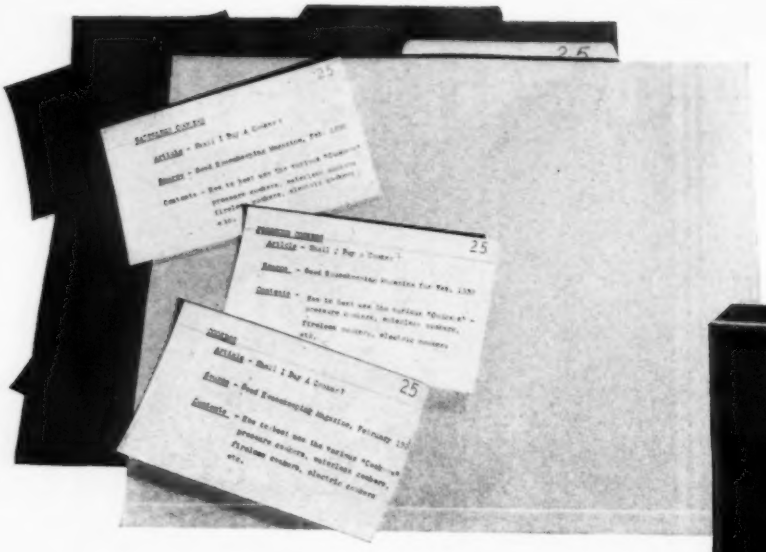
The heavy suds are removed by wiping the chair with even strokes

Slip-covers that are fastened with snaps are quickly and easily removed for cleaning and readily replaced

When a spot must be removed with water, the cloth should be wrung out tightly and the spot carefully sponged – repeating the treatment rather than using a wetter cloth. The material should be tested for color fastness before this method is used. This is done by rubbing a hidden portion of the upholstery with a white cloth wet in the solution used for cleaning.

Water spots on velours or mohair, unless some of the color has been removed, are usually due to matting of the nap or to the removal of some of the finish. We removed a water spot from a velours chair by laying over the entire seat of the chair a cloth wrung tightly out of clear water and lightly passing a warm iron over the cloth till it was dry. We were careful not to press down the nap of the velours with the iron, and as soon as the cloth was removed we brushed up the nap carefully with a fine, wire brush such as is used for brushing suède shoes.

Sometimes we wish to freshen our gray, dingy-appearing, tapestry-covered chairs. If the tapestry is not faded, such furniture can often be freshened by sponging (*Continued on page 196*)



A cross-reference system of filing takes a little more time, but it makes the filed material much more easily accessible

WHERE DID I PUT IT?

A Simple Filing System will Answer the Question

By

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

A card file is invaluable for any information or record brief enough to go on a card

"I WONDER what I did with that bulletin on 'Play Suits.' I had planned to use one of the designs for Hugh's new suits." "Where did I put the name and address of the man who upholstered this chair last year?" "I know I paid that bill, but I can't find the receipt for it, and I tore up the canceled check."

Do you ever ask yourself such questions? Do you ever spend an exasperating half-hour in a vain search for some information you had set aside for future use—an address, a bulletin, a clipping from a magazine, or a recipe that a friend gave you? If you do, you can easily avoid the worry such things cause you by setting up a simple filing system.

Files are a necessary part of a business office. Letters, addresses, the contents of the library shelves, data, and records of various kinds must be kept for reference, and they must be easily found. Your files will become just as valuable to you after you have found how much time and trouble they save you.

Some of your records will be filed on cards. The standard size of the small cards shown above is 3 inches by 5 inches, but you may prefer the larger size, 4 inches by 6 inches. You will, of course, need a filing box to fit the size you choose. You will also need several sets of guide cards. These come in colors, and each has a tab which extends above the edge of the cards in the file and thus serves as a guide. These cards with boxes to fit them are carried by many stationery shops.

In your card file you may keep your favorite recipes as you collect them, while in your meal planning you will find it helpful to have on file menus that have met with family favor, and party menus as well. For this section of your card file you will need a set of guide cards having wide tabs, on which you can record the various headings you will use in classifying your recipes and menus, such as *Cheese dishes*, *Sandwiches*, *Meat dishes—tougher cuts*, and *Dinners—summer*. As this recipe and menu file grows, you will add other headings, and you will sometimes discard a heading for one that meets your needs more satisfactorily. If you are in the habit of lending your books, you will be wise to keep a record of these in your card file under the heading *Books—loaned*. As each book is returned, the card recording its loan may be destroyed. Addresses should form another section of your card file, and for these you will need a set of guide cards having tabs for filing the addresses in alphabetical order. You will find various other uses for your card file, for filing the family dental and medical records, for garments stored in your own house or sent to storage—in fact, for any information brief enough to go on a card.

There is certain material which requires another method for filing it. There are patterns, clippings from magazines, government bulletins, manufacturers' booklets with recipes, or instruction books supplied with equipment you purchase. A simple method of filing these is to put each in a manila folder of the type shown above, much used in business offices. These folders are about 9 inches by 12 inches in size, with a tab on one edge to indicate the contents of the folder. These folders may be filed in a box to fit them and in alphabetical order, according to the contents of the folder. For example, if you were filing the article in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for February, "Shall I Buy a Cooker?" you would file it under "C," since it considers cookers of various types. If you wish to take a little extra trouble, however, and keep a card guide to these folders, you will find that this filed material can often be much more quickly located.

Take the article on cookers referred to above. You may at some time wish information on "waterless" cooking, and if you look under "W" in your folders, but not under "C," this article would escape you altogether. To locate this folder more easily, and

(*Continued on page 194*)

As We Cook in China

By Nellie Choy Wong

THOUGH Chinese cookery is the envy of nations, little of its artistry has been adopted by the Western world. This can be traced to the scarcity of Chinese food products in American markets. Heretofore Chinese vegetables and sauces, so indispensable in the proper blending and zestful seasoning of Oriental dishes, were known only to Chinese chefs, and could be purchased only in Chinese shops. But today bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, bean sprouts, noodles, soy bean sauce, brown sauce and kumquats—all imported Chinese products—are being packed in tin cans and bottles and sold in our retail markets. The American housekeeper may now use these canned products in introducing Oriental dishes into her every-day cookery—dishes which not only intrigue, but are nourishing as well.

La Si Chi, or *Spicy Chicken*, should be a favorite, as it combines meat and vegetables in one dish. Order a four-pound spring chicken, cleaned and cut up for serving. Dust the chicken with cornstarch, arrange in a frying pan or Dutch oven with four tablespoonfuls of hot melted fat or oil, cover tightly, and sauté until the chicken is tender. Add to the chicken when it is half done, four tablespoonfuls of soy bean sauce, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Meanwhile peel and dice four large onions and the bamboo shoots from a one-pound can. Also dice six large, seeded green peppers and one cupful of fresh or canned mushrooms. When the chicken is tender, remove and pour into the frying pan four tablespoonfuls of oil. Add the onions, bamboo shoots, peppers, mushrooms, and two cupfuls of diced pineapple. Cover and simmer until the vegetables are tender, about fifteen minutes. Then add the chicken, four tablespoonfuls of soy bean sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one teaspoonful of brown sugar. Heat thoroughly and serve at once. Serves six.

The tempting morsel, *Shia Mei Mein Pao*, or Spiced Shrimp Bread, is really a modern Chinese dish—a combination of the East and West. It may be served as a luncheon dish—four to a person—or in place of sandwiches at tea. If served for tea, cut the bread into any desired shapes, using a cookie cutter. Cook one pound of fresh shrimp in boiling water for twenty minutes or until tender. Drain and shell them. Or use two and one-half cans of canned shrimp. Put the shrimp and one-half a medium-sized peeled onion through the fine knife of a food-chopper. Add one-half teaspoonful of sage, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and three egg-whites and beat all together until the mixture is stiff like meringue. Meanwhile cut thin slices of bread into strips one inch wide and two or four inches long. Spread some of the shrimp mixture on each bread strip and sprinkle the top with fine crumbs that have been browned in a little butter or margarine. Drop the shrimp straws into hot, deep fat at 390° F. and fry until golden brown. Drain and serve arranged crosswise and garnished with parsley. Serves six.

Chow Tao, or *Fried Peas*, is another Chinese main dish combining meat and vegetables. Shell one pound of peas, cover with two cupfuls of boiling water, add one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and cook for twenty minutes or until the peas are tender. Drain, reserving the liquor from the peas. Meanwhile melt four tablespoonfuls of fat or oil in a frying pan; add one pound of Hamburg steak and one cupful of canned water chestnuts chopped fine. Stir the meat from time to time while frying, and when it is brown, add the liquor, of which there should be about one-half cupful, and continue cooking until the meat is tender—about ten minutes. Then add the cooked peas, one-fourth teaspoonful of sage, two tablespoonfuls of soy bean sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, (*Continued on page 222*)

With canned Chinese vegetables now on the market, American housekeepers can serve many Oriental dishes without difficulty

Photograph by H. I. Williams

CANNED FOODS with New Appeal

By Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

HOUSEKEEPERS are sometimes accused of serving meals "out of the can," but today this is an outworn accusation. It means only that these housekeepers have discovered the secret of varied and interesting meals at all seasons of the year, while practising thrift and economy as well. The canned foods on our grocers' shelves today have made differences in seasons for foods less sharply defined than ever before, for with the wide variety of canned fish, soups, meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., we now have few seasonable foods. Furthermore, due to scientific methods of canning, foods served out of the can are often fresher and more healthful than the so-called "fresh" products we try so hard to buy.

But canned foods, like fresh foods, soon lose their appeal and even pall if served daily just as they come from the can without any change in seasonings. So the inventive genius with which housekeepers are born, or which necessity thrusts upon them, is challenged to provide that added touch to the can.

Nourishing, full-flavored soups of more than a dozen varieties are now available in cans. Many of these are diluted with water when served. Yet one of the most flavorsome and most nourishing chowders I serve is quickly made by adding an equal quantity of fresh or canned milk to a can of condensed vegetable soup. Tomato Bisque is just as easily made, and is always perfectly seasoned. Just add one can of milk (use the soup can as a measure) to one can of condensed tomato soup, heat well, and then serve! And when the soup course is in special need of variety, try *combining* some of your canned soups. Chicken and celery, vegetable and bouillon, beef and tomato, consommé and tomato—these are combinations every family will enjoy. As for a hearty stew quickly made, none could be more satisfying than that made by adding one can of chicken diced to one can each of tomato and vegetable soup. Diluted with three cupfuls of water, seasoned generously with onion salt and heated thoroughly, this is a dish indeed fit for a king. And don't forget that Worcestershire sauce, mustard, catsup, kitchen bouquet, meat extracts, to say nothing of bay leaf, cloves, and many other seasonings, will be indispensable if you really wish to spice your meals.

But of all conjuring tricks, none is more challenging than that of adding a new touch when serving canned meats and fish. As for canned vegetables, the possibilities for their use in combination main dishes with canned meats and fish are just as numerous as for serving them in the vegetable course. And just a word here—not all housekeepers may know that canned vegetables, served as they come from the can, have a surprisingly full, natural flavor if the contents of the can—vegetable and liquor—are turned into a broad skillet and all but a little of the liquor is rapidly boiled off. Then the vegetable can be seasoned to taste and served.

In the following recipes you will find canned meats, vegetables, and fruits served in combinations which have the touch of the unusual. For *Baked Bean Casserole*, cook 3 small onions chopped fine and 3 seeded green peppers chopped fine in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter until they are tender and golden-brown in color. Then add 2 No. 2 cans of pork and beans and mix thoroughly. Arrange in alternate layers with ¾ cupful of grated American cheese, in a greased casserole, having baked beans on top. Top with ½ cupful of fine, fresh bread crumbs which have been mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine; and arrange 6 bacon slices over all. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Spinach and Cheese: Heat 1 cupful of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of chopped onion, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper, and ¼ teaspoonful of paprika in the top of a double-boiler. Add 1¾ cupfuls of grated American cheese and stir constantly until it is melted. Then add 1 large can of spinach which has been carefully drained. Turn into a greased casserole and top with ¾ cupful of fine, soft bread crumbs which have been combined with 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine. Lay 4 slices of bacon, diced, over all and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 30 minutes. Serves six.

Chicken Vegetable Loaf: Combine 3 cupfuls of canned chicken, 1½ cupfuls of canned peas, 1 cupful of canned carrots, and 1 small onion peeled and put through the fine knife of a food-chopper. Add 1 teaspoonful of prepared mustard, 1½ cupfuls of stale bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cupful of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, and 2 tablespoonfuls of chili sauce. Turn into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven of 400° F. for 45 minutes. Serve with *Mushroom Sauce* made as follows: Melt 4 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan, add 1 teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, and simmer gently until the onion is tender. Then add 4 tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth. Next add ½ cupful of canned mushroom liquor and 1½ cupfuls of milk while stirring constantly. Last add ½ teaspoonful of salt, ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper, and 1 teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Heat until smooth and thickened. Serves six.

Tomatoes and Peppers: Peel and chop 6

A delicious, nourishing chowder can quickly be prepared by adding milk to canned condensed vegetable soup

small onions fine. Add 1 seeded green pepper chopped and cook in 4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine until tender. Then add 1 No. 3 can of tomatoes, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper. Heat well and serve as a vegetable. Serves six.

Grilled Asparagus: Drain 2 cans of asparagus tips. Meanwhile prepare ½ cupful of finely grated cheese and add 1 cupful of fine, soft bread crumbs and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine. Roll the asparagus tips in this mixture, arrange on the broiler pan, and brown on all sides under the broiler heat, turning occasionally. Serve plain or with a nicely seasoned butter sauce. Serves six.

Salmon Timbale with Parsley Sauce: Flake 1½ cupfuls of canned salmon and add ½ cupful of sliced, stuffed olives, 1 tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, ½ cupful of fine soft bread crumbs, 4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper, 4 beaten eggs, and 2 cupfuls of milk. Pour into a greased casserole, set in a pan of warm water, and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 45 minutes, or until a silver knife inserted in the center of the mixture comes out clean. Serve with Parsley Sauce made by adding 1 minced, hard-cooked egg and 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley to 1½ cupfuls of well-seasoned white sauce. Serves six.

Corn and Tomato Toast: Prepare 6 slices of toast and butter while hot. Meanwhile melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add 1 tablespoonful of finely chopped onion and 2 tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper. Cook until tender, then add 1 No. 2 can of corn and stir well. Next add 1 cupful of canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ⅛ teaspoonful of soda, and ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper. Combine thoroughly and when hot pour over the toast. Serves six.

Canned Shrimp Stew: Melt 4 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion and simmer until the onion is tender, then add 4 tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth, and then add 3 cupfuls of milk and 2 teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Drain 2 cans of shrimp and remove the small black viscera that runs down the back of the shrimp. Add the shrimp to the milk mixture. Season with 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, a speck of cayenne, and sprinkle generously with paprika. Heat well and serve with crisp crackers. Serves six.

Canned foods in variety have made differences in seasons less sharply defined than ever before

Baked Bean Casserole is only one of the savory dishes that can be prepared from canned foods

Pickled Apricot Salad: Blend 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped sweet pickle with 1 small cream cheese. Heap in the center of 12 halves of canned apricots. Arrange 2 filled apricot halves on each bed of lettuce and garnish with French dressing. Serves six.

Pineapple Orange Sponge: Soak 1 tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in ¼ cupful of cold water for 5 minutes. Then add ½ cupful of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Next add ¼ cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, ½ cupful of canned pineapple juice, and ½ cupful of orange juice. Set in a cold place until it begins to stiffen. Then beat with an egg-beater until light and frothy, fold in 2 egg-whites beaten stiff, and ½ cupful of diced pineapple. Pile in glasses and garnish with bits of pineapple. Serves six.

Kidney Bean Salad: Combine the contents of 1 medium-sized can of kidney beans, well drained, with 2 cupfuls of finely shredded crisp cabbage, ¼ cupful of chopped sour pickles, 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion, and ⅓ cupful of highly seasoned French dressing. Serve garnished with lettuce or romaine as the main dish at luncheon or supper. Serves six.

Porcupine Peaches: Drain the sirup from 1 can of large peach halves. Stick the rounding side of each peach with salted almonds or peanuts, to give the appearance of a prickly pear. Arrange 2 or 3 peach halves in each individual serving dish and pour some of the sirup around them. Serves six.

Curried Dried Beef: Shred 2 cupfuls of dried beef, pour boiling water over it, let stand 3 minutes, then drain. Meanwhile melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan, add one medium-sized onion chopped, and cook gently until the onion is (*Continued on page 294*)

EXIT SPRING HOUSECLEANING!

No more spring or fall housecleaning if you use the new methods and the cleaning equipment described in our new bulletin, "Easy Methods in Cleaning." This bulletin sells for 25c.

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Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City, for these and see page 273 for many other Institute Bulletins

Attractive electric coffee- and tea-making appliances bring charm to the table service

EQUIPMENT that CATERS to Your NEEDS

When Cooking at the Table

By
Curtis C. Wyrtzen
Of the Institute Staff

The electric waffle iron is one of the most fascinating table appliances. Some irons are automatic and keep the temperature just right for baking waffles

THE fragrance of a crisp, brown waffle as it comes from the grids; coffee percolating merrily at the table; sandwiches freshly made and toasted to a golden brown never fail to fascinate the members of the family or guests. And when they can be made at the table, there is an added charm in the making. Modern table appliances lend themselves well to this type of cooking, and manufacturers of such appliances have added new conveniences which make these appliances easier to use and to care for. The use of stain-resisting chromium finish and automatic control are probably the most outstanding of these.

The toaster has for many years been one of the most popular table appliances. We are all familiar with the vertical, open-element type in which the bread is placed on hinged racks on either side. There are also two other familiar models; the oven type in which the bread is placed on a rack that pulls out from one end, and the flat type that holds the bread over a horizontal heating element. All three of these types of toasters are now made with automatic controls. The method of control varies. In some the current is automatically disconnected when the bread is toasted; in others the toast is removed from direct contact with the heat, but the current remains on to keep the toast warm until served. Whatever the method of control, however, the possibility of burning the toast is eliminated. All the automatic toasters have a regulator by means of which toast of the desired brownness may be obtained without the bother of constant watching.

Other popular table appliances, are the coffee- and tea-making devices. All such devices tested at Good Housekeeping Institute must have a fuse or circuit-breaking device of some sort before it can be approved. This affords protection if the device is connected to the current supply when there is no liquid in it. It is now possible to purchase electric devices for making either drip or percolated coffee, so that the family may exercise its preference. In the drip devices the action is automatic. It is necessary only to put in the correct quantity of coffee and water and turn on the electricity. The result is drip coffee. The percolators are of the valve or valveless type. In the valve type, which is usually the more expensive due to its construction, the water is kept below the boiling point.

The electrical tea-making devices consist of kettles in which the water may be heated or pots having tea balls. These, like the coffee-making devices, must have a fuse or circuit-breaking device before they are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Never immerse your coffee- or tea-making appliance in water*, as to do so will

ruin it. The removable parts may be taken out and washed, but the pot should be cleaned by filling with boiling water, after which it may be emptied and wiped with a damp cloth. And do not let coffee or tea stand in the pot for a long time, for the pot will be much harder to clean.

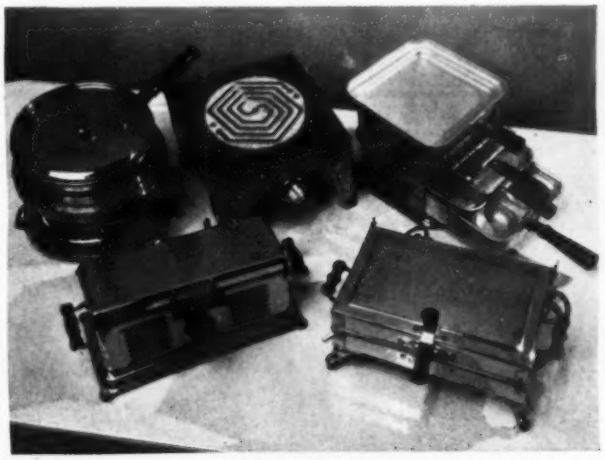
We should like to discuss here the best proportions of water and coffee to use. Some manufacturers still rate the capacity of their coffee-making appliances by serving cups, and their directions call for heaping teaspoonfuls or tablespoonfuls. Both are variable quantities, since all serving cups are by no means the same size, and the amount of coffee in a "heaping" teaspoon or tablespoon will also vary. Every coffee-making device approved by Good Housekeeping Institute is tested by a standard recipe. This recipe calls for two level tablespoons of coffee for each half-pint measuring cup of water. If you are having difficulty in making good coffee, try this recipe before blaming the device.

Waffle irons have also come in for their share of improvement. Most waffle iron manufacturers have endeavored to make waffle baking a simpler process by putting on their devices a baking heat indicator. There are also irons in which the temperature is automatically maintained at the proper degree. The indicator is without question a great improvement, and the automatic temperature regulator leaves nothing at all for the operator to worry about as to the heat of the iron. The indicator may be a pointer that moves over a graduated scale, or a metal bar that projects out from the front or top of the device a predetermined distance, when the correct baking temperature is reached. A portion of the indicator is usually marked in such a way as to show that when the pointer is between two lines, or when the marked section of the bar is showing the iron is at the proper temperature for baking. A waffle iron frequently becomes overheated, and when this occurs an iron with an indicator should be allowed to cool until the pointer or bar is just entering the baking section again. If the iron is permitted to cool longer, it is apt to be too cool for baking. The reason for this is that the indicating device sometimes cools more slowly than the iron, causing the pointer or bar to lag behind the actual temperature of the iron.

Once your waffle iron is seasoned, *never scour it, but wipe it with a damp cloth to clean it.* Should your iron become overheated at any time, you will probably find it necessary to reseason the grids. To season a waffle iron, either a new one, or an old one which must be reseasoned, heat the iron for about five minutes. Then rub the grids both top and bottom with an unsalted fat, heat the waffle iron to baking temperature, and bake a waffle. Discard this waffle and your iron is ready for use.

Many people have waffle recipes that are family heirlooms, and when attempting to use these recipes on their electric waffle iron they often face the difficulty of having the waffles stick to the grids. An analysis of the recipe will probably show that it calls for much less butter or fat than the recipe recommended by the manufacturer of the iron. It is, of course, advisable to use the waffle recipe supplied by the manufacturer of your particular waffle iron.

New types of table appliances are continually making their appearance. During the last year or two the sandwich toaster and a new type of grill have appeared. In addition to these, there are various table stoves and hot plates that have been on the market for some time. The sandwich toasters are made with both solid and open-type heating units. They each have upper and lower heating units, with hinges that adjust themselves to any thickness of sandwich. Similar in design, but having more heating surface and some means of carrying away excess grease from grilling or broiling, are the new grills. They may also be used for sandwich toasting, as they have the same type of hinge as the toasters. The units or grids of the newer grills are usually set at an angle in order that any excess fat used on the grid will flow toward an outlet provided for that purpose. Automatic time controls are used even on these grills. They afford a protection from overheating and are a source of great convenience when cooking. The hot plates for table use usually consist of an open or a closed-type heating element mounted in a stand that is supported on legs. They have a variety of uses and are of great convenience when making at the table dishes that must be served hot. Many table stoves are designed to do practically all types of cooking with the exception of baking. Utensils for poaching eggs, pans, and griddle cooking are generally part of their equipment.



Breakfasts, light luncheons, and suppers in variety may be prepared at the table with the use of these different grills and table stoves.

The cost of operation per hour for each of these devices depends on the wattage requirement indicated on the name plate. For a 400-watt device, such as many percolators, the cost would be four cents. For 500-watt devices, like toasters, the operating cost would be six cents per hour. For a higher or lower power rate than 10 cents per K.W.H. hour the operating cost would be proportionately higher or lower.

There are practically no electrical table appliances designed to be operated from the home lamp socket. *Appliances of this nature should be connected to a wall or convenience outlet.* The reason for this is that lamp sockets used in most homes are designed to supply not more than 250 watts of electrical power, while the minimum amount of power required for most table appliances (*Continued on page 190*)

Each of these electric toasters makes excellent toast in its own way. They are of both the automatic and non-automatic types

Why Not Buy the CHEAPER CUTS of MEAT?

By Demetria M. Jaylor
Of the Institute Staff

IN MANY homes the meat bill is the despair of the housekeeper trying to keep within her food budget. But if she took time to check over her itemized bill, she would probably find that expensive steaks, chops, and roasts are the cuts purchased most often.

The cheaper cuts of all varieties of meat lend themselves to many economical, delicious, and unusual dishes. Furthermore, when properly cooked, their nutritive value and digestibility are exactly the same as in the expensive cuts, and at times their flavor is to be preferred. Then, too, think of the variety which these cuts will give your menus!

"But," you say, "since these cuts are comparatively tough, what of the fuel that long-time cooking consumes? What of the valuable time spent in preparing these cheaper cuts? When the cost of fuel and time is added to the actual cost of the meat, will it not make these cheaper dishes exactly as expensive as steaks and chops?"

Perhaps those objections would be valid if the market did not offer many cooking devices which save both fuel and labor, since meat and vegetables may be cooked over one heating element and constant watching is eliminated. The Dutch oven, tightly-covered kettles, covered casseroles for baking, the so-called "waterless" cookers, pressure cookers, and electric cookers, all help you to solve this problem. Today we hear much about "cookers" and their uses. In the February GOOD HOUSEKEEPING this subject was discussed in detail on the Institute pages.

There are several cheaper cuts of various meats with which all housekeepers should be familiar. Let us name them for you and show a few methods of preparation. To become thoroughly familiar with the problem of buying meat economically, it is really necessary to make personal trips to the market, choosing various cuts from day to day, and experimenting with different ways of preparing them. Your meat dealer will always be glad to advise you in choosing the cheaper cuts.

In buying beef it is well to remember that the cheaper cuts of meat are from the *neck* (for soups or stews), the *chuck* (for pot roast or stew), the *foreshank* (for soups and stews), the *brisket* (corned beef, soups or stews), the *plate* (pot roasts and stews), the *flank* (flank steak and stews), the second cut of *round* (chopped steak, pot roast and stews), and the *hindshank* (soup or stew). The *short ribs* can be said to be the beginning of the more tender cuts.

When you buy veal the *shoulder* and *breast* (moderate-priced roast), the *neck* (for stew), the *flank* (stuffed and braized, stew and casserole dishes), and the *shank* (soup, pot roast, stew, braizing, etc.) are the cheaper cuts.

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Stuffed Flank Steak with Glazed Prunes, and Beef à la Mode are both unusual and delicious recipes for preparing the cheaper cuts of beef

All cuts of pork are usually less expensive than beef. The *spare-ribs* (usually boiled), the *neck* (boiled, in casserole dishes, meat pie, etc.), the *picnic ham*, and the *Boston butt* or *shoulder* either fresh or cured (boiling, baking, etc.) are the cheapest pork cuts.

Mutton is cheaper than lamb, and its flavor, when properly cooked, is preferred by many. The *chuck* or *shoulder* (pot roast, stew, braizing, etc.), the *neck* (stews and soups), the *flank* (flank steak, pot roast, etc.), and the *breast* (stew, casserole dishes, etc.) are less expensive than other cuts of mutton.

A "good cook" is not one who can take the choicest and most expensive of ingredients and from them concoct a delectable dish, but rather one who can combine the cheaper products and make a dish that is "fit to set before a king," savory and delicious. Such a cook has double satisfaction. Her family is delighted with the varied menus and flavorsome dishes which she prepares, and she is delighted with the diminishing monthly total of her meat bill!

To help you in beginning a new régime in which the cheaper cuts reign, we are not only giving you some recipes for using these cuts of meat, but menus showing how to use these recipes to advantage and other recipes used in these menus. Keep all these in your menu and recipe file, refer to them often, and add to them other material which you will find from time to time on these pages.

Dinner

Stuffed Flank Steak with Glazed Prunes
Scalloped Potatoes
Mashed Carrots
Celery
Maple Walnut Tapioca Coffee

Stuffed Flank Steak: Spread a flank steak weighing two pounds with a bread stuffing made by combining four cupfuls of bread crumbs, three small onions minced, two eggs slightly beaten, one teaspoonful of marjoram, two teaspoonfuls of sage, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of thyme, four tablespoonfuls of melted fat, and two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Roll and secure with skewers or tie. Roll the stuffed steak in seasoned flour and sear quickly either in a Dutch oven or a skillet. If cooked in a Dutch oven on top of the stove, add two cupfuls of hot water, cover and cook slowly two hours, adding more hot water every half-hour. If cooked in the oven either in a covered casserole or a Dutch oven, add one-half cupful of hot water and cook for one and one-half hours in a hot oven of 400° F. Remove to a platter, remove skewers or string, and surround with glazed prunes. Thicken the gravy left in the pan

and serve with the stuffed steak. Serves six.

For the *Glazed Prunes* served with the Stuffed Flank Steak, soak one pound of large prunes overnight. Drain and place in a shallow baking dish. Make a sirup by cooking together for five minutes one cupful of water, one-half cupful of sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Pour this over the prunes and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for about three-quarters of an hour, basting frequently with the sirup.

Maple Walnut Tapioca: Cook one pint of hot milk, one cupful of maple sirup, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-third cupful of minute tapioca in the top of a double-boiler for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, stir for three minutes, and cool. Add two-thirds cupful of chopped walnut meats. Fold in the stiffly-beaten white of the egg, garnish with whole walnut meats, and serve with cream. Serves six.

Luncheon

Meat Fritters—Asparagus Sauce
Spinach and Beet Salad
Bread and Butter Tea

Meat Fritters (using left-over meat): Beat one egg until light and add one-half cupful

The electric cooker is well adapted to cooking the less expensive cuts of meat and does not consume excessive current

of milk. Add one cupful of flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat until smooth. Add one cupful of cold, cooked meat, chopped, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one tablespoonful of chopped onion and mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot fat (360°F.). Fry until brown on all sides. It is extremely important to have the fat at the right

Photograph by H. I. Williams

The Dutch Oven may be used either on top of the stove or in the oven and is excellent for preparing the cheaper cuts of meat

By using the steam pressure cooker, both time and fuel are saved, as the tougher cuts are made tender in much less time

temperature and one should use a thermometer especially made for this purpose. Drain the fritters on brown paper and serve with Asparagus Sauce. (Clarify the fat by putting several thin slices of white potato into it and leave until the fat is cool. Strain fat through a double thickness of cheese cloth and save for future use in deep fat frying.)

For the *Asparagus Sauce* to serve with the Meat Fritters, add one cupful of sieved asparagus to one and one-half cupfuls of thick white sauce and heat thoroughly. Serves six.

Dinner

New England Boiled Dinner
(Corned Beef, Potatoes, Cabbage, Carrots and Turnip)
Orange and Canned Pear Salad—Roquefort Dressing
Coffee

New England Boiled Dinner: Place a four pound piece of corned beef in a large kettle. Cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Lower the heat and allow the meat to simmer for three hours or until it is tender. About one hour before serving time add six carrots cut in half and one large turnip cubed. Cut one small cabbage in quarters and add with six medium-sized potatoes cut in quarters, about three-quarters of an hour before serving. Add salt if necessary. Serves six.

Luncheon

Corned Beef Hash au Gratin
Hot Cole Slaw
Whole Wheat Toast
Canned Loganberries Cookies
Milk

The so-called "waterless cooker" saves much fuel by cooking a whole meal of meat and vegetables over one heating element

Corned Beef Hash au Gratin: Combine two cupfuls of chopped, cooked corned beef, two cupfuls of chopped, cooked white potatoes and three small onions, minced. If any other vegetable is left over, use one cupful of it chopped in place of one cupful of potato. Add one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Pack into a greased baking dish and cover with one cupful of coarse bread crumbs which have been mixed with one-fourth cupful of melted fat. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty minutes or until the crumbs are brown. Serves six.

Dinner

Beef à la Mode
Mixed Green Salad—French Dressing
Lemon Snow—Custard Sauce
Coffee

Beef à la Mode: Mix one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, one teaspoonful of thyme, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and two broken bay leaves. Cut one-fourth pound of salt pork in thin strips and roll in the mixed seasonings. Cut gashes one-half inch deep all over a five-pound pot roast from the rump or chuck and insert the seasoned strips of pork. Roll the meat in one-half cupful of vinegar and let stand in this overnight or from early morning until after luncheon. Chop one small onion fine and brown in one tablespoonful of fat in a deep kettle. Put in the roast and (*Continued on page 193*)

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Discusses

ALUMINUM BAKING POWDERS

THERE are certain topics in which reader interest seems to be perennial, and I should put the question of aluminum in its various uses and its effect on health as our Prince of Wales in news interest, if reader inquiry is a true index of such interest. In the few months that have elapsed since aluminum was last discussed in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING there has been a flood of letters asking for further information, particularly with regard to the use of alum in baking powders. Fortunately, new data has appeared in the scientific press. The findings are reassuring to users of these powders. In the previous article I promised to be a good war correspondent and report engagements in this controversy. I shall try then to indicate briefly what these new studies seem to show.

The work I am reporting comes from three great universities—Illinois, Yale, Western Reserve—and the Mellon Institute. The actual work summarized is in each case the joint effort of a group of research workers under a recognized scientific leader: W. C. Rose at Illinois, F. P. Underhill at Yale, Victor Myers at Western Reserve, Schwartze and Cox at the Mellon Institute. What have they done and what do they think their work proves?

Space, of course, does not permit detailed analysis of all this work, therefore I shall begin with one paper by Rose and Catherwood of the University of Illinois. At the end of this article will be found a bibliography of the papers reviewed, for those who care to make a personal study of the experiment reports. In brief, they planned a study which would compare the effect on test animals of three types of baking powders known as 1, tartrate powder; 2, acid phosphate powder; and 3, combination acid phosphate and sodium aluminum phosphate (S.A.S.) powder. They used and examined rat subjects for evidence of injury to growth, reproduction, and kidney function. Four types of cakes were baked, made of identical ingredients except that in one there was no baking powder at all; in the other three the only difference was in the kind of baking powder used. These were unusual cakes, however, for they contained milk curd, whole wheat flour, cod liver oil, lard, yeast, Japanese seaweed, milk, and a complex mixture of mineral salts. These peculiar ingredients were selected with judgment, to make sure that the cakes lacked not a single element known to be necessary to normal health, except possibly protection from scurvy, and to cover even this possibility all the rats got head lettuce every fourth day. If these cakes caused any injury, it would seem that such injury must be due to the differences in baking powders, not to any lack of food requirement.

The preparation of these cakes served another important purpose to the experimenters. From the amount eaten daily it was possible to calculate accurately the amount of tartrate, phosphate, or aluminum swallowed daily by each and every rat.

The cakes made, 56 young rats were selected to eat them. Nine got the cakes without baking powder, 9 others got the phosphate baking powder cakes, 9 more got the phosphate aluminum powder cakes, and a large group of 29 got the tartrate baking powder cakes. The rats were allowed to eat all they wished of the cakes supplied, and daily records were made of the actual consumption. They fed on these cakes alone for an average of 300 days. That is a long period! When you realize that a rat's whole lifetime is only about three years (1095 days) they actually spent one-third of their lifetime eating this diet. During that period they went through body changes that would take you and me thirty years to produce. If we ate one food combination for 30 years without change, we certainly ought to indicate by the end of that time whether it was good or bad for us.

But even this did not satisfy the experimenters. In selecting their 56 animals they chose both males and females. After 220 days on the cake diets some of these were bred, and a second generation was raised. Of these young, 16 were placed at weaning time on the same diets as their parents, except that the amount of baking powder was *doubled*. This second generation got the doubled dosage for from 50 to 70 days. In other words they got the effect of the baking powder on their parents from the time of their conception and in their own diet as well. The fact that they were born at all proved that their parents' reproductive power was not damaged.

At the end of the experiment all the animals were turned over to an expert pathologist who examined especially their blood and kidneys to see if he could detect any damage. He was not allowed to know what diet a rat had had until he completed his examination. He reported that with one exception he found no blood or kidney derangement in any of the 72 rats and no difference between the groups. The one exception developed spontaneous nephritis, and he had eaten the cakes containing no baking powder at all! Here is the summary of the tests in the experimenters' own words:

"Growth experiments extending through two generations of rats have been conducted to determine whether baking powders exert deleterious effects. The results indicate that in the proportions ordinarily employed in the preparation of bread, and with twice these amounts, three typical baking powders in which the leavening agents are calcium acid phosphate, a tartrate, and a mixture of calcium acid phosphate and anhydrous sodium aluminum phosphate, respectively, exert no detectable toxic or injurious action. The animals receiving the powders grew as rapidly and reproduced as satisfactorily as control rats upon a similar diet without baking powder. Analyses of the blood and histological examinations of the kidneys likewise failed to reveal evidence of injury."

I shall anticipate some of your questions. Can we assume that we would behave like rats in our physiological response to such a diet? Did these experiments prove that these baking powers are totally harmless, or was the amount consumed per rat per day just below the danger point and would harm have come if he had eaten more? What actually happened to the swallowed aluminum? Did the rat absorb it and then throw it out in the urine? Did he store it away in certain tissues and organs? Or did he just eliminate it in the feces?

Rose's data answer these questions only in part. I calculated from his data the proportion of aluminum to total food intake and to body weight, in order to see what it meant in terms of human practise. I found that on the alum powder the first generation of rats averaged 10 parts of aluminum to every 15,000 parts of total daily food intake, or 700 parts per million. That is nearly 100 parts per million more than McCollum fed and found harmless. The second generation averaged 20 parts to 15,000 parts of total daily food intake, or 1400 parts per million, an amount far in excess of any proportion you and I would ever get in our diet even if we went camping and ate baking powder biscuits and cake every day. Rose seems therefore to have covered practical limits very well. One of his second-generation rats weighed 56 grams when he began his alum baking powder diet and grew to weigh 190 grams in the next 56

(Continued on page 184)

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

The Face in Your Mirror

By Ruth Murrin

EVERY once in a while somebody asks me, "Do you really believe in these beauty things?"

Always I am startled, because it is so astonishing nowadays to find any one who does *not* believe in "beauty things." Of course I believe. I've seen dull, unsightly complexions freshen and bloom after they have had understanding care for a while. I've seen limp, stringy hair take on life, and hard, calloused hands become smooth and attractive when their owners began to practise the routine of beauty. That's why I say the illusion of beauty—which has very little to do with the features one is born with, by the way—is largely a matter of faith and works.

Now, some of you who read this page are still skeptics. I know because you write me so. And I'm going to ask you to do something. Take up your mirror, face the strongest light you can, and answer this question honestly: Is your complexion fresh, and satiny smooth, and fine-textured? I speak especially of your skin, because I believe that a lovely complexion can create the illusion of beauty in almost any face. If you can stand the test of bright daylight and a clear mirror in the month of March, you are lucky, and you do not need to read any further. But if you don't like your complexion—if you find that biting winds, rich food, party hours, careless cleansing, and a lot of other little sins have roughened and coarsened it and given it a dull, sallow color—then I hope you will give cosmetics a chance.

Don't rush out and buy a dozen items in some complicated treatment which you know in your heart you won't have the patience to use more than a day or two. Begin easily. A simple treatment, followed religiously day after day, is better than any spasmodic care even though it may be given in a luxurious salon by skilful professional fingers. And please find out what the various cosmetics are for, before you try them on your face. I've known women who used strong astringents on a dry skin and then wondered at the stinging, the puckers, and the peeling that followed. There are those, too, who leave heavy, oily creams on overnight and wonder why their over-oily skins look worse than ever. Cosmetics won't keep their promises unless you choose the right ones and use them correctly and regularly.

Photograph by Flaherty — *Mirror, Sterling Silversmiths' Guild*

Special Complexion Problems

The Powder Puff—which is sent without cost upon request—tells this month what to do for Special Complexion Problems—all the troublesome skin defects which mar an otherwise healthy and attractive face. Write to Ruth Murrin for it, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please. Every woman should review the whole question of personal beauty occasionally—hair, skin, hands, figure—and for this there is nothing better than "The Primer of Personal Loveliness." Send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. and 8th Ave., New York City

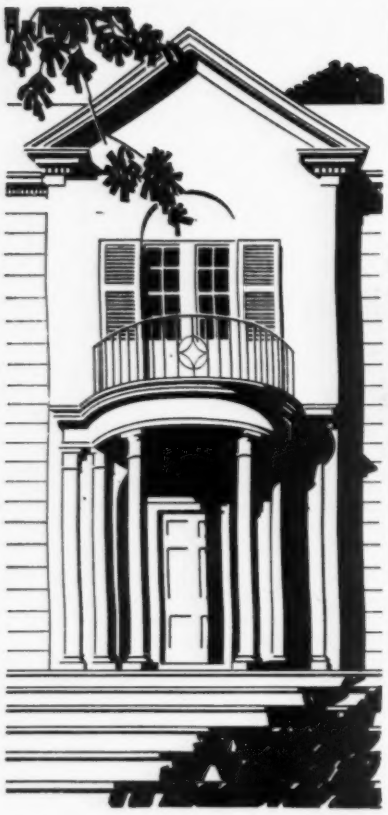
If your March mirror shows you a flaky, rough skin and chapped lips, try this simple régime every night: cleanse with cold or cleansing cream, wash with soap and warm water, rinse with warm and then with cold water, dry carefully, and leave on overnight a rich tissue cream to make the skin soft and pliable. To smooth chapped lips, run a creamy pomade over your lips after you use a lipstick.

If your skin is exceedingly oily, especially if you have blackheads and occasional pimples, I hope you'll talk to a doctor about your diet, and try to get a little more sleep, worry less, and stay out in the open air more. Try washing your face three times a day with soap and water. An oily skin can stand a fairly strong soap and a more frequent use of soap than a sensitive, dry skin. Rinse for several minutes with very cold water to firm and tone the tissues. One of the new liquid cleansers or a soluble cream would be a suitable cleansing preparation for an oily skin. Spray on a skin tonic at night and before you powder in the morning.

Perhaps your skin is neither dry nor too oily, but sallow. It looks dull and uninteresting and faintly unhealthy. There is a new and ingenious spray which is recommended to bring life and color to such a skin by the impact of the finely divided drops of water. It does not sting like an ordinary needle spray, but each tiny drop falls as gently as a snowflake. The inventor says that it really gives a water massage, a light but thorough one, which brings the blood flooding swiftly to the surface with new food for the tissues. This spray should be really helpful to the woman who is worrying about a dull, sluggish skin. Of course, the mere application of creams by wise upward patting or molding livens the circulation and helps to give color and life to the complexion. Skin tonics, the occasional use of an astringent of the right strength, and a mild bleach once a week are also recommended.

Sometimes a woman who has no other complaint to make about her complexion will find the little, hard, colorless spots the size of a pinhead, which the doctors call milia and which we commonly refer to as whiteheads, forming on her cheeks and throat. All the measures which are beneficial to the sallow skin will help her to prevent these and often to drive them away. If they do not disappear of themselves when the circulation is stimulated in these ways, it is better to go to a dermatologist than to trust to any amateur operation.

Complexions, like people, appreciate lots of attention, and they respond beautifully when they get the right sort.



Richmond's impressive homes are adorned with BERRYCRAFT Finishes

Richmond, where gracious living is a fine art, beautifies and protects its hospitable homes with Berrycraft Finishes. Here the craftsmanship of W. R. Stansbury & Brother, decorators to the first families, has won enviable recognition. "Our finest commissions invariably call for Berrycraft Finishes," they write. Follow the example of experienced interior decorators and manufacturers when you refinish your home or anything in it. Renew floors and woodwork with Liquid Granite, the million-step-test varnish. For odd jobs, furniture or woodwork — use Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. Berrycraft House Paint, a revolutionary new finish, gives new life to old wood. Always specify these and other durable Berrycraft Finishes.

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Getting the Right FINANCIAL START

By Ruth Boyle

SOME of the most interesting letters that come to this department are written by brides and conscientious young husbands who want to make a good financial start. Here is one from a young wife who wants to know what to do with the very first family savings. She says:

"I have been following your articles with interest, but I have wondered why you haven't had an article on how young married persons can start on a sound basis financially. I want to begin right so I won't be sorry in the later years. It seems to me that about all one can do at first is to save money. One can't hope to make anything off investments until the husband's earning power is greater. Is this true? Another question I particularly want to know about is this: How much of one's savings should go into income insurance, or should all of it? How much insurance should a man of 29, earning $45 a week, carry? If you don't use all your savings for insurance, what would you suggest doing with the rest?"

The writer of this letter understands that the way to build financial independence is to save a part, even if it is a tiny part, of every dollar that comes into the family pocket-book, and to invest these savings. The first investment of a young family naturally should be in insurance. How much insurance it is difficult to say. The ideal, of course, would be an amount large enough so that the annual payments from it would replace the salary of the breadwinner until the children are grown. In most cases, however, it is impossible for a husband on a modest salary to carry such a large amount, and he should plan his insurance so that it will enable his wife at least to stay in the home and care for the children when they are small. For example, if a man wished his wife to receive $100 a month for ten years, he would need to carry about $10,000 insurance, and would arrange for the company to pay it to the wife in monthly instalments until the total amount, both principal and interest, had been paid out to her. A man aged 30 can buy this amount of insurance on a whole life plan for approximately $200 a year, and on a twenty-payment life plan for approximately $300 a year. Special trimmings, such as disability benefits and double indemnity, may make the policy more expensive, and dividends may lessen the annual payments. I am merely giving an idea of the cost.

Deciding how much insurance to carry is somewhat like deciding on how much one can put into the purchase of a home. The carrying charges in either case may be high enough to require character and effort on the part of both husband and wife, but they should not be so high that a little bad luck will make it impossible to keep up with them. In the case of this family, whose annual income is $2340, probably $5000 is the largest amount of insurance they can carry comfortably at present. But this should not represent their total savings. In addition, they should put something each week into the savings bank where it will be ready in case of emergency and where it will be accumulating interest.

The interest at the savings bank is rather low—3 to 4½ per cent. So it is a good idea, when the fund in the savings bank is well started, to take shares in a high-grade building and loan association which will return 6 percent on savings deposited regularly each month. Nearly twelve million people in the United States have laid away money in these associations and, by the magic of regular saving and profits continually reinvested, are rolling up comfortable little fortunes for the future.

What should be done with the first $1000 saved? Obviously the financially wise do not let large sums lie in the savings bank at a low rate of interest when they might be safely invested at a higher rate elsewhere. I asked the senior partner of a large investment company how, in his opinion, the average family should invest that first proud thousand.

He answered, "Buy Liberty bonds."

He reasoned that even if the interest on government bonds is just about the same as a savings bank pays, these bonds are absolutely safe, and safety, of course, is the prime requirement of most of us in this matter of investment. Moreover, he said, the ownership of such a bond gives the new investor experience in clipping coupons, reinvesting the interest, and dealing with such factors as maturities and called bonds.

Another expert to whom I put the same question recommended that the investor take slightly more risk, gain the same experience, and at the same time a higher return.

"He doesn't need the very safest government or municipal bond," he said, "but he should be content with bonds that any bank would call unquestionably high-grade. This means a bond that will yield 5 or 6 percent. A man is foolish to be so greedy for interest that he will buy a risky bond paying 7 or 8 percent instead of a safe one at a lower yield. You must remember that the difference of one percent means only an additional $10 a year interest on a $1000 bond, and it is hardly worth while to jeopardize the principal for a small amount like that. My suggestion is that the first $1000 saved be put into two $500 bonds giving an average return of 5½ percent or $55 a year. They should be recommended either by a bank or by an investment house of unquestioned integrity."

Besides the feeling of security which a conscientiously followed plan of saving and investing gives, there is a definite reward for virtue in the way the surplus grows. A man who put away $25 every month for 25 years at 5½ percent and promptly re-invested his interest would have at the end of that time $16,000. Actually he would have saved less than half this amount; the rest would be due to the almost magical workings of compound interest.

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand better than a college professor why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear—and without hard rubbing.

"Here," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling, soaking, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me to get clothes clean, and no hard rubbing either.

"I use Fels-Naptha for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water, and Fels-Naptha never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your work, Professor? Well, mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

© 1930, Fels & Co.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—*Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.*

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. G. H. 3-30
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

Save This CHART of Thread and Needle Sizes

Black and white threads are made in many sizes—each size for a purpose. Fine threads for making dainty garments of sheer fabrics. Heavier threads for sturdy tailored materials. For ease in sewing and for perfect results, be sure to use the correct sizes of threads and needles. In buying ask for them by number. Here is a convenient guide that shows the types of sewing for which you should use ten important thread sizes. Watch for additional charts giving other thread sizes and their uses.

No. 36-40 For buttonholes, buttons, and little boys' suits—wherever sturdy, firm seams are necessary, use thread size 36 or 40, machine needle size 21, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 50-60 For blouses and dresses of firm fabrics, including woolens; for draperies, quilts, and household sewing; for children's tailored clothes, use thread size 50 or 60, machine needle size 16, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 70-80 For little girls' party dresses and dainty house dresses and aprons; for glass curtains, use thread size 70 or 80, machine needle size 14, Milward's needle size 7.

No. 100 For lingerie, georgette and chiffon garments; for sheer woolens; fine dimities, lawns, and materials where very fine stitching is required, use size 100 thread, machine needle size 11, Milward's hand needle size 8.

No. 120 For machine work on fine baby dresses, slips, bonnets, carriage robes, use thread size 120, machine needle size 9. For hand sewing, use Milward's needle size 9.

No. 150 For hand work on babies' clothes; for sewing on lace and making hand-run tucks, use thread size 150, Milward's hand needle size 10. For machine sewing, use needle size 9.

No. 200 For gossamer fine sewing; for lingerie touches on smart dresses, for exquisitely fine handwork; for lace and delicate fabrics, use thread size 200. Milward's hand needle size 10, machine needle size 9.

Wherever you live, you will find at a nearby store J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. black and white threads. This chart is your guide in asking for threads by number. These brand names are your guarantee of quality.

J. & P. Coats
or **Clark's O.N.T.**
Best Six Cord
Sewing Threads

When Your CHILD IS SICK

By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of
HEALTH and HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers of Young Babies

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

We have talked so often of the *well* baby, and his growth and development, that perhaps you feel we have forgotten that he is sometimes cranky, cuts teeth, may have colds, wakens at night, occasionally has stomach upsets, contracts measles, etc.

It is obvious that the more stress you lay upon building for health, the greater chance the child has of avoiding disease. A wise mother, like the physician with a "health practise" who makes periodic examinations of well children, will protect her child against contacts with illness in playmates not so scrupulously cared for.

Formerly we believed that children must "catch" everything that came along. Now we anticipate chance infection, and try not only to build up a natural resistance, but to immunize against certain diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, and smallpox, in which a good serum or vaccine method has been demonstrated. It is not only the communicable disease we are afraid of, but the complications possible during the illness or following in its train—complications which may leave their mark on the sensitive body structure months and years after.

We build for good health and resistance by:

1—A balanced diet with the right proportions of fats, carbohydrates, proteins, and fluids, with all the vitamins, green pigment and mineral salts necessary for a growing structure.

2—The establishment of regular habits of elimination and the development of good muscle strength and tone, especially in the abdominal wall.

3—Hours in the fresh air and sunshine. The child clothed just enough to keep the hands and feet warm.

4—Sufficient sleep in a well-ventilated room.

5—Periodic health examinations including check-ups of the blood, to be sure there is no anemia, and of the urine and stool to detect signs of intestinal absorption which might lead to auto-intoxication.

The early signs of illness in children may be much the same, no matter what the cause. The symptoms may be referable to the respiratory tract, sneezing, secretion from the nose, difficulty in breathing, sore throat, or signs that the trouble is farther down, with wheezing in the chest and cough. Fever may occur with any of these symptoms. But if, for instance, the canals leading from the throat to the ears are involved, an irregular high fever with restlessness and disturbed sleep does not necessarily direct attention to the ears in children too young to orient the pain.

Gastro-intestinal symptoms may be present at the beginning of any illness and are confusing because they are so obvious as to obscure sometimes the signs of the actual disease. They vary from loss of appetite to refusal of food, vomiting, diarrhœa, or obstinate constipation.

Fever is a symptom and not a disease entity and therefore can be present in varying degrees and types, no matter what other symptoms are present. For example, in pyelitis—a condition in which pus is found in the urine—high, irregular fever is the outstanding sign, and unless the urine is routinely saved and examined, the diagnosis might be missed.

Most physicians want every sign of illness reported to them. Then they decide whether to call to see the child or not. In this way the responsibility is lifted from the mother's shoulders. The usual rectal temperature is about 99.6° F. (mouth temperature 98.6°). Anything above this is considered fever. One degree of fever is very little—two or three degrees are something to be concerned about and to report to the doctor, but not to make one feel unduly alarmed, as children develop a fever from slight causes, and it is usually correspondingly higher than in an adult.

Every sick child should be kept *in bed*. That is the plot, conclusion, and moral of this story! I can not emphasize it too strongly. If you remember nothing else but that one statement, it will have been worth the writing. This means that children with even so-called "simple" things, such as colds, should be kept in bed during the acute stage, and certainly for stomach upsets, coughs, fever or restlessness. They should not be condemned to go to bed. They are *allowed* to stay peacefully, quietly vegetating, until the toxic condition's unpleasant feelings or discomforts have disappeared. This distinction between forcing and inducing the child to go to bed is real, and one can prove it by watching the reaction of the child to the proper psychological approach on the part of the mother.

By staying in bed, we do not mean playing on the floor in night clothes, or jumping in or out to pick up toys, or sitting around in various rooms of the house. You have no idea how hard it is to make mothers understand this! It may be that either they do not take the advice seriously, or that they have not sufficient authority to put their wishes across. Having failed in this before, as well as in enforcing other suggestions, they feel it too difficult to attempt. They believe that the sick child should be humored and allowed to do whatever he wants.

But the reasons for keeping the child in bed at the onset of any illness, or until the doctor can examine him, are three-fold: To conserve his energy and his recuperative power and to give nature every chance to build toward recovery; to prevent the chilling of the body due to adjustment to (*Continued on page 158*)

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

POND'S FOUR STEPS TO BEAUTY

ARE FOLLOWED BY SOCIAL LEADERS OF THE WORLD

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR. · THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH · LADY VIOLET ASTOR · MISS HELEN CHOATE · MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE
LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN · LA MARQUISE DE POLIGNAC · MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II · THE COUNTESS HOWE · LA DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME
MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II · LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE · MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN, JR. · LA DUQUESA DE ALBA · THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

1 Follow the famous Method preferred by social leaders for the exquisite care of the skin. First, for immaculate cleansing apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over face and neck. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, safe, ample, absorbent, and so economical. Note the charming new box that brings them ready folded for your use. Just insert your fingers in the slit and draw them out, two at a time.

3 Now soak a sizable pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your face and neck all over till the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent banishes lingering oiliness, tones and firms your skin, closes and refines the pores. Faithful use is magic to brighten faded or sallow skin.

4 Now for the perfect finishing touch—Pond's Vanishing Cream! A marvelous powder base, by day it protects from sun and wind; in the evening it keeps your beauty fresh and unruffled for hours.

Follow Pond's swift, sure Method several times each day, and always after exposure. At bedtime cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. says: "with just these marvelous Two Creams and the exquisite Tissues and invigorating Tonic, one can keep one's skin young and lovely!"

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 Products

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. C
109 Hudson Street . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

© 1930, Pond's Extract Company

In using advertisements see page 6

HOW TO MAKE your car look NEW AGAIN

SIMONIZING makes it so easy

JUST A FEW STROKES WITH Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre—then a few more with Simoniz and your car looks new again—and it stays beautiful.

It is surprising the big difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of any car. Not only does Simonizing restore the lustre, but it protects the finish, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading, so that Simonized cars look new and beautiful for years.

Anyone can get wonderful results Simonizing—Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and quickly restores the lustre. Then, Simoniz provides lasting protection.

***Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener* and your car will always look new and beautiful.**

MOTORISTS WISE –

SIMONIZ

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

The INSTITUTE FORUM *For March*

Shall We Send the Laundry Out?

ONE of our readers makes this request: *"Would you be willing to take up the subject of home wash (by washer woman) versus laundry wash; not only as to cost, but mainly as to actual wear and tear on the material? Is the extra wear compensated for by the saving in work?"*

We take it that by "laundry wash" our reader means that done by the commercial or power laundry. This question can not be answered in a few words for commercial laundries vary as to prices, the grade of work done, and the effect of the laundering on the clothes. This is equally true of the home laundry.

Good power laundries have gone far in working out methods which protect the clothes from wear and tear, and they often have better facilities than many home laundries for washing and rinsing the clothes *clean*. Home laundresses, unless they are closely supervised, may follow methods which are hard on the clothes and which may not be effective in getting the clothes clean.

On the other hand, many home managers prefer to be their own laundress or to supervise their laundress closely in following good laundering methods. Modern home laundry equipment has also brought better and easier laundry work.

Most commercial laundries offer a variety of services, from the one that sends the clothes home ready to iron, to the one that sends them back ready for the linen shelves, with a corresponding scale of prices. Neither do all laundries charge the same prices for any one service. The cost of home laundering will depend upon the wages paid the laundress, if one is employed, the first cost of any equipment used (distributed over the years of service it will probably give), cost of repairs and of operation, and the cost of supplies such as soap, etc.

The judging of costs and standards of work when deciding whether we will do things at home, send them out, or buy them ready to use, demands a careful study of relative values in the use of time and money, and it is a type of study which home managers are being increasingly called upon to make. It is an important part of their work as managers.

It is Fun to Work in a Kitchen

If you have a little girl between the ages of eight and eleven in your own family or among your relatives, you will surely want her to have a book which has recently came to our attention. It is "Patty Pans" by Florence La Ganke, published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Price, $1.75. If she is interested in cooking already, she will enjoy using it; and if the kitchen has not yet intrigued her fancy, it will soon make her an ardent cook. It may even bring the boys to the kitchen.

Each chapter, written in conversational style like a chapter from a story book, teaches a lesson on the hows and whys of cookery, and ends with the recipes and the essential steps in preparing them. Besides summarizing the lesson, this makes it much easier to go back in search of a certain recipe later. Other things, such as setting the table and washing the dishes, have a place among the lessons.

Miss La Ganke has arranged the recipes in such a way that when several of them have been prepared the next lesson teaches the preparation of a meal which includes them all. Best of all, the recipes given are basic, and from them, as the author shows in the last chapter, all sorts of dishes may be evolved.

The very first chapter, we are sure, will convince the little girl in your family that "it is fun to work in a kitchen," and when the lessons are finished an interest in culinary arts will have been awakened which will increase as she gains more experience.

Tray Cloths for the Baby

I have found that allowing my baby to eat at the table with us has helped wonderfully to improve his table manners. But, of course, accidents happen, and unless provided for, cause extra laundry work.

To prevent this I made oblong tray cloths to be laid at his place, some of parts of old tablecloths, some of Indian head, and a few to match luncheon sets. These were lined with a good grade of rubber sheeting. The edges were finished attractively, of course. Not only have I found these of great use at home, but when we go away from home, they form a part of my son's wardrobe and have saved many embarrassing moments.

K. W. B., Southwick, Mass.

A Recipe Shower for the Bride

When my best friend announced her engagement, there immediately followed a series of luncheons and showers given in her honor. Three thousand miles separated me from these festivities, and I grieved because I, too, could not entertain in her honor.

One morning, while going through my recipe file, the thought came to me, "Why not give her a recipe shower?" I purchased a small filing box with the necessary cards. I then wrote to all her friends and relatives whom I knew to be good cooks, sending six cards to each one, and asked for favorite recipes. The result was most gratifying. One girl with a gift for making verse wrote hers in rhyme; another illustrated hers with tricky little pen and ink drawings; another woman, known as a delightful hostess, included company menus that are easily and quickly prepared.

When all the returns were in and I had filed the recipes under their proper headings, I sent off my gift with the feeling that perhaps I had given my friend something different—a recipe shower.

F. W. C., San Gabriel, California

A New Design in Table Forks

On this page in November we made reference to an interesting new design in table knives, and now we have the partner—the fork. The new knife, as we have already said, has a long handle and a short blade, while the fork, corresponding to it in design, has also a long handle and short tines set at an angle which contributes to the usefulness of the fork. This new design, while departing radically from the traditional design in table knives and forks, is not only practical; it is graceful and balanced in line and good to look at.

To Avoid a Curdled Custard

In thickening milk with eggs when making a custard sauce or "boiled custard," the mixture sometimes curdles. This is because the eggs have overcooked and the curdled appearance is due to pieces of overcooked egg. To avoid this, heat the milk in a double-boiler, beat the eggs and sugar together, *stir* some of the hot milk into the beaten egg, and then *stir* this into the remaining hot milk in the double-boiler. Stir constantly until the mixture forms a thin coating on the spoon, *no longer*. Pour the sauce *at once* into a bowl or jug and flavor. If you do not act quickly and the sauce curdles slightly, pour it into a bowl and at once beat vigorously with a wheel beater. This will usually break up the pieces of overcooked egg and make a smooth, uncurdled sauce.

Discoveries sent in by our readers which we can not use will be returned only when accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope

Minnesota Model Home . . . reveals smart floor story

Showing how Armstrong Floors help to furnish well-planned rooms

Any time of day this living-room floor in the home of Mr. Kenton R. Craven is ready to receive guests. Its surface is never spotted or stained, for it's Accolac Processed. Light waxing and polishing keeps it like new. Ask to see this fashionable yet easy-to-clean floor at your store— Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 90.

One step into this inviting dining-room reveals another Armstrong Floor design— Marble Inlaid No. 83 with a feature border in black and tan. This and all the rest of the Armstrong Floors in Mr. Craven's fine home are cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—custom-laid for years of service.

TAKE a quick camera trip with us through the very modern home of Mr. Kenton R. Craven, Minneapolis, Minn. Here is a home so attractive, particularly in the treatment of floors, that the public was invited to see it.

Hundreds did. Yet today the Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, even to the camera's revealing eye, show not the slightest sign of this unusual traffic.

One thing we *do* see is a refreshing variety in floor design as we pass from room to room. This freedom of choice in fashionable floor effects is one of the outstanding advantages of modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

At stores local to you—linoleum, department, and furniture—you can see these and many other Armstrong Floors in all their natural color. And a letter to us in Lancaster will bring you a whole bookful of model rooms that show how these style-setting floors look in well-appointed interiors. Just write for *"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"* by Hazel Dell Brown. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 927 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors *for every room in the house*

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ EMBOSSED ~ JASPÉ · ARABESQ ~ PRINTED ~ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

You don't need Mum?

—make the handkerchief test

True, every reader of this advertisement may not need to use Mum. But—

Before deciding *you* have no need of this protection, make this conclusive and convincing experiment:

When fresh from the bath, with under arms as fastidious as soap and water can make them, tuck a clean handkerchief under one arm. Let it remain for five minutes. If, without any special exertion to excite the pores, underarm chemistry taints the handkerchief even slightly—there are times when Mum is needed!

Very few are entirely exempt from the chance of perspiration offense, and the remedy is so easily employed and so effective, no one need hesitate to use it. Just a dab of snowy cream and it's done. No preparation, no waiting. The daintiest clothing may be put on the very next moment. Nothing to injure skin or fabric; no evidence of Mum having been applied—except the gratifying absence of all taint. And this protection continues for hours.

★A 35c jar of Mum lasts a long time with daily use, and the 60c jar holds nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar. Both sizes may always be found at any toilet goods counter.

The Sanitary Napkin Use

Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. A thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary napkin, and one may dismiss all thought of any possible embarrassment. MUM Mfg. Co., New York.

(Advertisement)

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

A Mathematical Problem

I am somewhat under-weight, and would like to know if olive oil is fattening. *Miss I. Y., Pa.*

The matter of whether a food is fattening or not is largely a question of arithmetic. Your body requires a certain amount of energy every day. The amount of calories you eat will be either insufficient to supply that energy, equal to it, or in excess of what you need. If they are in excess, they will usually be stored as fat. This will be true whether the source of the calories is starch, sugar, or fat. Olive oil is an excellent food, well digested and readily absorbed, and may always be used as a part of the calorie requirement of the day. If you are interested in increasing your weight, I suggest that you get from the Bulletin Department of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING the leaflet, "Increasing the Weight," and follow the diet therein given for that purpose.

Not Injurious to the Vitamins

Our ice-box is so cold in the top section where I keep the baby's food that it freezes. Please tell me whether freezing the baby's cereal, gelatine, milk, or soup destroys the vitamins or in any way injures the food. *Mrs. R. R. A., Ill.*

Freezing does no injury to the vitamins in the food. It does, however, break the cells of the food and thus interferes seriously with the physical structure thereof. More than that, frozen foods must be carefully thawed and then raised to the temperature of the blood before they are given a young baby. This requires a good deal of time when articles are frozen solid. I think it would be far better to put the food for the baby in a part of the refrigerator where freezing does not take place.

Vigorous Exercise Will Help

What shall I do for my daughter whose hands and feet are always cold? *Mrs. A., N. Y.*

I know of nothing better to suggest for your daughter than vigorous exercise. Possibly the heartbeat is not strong as it should be, and thus the warm blood does not reach to the finger tips and to the toes as perfectly as it should. Have her blood pressure measured and see if her circulation is as strong as it should be. If she were engaged in vigorous play out of doors, probably cold hands and feet would soon disappear, if her heart action is all right.

Only a Slight Difference

Will you tell me the relative merits of orange juice and tomato juice? Also the difference, if any, between the juice of the raw and the canned tomato? *Mrs. V. D. N., Penna.*

The difference in the protective value of orange and tomato juice against scurvy is slight. They are both rich in the same vitamins and differ only in their acid content. The principal acid of orange juice is citric, and that of tomato is malic. Clinical experience seems to show there is little, if any, difference between the juice of the raw and the canned tomato.

Not Scientific

Do you know what is the origin of the idea that it is better to sleep with your head to the north, and do you believe there is any virtue in such an arrangement? Or is it to be classed among superstitions? *Mrs. H. H. W., N. H.*

The idea that you should sleep with your head to the north is worse than traditional; it is idiotic. There is no reason to believe that the electrical currents which are constantly circulating around us have any relation whatever to polarity; in other words, if there is any virtue in this idea, it is due to polarity. When you sleep with your head pointed to the north, the electrical currents, which usually are perpendicular to the lines of latitude, will be circulating around you. That is a mere supposition, however. There is, so far as I know, no scientific value in this idea.

No Danger in Marriage of First Cousins When Both Are Healthy

Please tell me what your idea is of cousins marrying. *Mrs. A. H., Mass.*

There is a general feeling that first cousins should not marry. I do not believe that this is founded on any known scientific fact. It is true that first cousins may have a common hereditary tendency to some disease; for instance, tuberculosis. In a case of this kind it would hardly be wise for first cousins to marry. Aside from such hereditary tendencies there is no valid scientific objection to such a union.

Could Not Be Done

I was told that black marks on the fingers due to rubbing from silverware while eating was due to an abundance of sulphur in one's system. Is that true? How may one eliminate this sulphur from the system? Could the presence of this sulphur cause a foul breath? *E. A. M., Colo.*

It would be impossible to eliminate sulphur from the system because it does not exist as sulphur, but as a component of the nitrogenous tissues of the body. The skin is particularly rich in nitrogen; that is, the skin is largely composed of nitrogenous tissues and, therefore, rich in sulphur, which is one of the necessary constituents of nitrogenous bodies. The rubbing of the skin on silver detaches a small trace of nitrogenous material containing sulphur, and its combination with silver produces a black color which is sulphide of silver. The amount produced, however, is a mere trace. This material containing sulphur does not have any tendency to cause bad breath. That must be sought for from another source.

One Vitamin Destroyed Under Certain Conditions

Will you kindly tell me if pasteurization of fruit juices and milk destroys vitamin value? *M. A. W., N. J.*

Pasteurization of fruit juices or milk destroys only one vitamin, the vitamin we call C, which is essential to the prevention of scurvy. For that reason, when milk is used for the feeding of babies and the safety of pasteurization is desired, physicians recommend the addition of some form of fruit juice, like orange or tomato, simply as an assurance of an adequate amount of vitamin C. This vitamin is not destroyed by heat, but by the action of oxygen or air upon it. It is therefore possible to pasteurize fruit juices without destroying vitamin C if air is excluded. The ordinary commercial canning process does exclude air during the heating process, consequently canned fruit juices, fruits, and vegetables suffer little loss of this particular vitamin.

Fresh Daily is Preferable

I squeeze enough orange juice at one time to last for breakfast for two or three days. I am careful to select perfect oranges and keep the juice in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Is orange juice kept thus as beneficial as when freshly prepared? *C. W. B., Mass.*

It is known that the scurvy-protecting power of orange juice deteriorates rapidly on exposure to air. I should not care to use orange juice that has been kept for any length of time. It is much better to have it fresh daily.

In This Soap . . *the Secret that keeps* Face Pores Unseen

You can feel it shrinking the pores . . Cleansing deeply . . the very first time you use it!

Keep your skin lovely and smooth — the skin he loves to touch — by keeping the pores fine!

BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

THERE ARE THREE PLACES where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean, and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments, which have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other common skin troubles. To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2905 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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In using advertisements see page 6

McCORMICK'S

Porcupine Apple
Ingredients
3 large apples; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 1 cup water; 2 teaspoons Bee Brand Cinnamon; Bee Brand Red Pure Food Colors; Blanched Almonds.
Directions
Pare and cut apples in half. Remove cores. Put sugar and water in deep pan, add Bee Brand Cinnamon and cook to a thin syrup. Color a brilliant red with Bee Brand Red Pure Food Color. Drop in as many pieces of apple as the pan will hold without crowding. Simmer, turning occasionally until the apples are tender. Remove and add remaining apple halves, treating in the same fashion. Stud the back of each apple with blanched, crisp almonds, pointed end up. Serve with a little of the syrup.
McCORMICK'S
BEE BRAND
CINNAMON

Golly!... mother sure can fix apples!

Healthy, happy, husky kids, burning energy every moment of the active day. More than we oldsters they need the proper things to eat—or minds quickly grow sluggish and young bodies become slack. Cook them the fruits their ages require, energizing, healthful, sparkling with vigor. That's what you find in "Porcupine Apple"—a rare stimulating flavor, due to good Bee Brand spices... Fine quality Bee Brand Spices and Extracts from all countries of the earth, perform miracles in putting new zest into old familiar foods, in adding appetizing flavor to fruits and vegetables. There are reasons for Bee Brand supremacy as the world's largest selling branded spices—the great modern plant that insures absolute cleanliness, higher standards of raw material inspection, McCormick's famous recipe-proven methods. Use Bee Brand products always, in your cooking.

STANDARD OF QUALITY
Bee Brand
THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

Send for our entrancing new cook book—FREE to you—"Flavor and Spice and All Things Nice." Address Home Economics Dept., McCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Bee Brand
EXTRACTS AND SPICES
ALSO FOOD COLORS

A St. Patrick's Day Party and A History of St. Patrick

By Elaine

ALL LOYAL sons of Erin will want to celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a merry party full of Irish wit. An old-fashioned candy pull is suitable either for a private party or a benefit to raise money for charity, and will provide plenty of entertainment.

For a benefit the following rhymed invitation should be written on green paper:

In a certain house on Patton Street
I'm told the Irish intend to meet.
They're planning fun and candy-pullin'
With lots of stunts and Irish foolin'!

Now span your waist without a pinch
And give a penny for every inch
In Biddy's apron or Pat's overall
Till begorrah there's no room at all!

P. S. Though every inch is a penny waisted
The candy's the best you ever tasted!

Little aprons and overalls made of green cambric, into which the pennies go, are sent with each invitation.

For a card-party use the following verse:

Let's play some Irish bridge together
On Monday next, March seventeen;
In honor of our good St. Pat.
We'll all be "wearin' of the green."

Ireland is called the Emerald Isle, and green is the color of the shamrock, so green must be used lavishly in the decorations. A nice color scheme consists of pink Killarney roses and pots of oxalis, or green ferns and candles. A real Irish Wishing Well may be made for a centerpiece. Cut a circle of green crêpe paper or cambric and set a bowl in the center. Pile pebbles around the base of the bowl and fill the cracks between them with shamrocks and fern until the bowl is covered. Fortunes for the guests are written on little cards hidden in the well. Narrow green ribbons run from these to the place-cards. Since St. Patrick was a shepherd, little woolly lambs could be set at each place with the place-cards tied around their necks with green ribbon.

Artificial shamrocks are easily made: cut them out of green crêpe paper; paste two thicknesses together, first inserting a fine wire in the stem. Place and tally cards may also be made in this way, while shepherd's crooks are easily made from bent wire covered with brown crêpe paper and decorated with a bow of green ribbon. These are effective stuck in bread rolls or ice-cream.

Card-table covers may be cut from shiny green cambric. Irish emblems such as harps, shamrocks, pipes, and so forth are then appliquéed in the corners in a darker shade of green. Score pads with Irish emblems may be secured, and little china pigs with table numbers pasted on their backs make amusing markers.

After the candy-pulling all sorts of merry games may be played, such as The Jolly Miller, The Farmer In The Dell, and others of the same type; square dances and Irish jigs are fun for those who can dance them.

Siamese Slogan:

Tell your guests that the Siamese national slogan is very intricate and can be learned only by really intelligent people. It is "Owa Tagoo Siam." Placing emphasis on the "o" of the first word and the "oo" of the second, get them to repeat it slowly all together, and then faster and faster until it dawns on them that they are saying "Oh, what a goose I am!" to which the leader replies, "You certainly are!"

Snake Contest:

What snake does a baby play with?—Rattle
What snake does a woman wear?—Boa
What snake holds up stockings?—Garter
What snake is an Indian shoe—Moccasin
What snake can do arithmetic?—Adder
What snake is a quadruped?—Bull
What snake is a tree?—Pine
What snake is a fowl?—Chicken
What snake is a weapon?—Fer de lance
What snake makes a loud noise?—Thunder

A Short History of Saint Patrick

A brief outline of the story of St. Patrick himself may interest those who wish to celebrate the Saint's day.

St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, was born about 389 A.D. He was the son of a small land-owner who lived at a place called Bannanuenta. He was brought up as a shepherd and tended the herds of a chieftain by the name of Milchu on the green hills of county Antrim. When he was sixteen, while tending the sheep, he was set upon by a band of Irish bandits who had been making a raid on King Niall. They took the young shepherd and his drove of sheep into Connaught and kept him captive there for six years. At the end of that time he made his escape on a ship used for exporting fierce Irish wolf hounds. He landed on the coast of Gaul and eventually made his way to the monastery of Lerins, where he lived for several years and studied the principles of Christianity.

While in the monastery he saw in a dream a man named Victorious, bearing many epistles in his hands. On one of these St. Patrick read the words, "The Voice of the Irish," and imagined he heard his people say: "We pray thee, holy youth, come and walk among us as before." This vision inspired him to return to Ireland as a missionary. He spent about fourteen years at Auxerre to prepare himself for his mission and after being ordained a deacon, went back to teach his people.

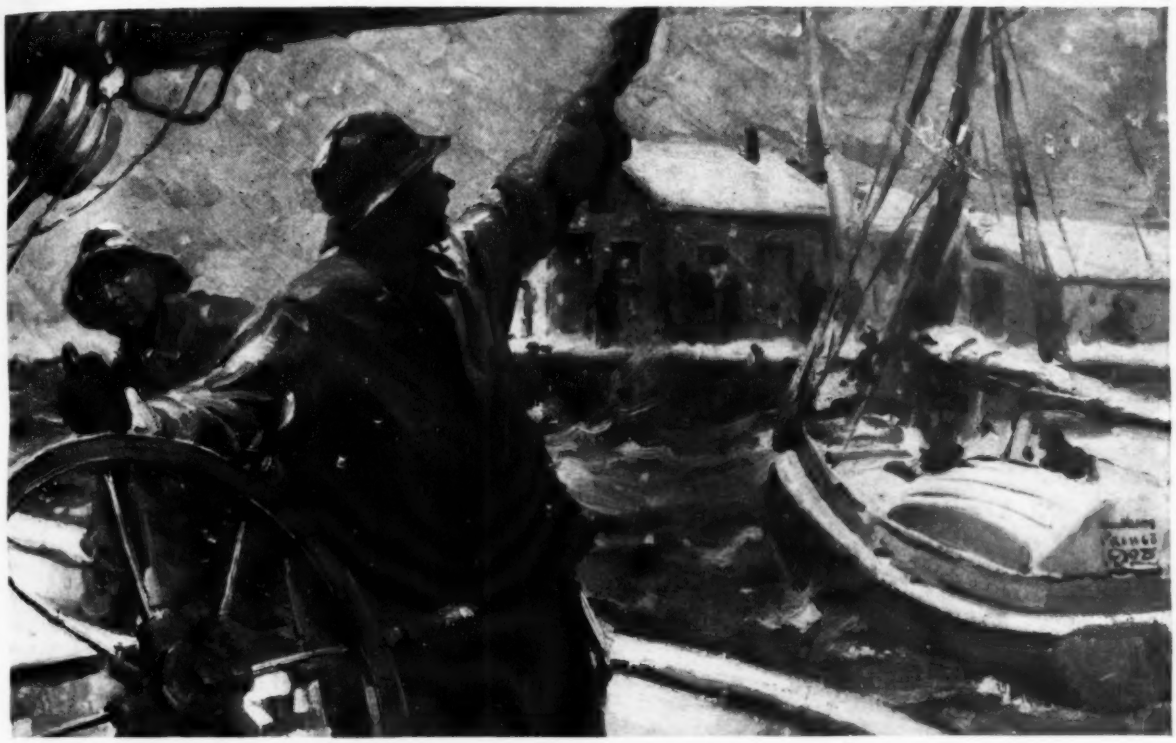
At first the Irish were ready to stone him for attempting an innovation in the religion of their ancestors. He obtained a hearing, however, and to explain his point picked a shamrock from the roadside, using the three leaves on one stem to illustrate the principle of the Trinity. This simple comparison so greatly impressed his hearers that they allowed themselves to be baptized there and then.

The absence of snakes in Ireland is attributed to St. Patrick. They say: "He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished all the vermin."

During his long ministry he founded many churches, among them the church and monastery of Armagh, where he spent the latter part of his life and where he died at the age of seventy-two.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day has become a universal custom and is entered into with particular enthusiasm by the Irish people.

See page 273 for information concerning folios and taffy recipe



Golden gallons of Sunshine fresh from a wintry Sea

Ice coats the rigging and sheets the decks . . . yet the cargo these hardy cod-fishermen bring in from the frigid wintry sea is nature's greatest substitute for the warm summer sun.

Your physician will tell you that clear, golden oil from the liver of the codfish has much the same invigorating effect on the development of babies and all growing children as the sun itself . . . for cod-liver oil is the richest natural source of Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

Vitamin D prevents rickets. It is absolutely essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth. Thousands of happy, chubby youngsters now growing up owe their sturdy bones and sound teeth to good, pure cod-liver oil.

But, because it is *also* rich in Vitamin A, cod-liver oil performs another important function. Its Vitamin A builds up in the body a staunch resistance to disease. This is why physicians recommend cod-liver oil so highly to help children through the winter and early spring. It helps grown-ups, too — especially those whose lowered vitality at this time of year subjects them to colds and other winter ills.

In choosing cod-liver oil for yourself or your children, it will be reassuring for you to know that Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil must pass the most rigid standardization tests to make sure that it contains a definitely measured quantity of both Vitamin A and Vitamin D.

Such tests prove that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 2 pounds of butter, or 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
Cod-liver Oil

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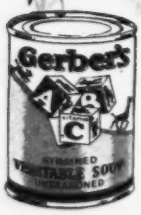


Unseasoned
Strained
Ready-to-Serve

for baby

GERBER'S Strained Vegetables are scientifically prepared for the daily vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet. No salt, sugar or seasoning of any kind is added to the choice, fresh vegetables used in preparing the Gerber Products. Each product is strained to the smooth, even texture prescribed by most doctors. Each product is specially cooked and is ready-to-serve when seasoned as your own individual feeding problem requires.

Convenience and Wholesomeness

To the mother confronted with the daily task of preparing baby's strained vegetables in the home, the scientifically prepared, tested and approved Gerber Products offer hours of freedom from tedious kitchen tasks. And the rich mineral salt values and Vitamin A, Vitamin B, and Vitamin C that are partially destroyed under ordinary methods of home preparation are conserved in the maximum degree for baby by the Gerber steam-pressure process. Each product is steam-pressure cooked—sealed and steam-sterilized. Your doctor will gladly explain why the Gerber Products are best for baby. Consult him for the personal counsel that will insure the most effective variety for your own baby.

Special Introductory Offer

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are available at many leading grocers throughout the United States. If your own grocer is not yet able to supply you, send us today the coupon below with $1.00 for our complete introductory assortment—or order such single products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

★ **Gerber's**
STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich. Dept. GH-11—Enclosed find money or stamps for $1.00 Complete Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

My grocer is .....

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

We Will Buy For You in New York

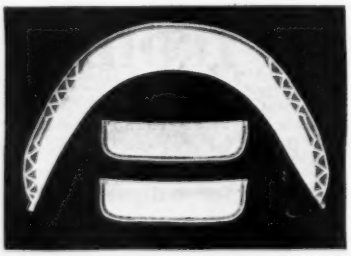
Only $2.95 is the sleeveless sports frock, at right, of rayon piqué; the waist is smartly seamed, and the skirt is plaited in front; in tan, white, blue, Nile, or orchid; in sizes from 16 to 42; and the price just $2.95

Particularly smart for spring parties is the semi-made, printed, flat crêpe dress, left; dainty, lace-trimmed organdie collar; entire front is made; multi-colors on red, black, green, or blue; 14—20; $8.95

Send 25c for Bride's Folio

A piqué collar and bows add smartness to the jersey dress, above (2nd fig.); the belt fastens with a pearl buckle; the skirt is circular; green, rust, royal blue, navy; 14 to 20; $16.50. Dresses are decidedly feminine this spring, and this dainty collar-and-cuff set will add just the right touch to several of your frocks; in white piqué or linen with fine hand fagoting; $2.95

Handkerchief lawn makes this charming semi-made dress (1st fig.), which comes cut to your own size with all the difficult sewing done and the buttons and buckle included. The collar, panel, and cuffs are of white piped in a solid color, and the skirt is smartly plaited in front; rose, green, or blue on a white ground; in sizes from 14—44; an exceptional value at only $3.25



HOW TO ORDER
All you have to do to buy these new spring frocks and accessories is to send your check or money-order, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C.

The pretty, short-sleeved frock at right is charming for the house and is made of a colorful cotton print. Piping in a solid color trims the V neck, turn-back cuffs, and inserted godets in skirt, and the organdie tab bow at the neck is embroidered. In two shades of green, rose or blue on a white background; 36 to 46; $1.95

A colorful floral design in fine petit point on black moiré makes a lovely purse for formal afternoon or evening wear. It is fitted with a change purse and mirror and is lined with moiré; 10" x 6½"; and it is only $4.95. Pull-on gloves are as smart as ever, and these washable suède ones are in beige; all sizes; for $2.95

Printed cottons make lovely dresses to wear in the house or in the country, and the one at the left has the new cap sleeves and is very becoming. The solid-color bow at the neck matches the piping at the collar, cuffs, and belt which is finished with a pearl buckle; in green, blue or orchid on white; 36 to 46; $1.95

Rudy VALLEE *says*...

"PUT YOURSELF ACROSS"

What has he that others envy?—this charming youth who thrills millions with his crooning voice so full of magnetism, pathos, life. Is it merely added energy, added physical "drive"?

"For that subtle 'added ounce' of energy I follow the simple advice of great physicians"

"How you feel has a lot to do with how people feel *about* you," says Rudy Vallée.

"Lots of folks handicap themselves by getting sluggish and run-down. Naturally they can't 'put themselves across.' They are *half sick.*

"When I was rehearsing for the Fleischmann Radio Hour I heard so much about yeast that I decided to try it. I was under a terrific strain—playing, singing, planning my talking, singing picture 'The Vagabond Lover.' Well, what famous physicians say about yeast certainly worked out for me. It gave just that 'added ounce' of energy I needed to keep me 'on my toes.'"

A remarkable *food*, Fleischmann's fresh Yeast brings you quick new energy by purifying and stimulating your whole digestive tract. Elimination becomes regular, prompt, *complete.* Appetite picks up. Digestion improves. Complexion troubles rapidly disappear.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

EAT 3 CAKES ***of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, just plain or dissolved in water. Every cake now contains two vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D.***

© 1930, Standard Brands Inc.

In using advertisements see page 6

A SODA BATH WASHES AWAY FATIGUE

HAVE you tried Arm & Hammer Baking Soda to remove the stiffness and soreness of overworked muscles? Here's how:

Fill your bathtub with warm water. Stir in a half-pound of Baking Soda. Relax in it for five or ten minutes. Don't even wash. Just lie there. . . . When you get out you'll feel wonderfully rested and soothed.

Keep Baking Soda in the bathroom for this resting bath. It costs but a few cents a package. Get it from your grocer. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

Business Established in the Year 1846

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

C-22 [Please print name and address]

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Kramer Girls

(*Continued from page 81*)

girls. They wore shirtwaists and wide belts and sailor hats, and their hair in top-knots—and young people were coming to the Kramer house—other girls, Lollie McCoy slender and pretty with dark, crimped hair, and Avis Cummings who was dead now. Rose remembered them, in that bright distance, as shining beings quite apart from the plump Annie, the thin and wrinkled Lollie of today. She remembered wildflowers, and foaming creeks, and spring in the air . . .

"Yes, sir," Georgie murmured, "Carl Finch!"

"What became of him?"

"Well, Annie couldn't marry him right then, and he went away. He married some one else. I don't know where he is now."

ALL these memories weighed on Rose as she left the hospital, although the brightness still surrounded her. She had never loved her sisters so much before. She saw them as those shining, distant figures—heard Georgie's hearty laugh and saw Annie's rose-pink flush—and in her ears there was the sound of the water flowing under the Plum Creek bridge, cool and clear and bright as if it belonged to that same distance, yet with an accumulated echo of all the later experience. But it seemed to her for the moment as if she could bear the loss of youth, could bear the demands of maturity that were upon her. All were enhanced and deepened by the intimacy of her talk with Georgie. All were clarified by the romantic brightness of that early time.

After that, although Georgie said nothing directly, the pretense seemed to be gone. People came back to her mind. She asked Rose about Jane.

"Why don't you write to her again, kid? When people have been as good friends as you two were, they oughtn't let things separate them."

The painful dissatisfaction in the thought of Jane lessened for a moment in Rose's mind.

But the two older sisters were closer now than Georgie and Rose. They had lived through so much together. No matter how unconscious Annie might seem to be when she was with other people, with Georgie her understanding was so complete that nothing needed to be said. Indeed, after some of these talks, Rose went away with the feeling that Georgie had done her best for her—that now Georgie had let her go; and in loneliness she clung to the thought of Archie. She felt her security slipping from her and reached desperately for it. With Annie, Georgie's talk was often fragmentary, but highly significant. There was no need for any pretense. Annie knew too much of her. Annie was like a second self. Georgie could let her real feeling come to the surface.

Annie, although for some reason she could say nothing to Rose, was appalled by the darkness of Georgie's gloom. The people who visited her, and heard her talk and joke as usual, had no conception of this. Annie wept, but she was too used to being ruled by Georgie to oppose it. It didn't matter how many people called at the hospital, how many of her patients sent messages—Georgie felt that she had accomplished nothing. In spite of her periods of depression, Georgie had always been sanguine. She had always dreamed that somehow or other she was going to accomplish some big thing. Annie spoke timidly, hopelessly, of all that Georgie had done.

"It was all unnecessary. As I look back on it, it seems as if we didn't really have to do a thing we did. Papa would have hired somebody to take care of mamma—he'd have had to. And it would probably have turned out just as well—better."

Annie didn't want to believe that. It was almost blasphemy. But Georgie overbore her as usual.

"Why didn't I start in and do some of the things I wanted to? I could have, if I'd just thought so. I tell you, Annie, if I thought I was really leaving behind me anything that I'd accomplished—"

Annie spoke timidly of her patients.

Almost brutally Georgie scoffed. "Rubbed a few kinks out of their backs. They'll get 'em again. Anyway—what was it? I hadn't even begun at the beginning of being a doctor. I've seen that for a long while."

And no matter how she might talk of Archie now—appreciating his kindliness—the worst disappointment to her was Rose. It came out in these talks with Annie.

"What have I done for the kid, when you come right down to it? I thought I was doing so much! I really meant to. As it turns out, it's nothing but meddling. I was so careful about every fellow she went with, and now she's taken up with the weakest sister of the lot. I might about as well have let her have her fun with that Hammond boy in the first place. I believe she cared for him more than she's cared for any one since."

Georgie turned away from Annie. A look of dark brooding was on her face. Annie could not make it out. She tried to tell Georgie that Rose needed her now. Georgie would not listen.

"It'll be better for the kid to have me gone. She won't have me, and then she'll have to stand on her own feet. You'll be better off, too. As long as I'm around, you do what I say. If you don't have me, you'll do what you want to do. Folks can't do much for other folks."

Annie cried silently and bitterly. Georgie lay somberly staring at her. She did not take back a word of it. Annie went out into the spring twilight still crying. It seemed to her the world was lost in blackness. She had hinted timidly of the church—another life after this . . .

Georgie said in bitter honesty, "I'm not so sure of that as I used to be."

But Annie couldn't accept anything at its worst. When she was with Georgie, she was overborne and overwhelmed; but now she could not believe that anything could really be so bad as that. She considered in panic, in her blackness, the possibility of a world without Georgie—Annie did consider that; to other people she dared not admit it, for fear that might make it true. There struggled in her a guilty acknowledgment of all the secret times when she had resented Georgie's strength and management. But after that came a panic of incredulity. The walk to her boarding-house was a horror. She could scarcely breathe, scarcely live, until she was safely within the room and heard Rose's voice.

In the night, when Rose and Marjorie Jane were asleep, Annie turned away from them and wept, with faint, little, smothered sniffs. The silence of the night was terrifying to her; she was sunk in horror. She knew, with a soft fatalistic knowledge, as she had known of the cancer—but only in such solitary silence as this could she admit it. Georgie's influence was still so strong that she could confide nothing of it to Rose. The two sisters must still pretend to each other that they had no doubt that Georgie would get well.

THE old friends in Valley Junction were all protesting. Although the Kramer girls had been away for several years now, they still belonged to the town. The funeral should be held at home. Rose could see, too, that this was what Annie wanted.

She was glad, now, herself. In The Rapids it had seemed to her that no one realized that Georgie was gone. The little obituary was lost among other news items in the paper. The people who cared were only on the humble fringes of the town's life—Georgie's landlady, the clerks at Hofthaler's, some of her country patients. When Rose and Annie came away from the hospital, through the park, after that momentous hour that cut apart all their life before from all that would come after, there was no difference, no awareness in the busy streets. A few people stared curiously at

The Kramer Girls

their tear-stained faces, but only in passing.

Georgie's life in The Rapids had seemed to be fuller, happier, more successful than in all the slow years at home. But it was to Valley Junction that she belonged. There the death of Georgie Kramer was not a tiny passing event to be glanced at briefly—"That chiropractic doctor? Oh, is she dead?"—at home, every one knew. The very air of the town seemed hushed. The funeral took on the dignity of an event in the long, local continuity of the town's history; and Rose had the feeling that by this event all those frayed-out strands of the lives of the Kramer family were re-knit and gathered back into the pattern.

THERE was one of those long, almost unendurable services in the church. It seemed to Rose that if she could only cry out and break this dreadful hush upon which every one seemed mysteriously agreed, it would not be true. This was the church where she had sung in the old chorus choir on Sunday nights and gone home with Bert; where she had heard so often the rustling of Quarterly pages as she sat in her Sunday-school class; where she had stood, in her white, embroidered dress, on graduation night; and where Georgie, her face flushed and her hair roughly curling, in the kitchen fragrant with coffee, had cut the cakes for the big church suppers. And now, in this very church, Georgie's funeral was being held.

Rose's mind was protesting that such a thing could not be true. She felt shaken and trembling at the sounds of many people gathering, seat after seat being filled, the solemn whispering, the careful creaking of the ushers' footsteps. Its portent overwhelmed her. And yet when she looked stealthily about for a moment with eyes bright with pain, saw all those faces, heard the folding doors pushed back and even the chairs in the Sunday-school room filled, there was a deeply painful sense of gratitude and compensation. When she came out into the bright, open air, she saw all the cars waiting.

And the service had a different feeling in the open air. The white clouds moved across the blue spring sky, and the ground had wet, black places under the dark evergreens. In the small enclosed cemetery, with its mown grass and its carefully tended bushes, the little company of people gathered—but beyond it stretched the sunny pastures with their long, pale grass turned this way and that by the winds and the rains that had passed over them . . . stretched to the boundary of the wooded hills tinted in soft colors upon the farthest sky. Fresh flowers were placed on other mounds. This death had reminded people of others. In the pause between the solemn words a bird song bubbled up, free and unconscious of this human sorrow, out of the old sunny silence.

This company was made of relatives and friends. If the crowd at the church had been satisfying by its miscellaneous largeness, this had another compensation of narrow depth and poignancy. At the edge of the group Lollie McCoy, thin in her dark winter coat, shivered in the bright air and wept from cold, red-rimmed eyes—feeling how life had somehow dwindled into losing, one after another, the things that she loved. Mrs. Pickering cried, and Mr. Pickering looked large and shame-faced. Close about the grave stood the members of the relationship. Georgie's father stood there, his face now the sharp face of an old man under shaggy, white hair, in his heavy overcoat, his feet knobby and large in his big overshoes shining with wet. His wife was beside him, taller than he himself, built on a big scale, but her face childish and frightened—there because she must be there, but aloof and ashamed. Rose and Annie stood together, but Archie was beside Rose; he held her arm. Had she married some other man, he would have come to this ceremony as an outsider. But Archie was part of the pattern.

The cars drove back into town where even now the crowd going home from the funeral was scarcely dispersed, stores were just being re-opened, a little trade was going on again, women still stood talking on street corners; and where old Mrs. Katzemayer, who scarcely ever left home these days, in the black coat she had worn for years and her knitted winter hood of rusty black, was buying some meat for supper instead of sending Mr. Katzemayer—because "*ach*, she was downtown anyway." People who couldn't leave their work were asking others about the funeral. The janitor was putting away the extra chairs in the church and picking up leaves and fallen petals. Out in front of the bank stood Roland Yarborough's old white horse and ancient buggy, so old-fashioned that it now appeared only as a relic in Valley Junction. People, noticing it, said, with a sense of respect for the occasion of Georgie's funeral,

"He hasn't been in town for a long time!"

Rose and Annie were with the Littles now. At noon they had eaten dinner with their father and his wife, in the alien strangeness of the old house. Now they parted from those two, estranged, all awkward and ashamed, yet on good terms.

"Come to see us again."

"Yes, we will."

All the same, the girls could see that their father felt Georgie's death. Whether as friend or enemy, she had been closer to him than his other children. Mrs. Pickering had insisted that they come home with her. She would be offended. But they made excuses. They wanted the soothing gentleness of Mrs. Little's house. Lollie McCoy was to come, too. But she was uneasy, must stop at the store. She could not go off to supper without first finding and feeding her cat. Mrs. Little made Mr. Little drive there and wait.

As they waited, old Mr. Yarborough saw them. He stopped, climbed down from his buggy, came over to them. He raised his broad-brimmed hat with an air of rustic courtliness to Mrs. Little and Annie, but he held Rose's hand.

"She was a fine woman."

He meant it. He had a better appreciation of Georgie than did most of the people in town. But it was for Rose's sake, not Georgie's, that he had driven in today. It was for the sake of Rose's clear, brown eyes and curling hair tinged with gold that he had asked the bank to lend the money. He was not disappointed in Rose's later career, since her skin was still beautiful and the soft, dark helplessness was still in her eyes. He was too courteous to speak of that today. He paid Georgie her fitting tribute. But Rose felt it in the pressure of his hand, old and work-worn, large but fine—and was comforted, and yet pained, because it seemed that in some hidden and ancient way she was defrauding Georgie.

AT MRS. LITTLE'S in the pleasant living-room in the evening, they talked of Georgie. Only the beautiful and comforting things would be said here. It was the older people who talked. Rose and Archie, together on the davenport, were set apart, the younger ones; and again Rose saw the figures in that bright distance.

"She always did so much," Lollie said. "Georgie was always busy at something."

Mrs. Little said, "I felt as if Georgie might have accomplished almost anything."

Old Mrs. Little, Mr. Little's mother, remembered how Georgie had taken care of her mother all those years.

But the good times they used to have on picnics—the time Georgie took off her shoes and stockings and waded right out into the creek after the water snake the boys had dared her to catch—that was what Mr. Little remembered.

"You couldn't down Georgie. She was game for anything. I tell you, it doesn't seem possible she's gone."

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How to have a smart modern kitchen at low cost?

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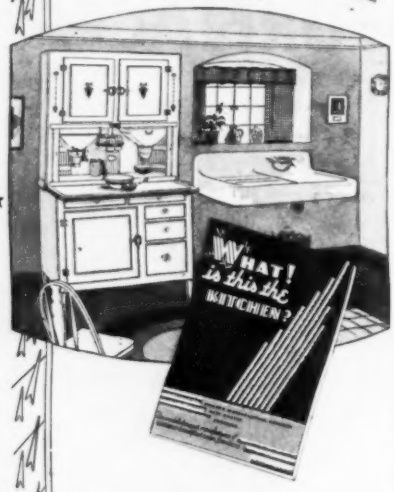

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* * *

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The Kramer Girls

Lollie couldn't see why some should be taken and others left. She said that Georgie was so much more useful in the world than she was. But old Mrs. Little—fragile, ailing, half blind and more than half helpless—fearfully assured her:

"Well, there's a reason. The Lord must have needed her there, or he wouldn't have taken her. And he needs you here, just the same way. No, no, we mustn't question these things."

Annie did not join in the low-voiced conversation. She still cried, softly and mutely, tears that came so readily they scarcely reddened her eyelids. Impressible as always, she gave herself to the comfort of all these affirmations and consolations—but in her secret heart there was the black, frightened knowledge of how Georgie herself had felt . . .

For Rose there was a frightened blackness, too. She longed for night, and to find a security in Archie's arms—and felt, not what she sought, but something timid, sweet, sustaining—wept wildly because Georgie was gone, and then wept sorrowfully because in all those voices there had been none to speak of her with the sweetness with which Archie spoke to Rose . . .

There were other households in which the event of this day had brought up the memory of old times. It had made one or two people—recalling the old crowd—think of Carl Finch and wonder about Annie. It had made some talk of Rose and the Carpenters. There was much discussion, too, of old J. B. Kramer and his second wife; and there were a few—a very few—who recalled, none quite understanding it, the ancient story of his marriage with Georgie's mother. It had made people see and estimate the value of the Kramer pattern entwined with the pattern of Valley Junction.

Old Mrs. Katzemayer took off her coat and knitted hood. She was tired. The spring twilight was cold. "*Ja*, this is the last time." She murmured that to herself and shook her head. She put the meat on to fry, but meanwhile she sat in the painted, wooden rocker near the kitchen window, looking out at the pale sky above the geranium plants in tin cans on the sill. *Ja*, all her best neighbors were gone—she couldn't get used to these new ones—she was too old, she would stay at home after this . . .

AFTER supper, when the town had more or less settled into its routine again, and every one, of course, had left the cemetery, Hulda Raugh stopped in to see Mrs. Angie Bloomer in her crude, little, rented house on the outskirts of town. These women had not been to the funeral. They belonged only to the tattered fringe of the social life of Valley Junction. But Hulda wanted Angie to walk out to the cemetery and see the flowers.

"Gee, Harry ain't come home yet for his supper. Well, he can get it himself. Serve him right for being late."

"I'm gonna come along, mama!"

"No, you stay to home. Oh, well, come then if you have to."

There was a wild streak in Hulda and Angie both. They liked being out, free, in the evening air. Twilight had settled, soft and dark, in the woods beyond the cemetery. But it was not yet too dark to see the flowers. They lay heaped on the raw, yellow earth of the mound, the white petals of narcissus withering in the chill air, gauze lavender ribbons stained with wet.

"Oh, look, mamma, looky what I found!"

"You put that down. It don't belong to you."

"I guess I *found* it!"

Angie's elfish little girl danced away between the graves, holding a limp, pink rose. She had never owned such a pretty flower. She stuck it in her hair, and stuck it in her dress, and then, dancing, waved it in her hand.

"She's got some nice ones," Angie said. "Well—" her voice was defiant—"she deserves 'em. She was one woman in this town didn't have her ideas all made to order. She wasn't just one of these old prissies. I don't care if she did go to church and stand in with the rest of 'em. I liked Georgie Kramer—all I knew of her—if it wasn't much. Yes, sir, I did."

Her thin, brown face with the wild eyes was still defiant. Somehow she had the feeling that she and Georgie Kramer stood together, that life had been against them— Oh, yes, people liked Georgie Kramer, they had given her these flowers and a big funeral—but they hadn't given her her chance, all the same, and she didn't really fit into the town although she was buried here.

CHAPTER III

ROSE knew that Archie was willing to have her go to work again—they had thrashed it out so many times, Rose sullen and Archie angry, but Archie acquiescent, although troubled, in the end—and yet she always had this sense of defiance. Defiance, almost guilt. She felt it now, as she dressed.

"I want you to do what you like. I've never put anything in your way. You know that."

Nevertheless Rose knew, and Archie knew, that there was unwillingness under his willingness—that her very desire cut and shamed him; while irrationally part of Rose's resentment was against this very willingness of Archie's. He never tried to force his own way—and this shamed Rose, in a way too dark and hidden for her to understand, because it seemed to her that if men really cared for women they did not acquiesce and let them go. That feeling made her, at times, break into irrelevant, cruel reproaches—and she was ashamed when she remembered how Archie winced and quivered under them, and how humbly and honestly he assented. He had always looked up to her and felt that she was too good for him; and as their married life went on, and he blundered and Rose had to strike out and help herself, he settled back with a wounded self-admission into this attitude—while fiercely, and with a sense of aching defraudment, Rose wanted him to come up to herself. She had tried to narrow herself and to deny her own capability. Now it hurt and angered her that she could not. If Archie really loved her, he would cherish, not obey her—no, that was untrue, unjust—she saw the look of hurt, suffering devotion in Archie's blue-gray eyes.

Guilt, just as much as defiance. More. Rose's tenderness was her chief quality. She dressed with a suppressed, excited haste that gave her a superficial calmness; but her fingertips, as she polished her nails, were cold. The very intentness with which she looked at her image in the glass put to shame the rickety sparseness of their furniture in the dark little bedroom of the apartment that was all Archie could provide—said that she, herself, must be superior to this. It made Rose hurry still more with her dressing. If she got this job, she would admit herself ahead of Archie in the social scale. Archie, who had charge of the building of that horrid little row of all-alike houses, under another contractor, and was scarcely more than a day workman. It was his very conscientiousness and love of his work that helped to put him at a disadvantage. Rose knew that secretly and was ashamed because she seemed to acquiesce in the case of the world against Archie.

Her eyes stared back at her, dark with fright, in her large, soft face. She was ready. She had a panicky feeling of wanting to cower away within the meager darkness of this poorly lighted room and sink into a sad acceptance of its limitations. This was the first time in her life that she had actually stepped out beyond the warmth of protection and made a move all alone, upon her own responsibility. There had always been some one else supplying the incentive—Jane, Georgie—

The black, stark panic which she used to sense

Is "ALMOST CLEAN" *clean enough for the baby's bottles?*

WHEN you wash baby's things, clean the vegetables, scour the bathtub or wash the dishes, you don't give them just a careless surface cleaning. Then why should you with your rugs and carpets?

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ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

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Clean as you Polish

By polishing your fine furniture and woodwork the marvelous "3-in-One Way," you remove all the dirt, grime and "bloom." At the same time you produce a delightful, dry polish that lasts. The "3-in-One Way" is so easy, too; and so very economical:

1st Wring out a cloth from cold water.

2nd Pour a little 3-in-One on the cloth.

3rd Rub the surface to be cleaned. When cloth becomes soiled, rinse and re-oil. Do this frequently.

NOW polish with a soft dry cloth and a beautiful *clean* luster will result. Surface scratches will disappear and the handsome grain of the wood reappear.

Try the "3-in-One Way" and you will never want to polish any other way.

3-in-One

The remarkable properties of 3-in-One are the result of scientifically combining *animal, mineral* and *vegetable* oils of the very highest quality. These *blended* properties are unique —quite different from those of any single oil.

Sold at all good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Three size bottles and two size Handy Oil Cans.

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The Kramer Girls

at those dreadful moments when the knowledge that Georgie was going to die cut through her merciful and defensive unbelief, was now upon her. She had entered into its black and breathless vacuum. There was that great dark stretch of country all around—but the little figure of herself was not huddled; it was moving mechanically, against its own volition, over the rough ground and through the cold immensity of darkness . . . She herself had put on her hat, looked about the apartment, locked the door, gone down the battered, varnished stairway, and was outside in the low-lying side street gloomy with gray-painted frame houses under too many trees.

The necessity for boarding and finding a seat in the street car gave her courage. But when she sat on the battered wicker seat beside the open window, starting upon the long, slow ride, she was afraid that her breathlessness and the trembling of her hands would get beyond her control. She would startle the indifferent faces and lack-luster eyes of all these people. Fool! Hadn't she worked in a much larger city than this? Yes, but so long ago. This was like coming out of a dark little hole, a kind of hibernation, where she had been crouching for so long that the hard sunlight of the streets hurt and dazzled her.

The bright, hot hurry seemed to jolt and knock her awake. Uneasily, reluctantly, she felt a desire to share in it. It was as if she were shedding one kind of self and reverting to another—were just creeping out into the open brightness, timid, bewildered, and yet renewed. Now it excited her to think that this was Danford, where so many of her old college friends lived, where associations once natural to her but long renounced might be waiting for her again—although until she had clothes, and some sort of decent position, she felt that she must creep along side streets lest she meet any of those people who sounded so successful in the Alumni Bulletins.

She had really been the cause of Archie's getting work here—her desire, unadmitted and inarticulate, yet working in the darkness. Her compassion for Archie was an aching core of pain in her heart. And yet she was enlivened. She had a feeling of the old fatality again. She must come back to this, and she had always known it—it was that secret knowledge that had oppressed her when she married Archie; just as, in that troubled time in Chicago, she had known that she must go back to Valley Junction and do exactly as she had done.

Besides, ever since Georgie's death, she had had a different feeling about things. Loneliness, at moments panic—and yet it was as if in the very center of her being a little eager spark, kindled long ago, but smothered, was breaking now into a trembling flame. Did it mean that she didn't miss Georgie? No, but there was a difference, a freedom—

HUGE and monumental, yellow-white, almost powdery-new, the United Trust Company Building towered above the heated asphalt into the blinding blue of the sky. The hard, white brilliance of the lower floor took away Rose's breath again. In the glittering cage of the elevator, crowded in with girls cheap-looking and yet all smartly dressed, and with rosy-faced, well-barbered business men, Rose stood at the back, feeling shabby and countrified and soft—and yet protesting, because this smartness was not all; these people didn't know everything. But her clothes made her humble as she got out of the elevator. They made her stand a moment before she had courage to turn the knob of Mr. Kessler's door.

If it had not been for Arthur's recommendation, it seemed to her she could not have asked the shining-haired young man for Mr. Kessler. Panic swirled around her again, as she sat waiting, and she was struggling in the breathless center of it. From the window she had an oblique view downward, along stony walls, of the narrow street and the crawling people. Even while she tried desperately to be equal to this hardness, all the rest of her mind—and of her body—ached with inarticulate protest. She had a pained and distant awareness of Archie's hurt and kindly eyes, of the sweet morning sunshine in Valley Junction, the responsive softness of the ground, and far away across a field of gold and purple flowers two little childish figures happily wandering against blue sky . . .

"Mr. Kessler will see you now."

She could not go in to him; he would never want to employ her. She had become too soft —she had that feeling—and yet softness was as right as all this stony, brilliant hardness.

BUT as soon as she faced Mr. Kessler, a responsive smile came upon her full lips and a brown glow into her eyes. He was not curt, hard, indifferent to match the office building. He was just an older, more alert, more prosperous replica of Arthur. His wide, mahogany desk was humanized by scattered papers and ash trays and a portrait photograph of two blonde children playing with carefully posed unconsciousness before a modern fireplace. He seemed to be amiably willing to consider Rose as a possible secretary. He was just middle-sized, neither light nor dark, with pleasant eyes and a few nervous wrinkles; incongruous, so it seemed to Rose, with the towering audacity and menacing coldness of the new building in which he kept his office. Courage came back to her in a sweet flow of relief. Why, she had worked before—in The Rapids, even in Chicago.

"My brother writes me you've been helping him out in the court house over there in Pratt County, Mrs. Carpenter."

He spoke with the easy, friendly knowledge of the state of a prosperous citizen.

"Let's see, I believe you and he were in Winthrop together, weren't you? Pretty nice little college, I guess. I didn't go there. I went to the state university."

"Yes, we were in school at the same time."

"Well, I hear pretty fine reports of you from Arthur."

He gave her an encouraging, almost an admiring smile. Then all her earlier life was not renounced, thrown away—she could get hold of it again and use it.

"Would you mind telling me just what other experience you've had, Mrs. Carpenter, besides your work in my brother's office?"

She told him about her position in Chicago, even about her teaching. It seemed to her that her narrative was jumbled and all inconsequential, but even so there was the fact of the work in Chicago that stood out and called for respect. She had a right to apply for this position, in spite of her clothes that didn't combine into a smart costume, and Mr. Kessler seemed to accept that without question.

"You gave up your position, Mrs. Carpenter?"

"Well, my mother was very ill—and then I got married, so I didn't go back."

Mr. Kessler seemed to believe Arthur's estimate of her. His younger partner came into the office, and Mr. Kessler called him over to the desk.

"Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. Cole. Mr. Cole is the other member of this firm, Mrs. Carpenter Mrs. Carpenter has been doing some work for my brother Arthur, Fred, over there in Pratt County."

"Oh, yes! Over there where they're getting the new court house."

Both men seemed to have time to talk easily and negligently about politics in The Rapids. But Mr. Kessler could be businesslike, although pleasantly so.

"Well, Mrs. Carpenter, so far as your recommendations go, I'm inclined to think you're the person we're looking for. There's just this question in my mind. You say you're actually settled in the city now? Permanently, you think. Now, let's see, you have two children, you say? Both in school?— You see, I have

The Kramer Girls

to ask these questions to make sure you could take up this position with a view to permanency. As a rule, we're not inclined to employ married women in this office. You feel sure you can handle the home question and the office, too?"

Rose felt sure—yet guilty, too, inwardly reluctant and protesting.

"Well, you think you could come to us next Monday?"

That meant that he was hiring her. A feeling of relief, then hilarity, swept over Rose, crowding her aching protest to the very edge of her mind. And he had been amiable, unformidable. In the talk with him, in spite of her early floundering, her old mental clearness and reliability had come back, as if simply waiting to be used again. It had all been so easy! That was the amazing part. The building looked so powerful, but the people who had their offices in it were just men.

And he had liked her looks. She had pleased him. Her humility was gone, her old soft yet certain self-respect was back, her warm, happy feeling that people would always like Rose Kramer. If they did that, she could stand anything.

Now she didn't mind being pushed back in the elevator. She had a right there. She had a job in this building. The people no longer seemed like enemies. But she suffered so when she felt herself an alien, not a part of things.

Coming out into the brilliant, summer sunshine, she had, stronger than ever, that feeling of hilarity. Everything interested her—the speeding cars, the stores, the people who passed her, their clothes. Yes, because she had a place now in the city. She could take an interest in clothes again. She could have things. She could look up her old friends. What a wild, unexpected exhilaration there was in reverting to the Rose of college days! The oppression that had haunted her so long with its soft fatality, even in her happiness, was brightly dispersed. For the first time in years, she wanted to write to Jane again. She had done it—taken her step alone! Not that the salary was much, or the job—it was that she could get it! She had to go into a store this minute and buy something for the children. Not for her self—and yet she saw all the bright, gay, worldly trinkets—the scarves, bags, gossamer stockings, glitter of cosmetics—with new, hungry, daring eyes.

Away at the very edge of her mind, though, there was that hurt reluctance, that inarticulate aching . . .

NOW, in this excitement and elation, Rose seemed to forget the secret reluctance she had felt at having Jane come. She had had to pretend, even to herself, to be glad when she got the letter—"What do you suppose? *Jane* is coming!"—but she didn't really want her, and neither did Archie.

Why?— Oh, because she dreaded having the visit break into her life, that seemed to her balanced and arranged now. She couldn't explain it all to Jane. She feared Jane's criticism of Archie—and by now her relationship with Archie was adjusted; there was understanding between them and the resentment was gone. Now that she was no longer dependent upon him, Rose could appreciate—not with her old love, to be sure, but with a loyal and compassionate tenderness, a certain humility, too—all his simplicity and thoughtfulness, his odd little streak of humorous quaintness, his goodness with the children. Their love for each other had come back. It was always there.

Even at the office, where she appeared in such a different rôle—a clear-headed business woman upon whom both Mr. Kessler and Mr. Cole depended for having everything kept straight—Rose felt herself relying upon it. Without it, her existence would have been bleak. But with it—in spite of the demands her household made upon her—she could look out of the office windows and enjoy the lights that jeweled the smoky sky of late afternoon. She had an existence separate and apart from her relationship to Mr. Kessler and Mr. Cole, and that gave her a self-reliance, a dignity. Otherwise—Rose knew herself to some extent—she would have been like Sweet Alice—

"Who laughed with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Yes, she had the feeling that her feet were set in a sure path. So that she hadn't wanted Jane to come . . .

WAS it possible she had felt like that? The instant she saw Jane, her reluctance was all broken and changed into a bright elation. First, the long train drawing into the station, the quiver of excitement with which she went forward to meet it; then the realization of the stranger, the tall, blonde woman in the light, furred coat and close, little hat—the recognition of the face, the feeling that in spite of all the difference, this was still *Jane!* How silly to have imagined anything else! They came together, and their wild, eager kiss—girlishly rapturous, for a moment, as when they had met at the little old station at college, after the summer's holiday—obliterated the years.

Even when they sat in the taxi going home, aware again of the differences—Jane's long, silk-clad legs crossed and soft, beige gloves crumpled in her lap—they felt a smothered hilarity under the scattered commonplaces that they talked. Jane put out her hand once, squeezed and shook Rose's, said,

"Well, *Rose!*"

And they both laughed. Rose sat with a tingling knowledge of how she had always admired the firm smoothness of that hand, the fingers small and feminine, although Jane was large and her hands capable—that smooth, beautifully molded wrist.

"I didn't think you'd be a bit like this," Rose happily confided.

"How did you think I'd be?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Idiot!"

They laughed joyously.

All these years she had been picturing Jane as cold, ruthless, scornfully successful; all these years had been slowly recovering from the cruelty and necessity of their estrangement. But now they had been apart for so long that they were free, each of them, from the encroachments of the other's personality—there was even a delight and excitement in realizing how far each had gone in her own direction—and their coming together was a gloriously refreshed renewal. And how unjust her remembrance of Jane had been! How she had discounted Jane's magnificence, her splendid extravagance—it was these things that made Jane different from other people. Yes, and her simplicity. Why, Jane, in her fierce directness, her honesty, had never been aware of the way Rose had been feeling about her all these years—not even aware that she had hurt or offended! There was a kind of purity about Jane—about her large, cool body, her round face with the smooth skin, her pale gold hair; a white candor, an icy limpidity about her mind. It made Rose feel soft, weighted with dark, inarticulate knowledge—a little humble—and yet cherishing.

"This is where we live."

Rose was shy, proud, happy at the thought of showing her home to Jane. She was so glad, now, that she had taken the apartment in this pretty apartment house, in spite of her guilt because it was all against the ideas of Valley Junction thrift. Things like vanity did count—they had to be considered. Oh, the apartment was nothing much, of course, but Rose loved it. Her life there was all enhanced by the delight of revealing it to her dearest friend. Her children were all the more her little treasures. Jane was not scornful and New Yorkish, the way so many people were when they came home. She was looking around with bright eyes. And suddenly Rose had a perception of how Jane was feeling, of how this visit meant to

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The youthful charm and perfect skin of Miss B. M. of Westchester are a tribute to good *Health*. Everyday Miss B. M. eats 3 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast—"Because," she writes, "Nothing has helped my skin and vitality so much."

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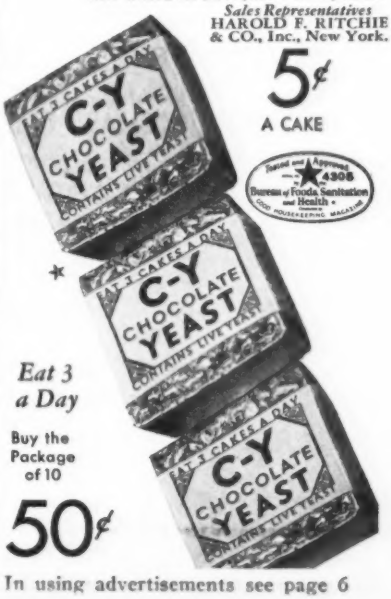

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Eat 3 a Day

Buy the Package of 10

50¢

In using advertisements see page 6

mrs laurance armour

the bedrooms of her new lake forest home are equipped with luxurious beautyrest mattresses . . .

• Everything in Mrs. Armour's beautiful Lake Forest home speaks of a gracious hospitality and a most distinguished taste. For Mrs. Armour's home is one of her personal enthusiasms.

Here are lovely gardens, large sunshiny rooms whose cool colorings and spacious arrangement breathe restfulness and charm—and ever more charm.

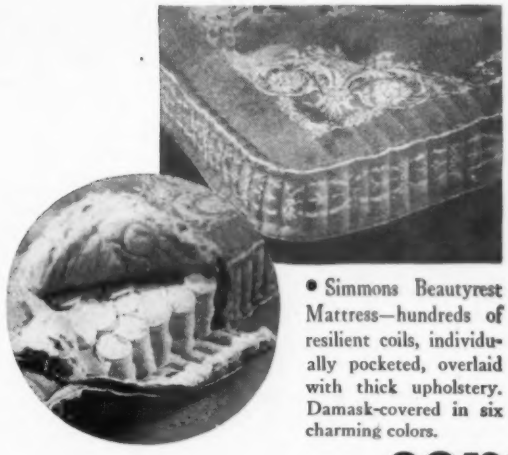
Significant of Mrs. Armour's thoughtfulness for personal comfort throughout her household are the graceful Simmons beds in the room above, equipped with "*really* comfortable" Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs.

Simmons

this charming member of a distinguished chicago family, who has joined the widening circle of women who choose the simmons beautyrest, writes . . .

• "I first slept on a Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on a ranch in Arizona and I was delighted with it. I felt I had discovered for the first time *real* comfort. Now I have these remarkable mattresses in my own home. I consider them really inexpensive for such remarkable comfort.

"Now I understand the Simmons Company have brought out a second mattress of a similar type for a still more reasonable price. It seems to me quite extraordinary—most progressive. The Simmons Beds I have are a simple and quite gracious design—restful to the eye, as the mattresses are to the body."



• Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—hundreds of resilient coils, individually pocketed, overlaid with thick upholstery. Damask-covered in six charming colors.

39.50

• The new Simmons Deepsleep Mattress with inner coils buried between layers of soft upholstery. Dobbestry-covered in four lovely colors, moderately priced at

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• Simmons Mattresses and Springs are in two price ranges: The famous Beautyrest Mattress, now in over a million homes, $39.50; Ace Box Spring covered to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, also with inner coil construction, $19.95; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12.00; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00. Bed No. 1636, chosen by Mrs. Armour and shown above, $35.00. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

beds • springs • mattresses and BERKEY & GAY Furniture

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In using advertisements see page 6

TRY THEM ...TONIGHT

The best beans in the world were made in the North Woods "bean hole." Then Van Camp's experts took this delicious recipe—"a layer of sugar-cured pork, a layer of beans, a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar"—and preserved the savory blending and cooking so you can serve them tonight. No other beans like them. Serve them often.

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When you want catsup made of choicer, firmer, fresher tomatoes than you could buy—when you want every step of its preparation safeguarded by the watchful eyes of food experts—you can always be sure by insisting on "Van Camp's—of course."

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course~

The Kramer Girls

her the same unexpected refreshment and renewal that the meeting was to Rose—and something more, something else.

"You mustn't expect anything a bit grand."

"I like it."

Jane stood in the middle of the living-room. She looked around slowly, a little smile on her smooth lips. "It looks like you."

Then her arms softly enfolded Rose. They kissed again. Jane's kiss was tender, comprehending, with her rare gentleness, a sweet seal of remembrance and compassion upon Rose's lips.

But they were excited and talkative now. Rose took Jane to her bedroom in the next apartment, the Browns'. She had only scorn for her silliness in thinking it wouldn't be good enough for Jane because she had always pictured Jane living magnificently in New York. All the time she was getting tea ready in the little kitchen, she had to smother that hilarity. "Jane is here. She's in this very house." It added delight to this little plunge into her separate life.

She wanted it to be time for the children to come home. Rushing into the bedroom, she caught up the two photographs on her dresser, kissed them, looked into the candid eyes, and whispered, with a blissful foolishness of which she was not ashamed—

"Babies! Do you know it? Jane is here!"

AFTER an interval she heard Jane's voice in the living-room.

"Rose!"

She started to the door, but Jane was coming out to the kitchen.

"Oh, see your little kitchen! She's got a real little house."

They both laughed foolishly at that. Rose was taking the tea into the living-room. What fun it was to be having a whole afternoon off, to be serving tea to Jane in her own living-room! Now there was time for each to see how the other really looked. Jane seemed cool and different without her wraps. Large and cool, cream and pearl-white and pale-gold. She had learned how to dress.

"Oh, let me see how you're wearing your hair!" Rose cried.

It was parted and barely waved, done into a little knot on Jane's neck. Rose mourned over its lost magnificence of length.

"I had it bobbed, but I had to let it grow. Didn't look well. I'm too big. Supposed to go in for being a goddess."

They laughed.

"You look darling with yours cut, Posy."

"Oh, but I have so little!"

"But it's so darling and soft. This makes it curl. Oh, thank heaven—"Jane burst out—"people don't dress *quite* the tacky way they used to!"

But Rose could see now that Jane was older. There were dark, not unbecoming shadows under her eyes, as if stroked by finger-tips. She was handsomer, but she had lost her girlhood. Rose was aware of the soft wrinkles beginning to come around her own brown eyes. But there was an excitement in realizing themselves as fully adult and responsible. They had changed. They had seen the error of their youthful ways. They could look coolly at themselves in the modern way and make frank admissions.

"Posy, are you sure you aren't busy?"

"Mr. Kessler let me have the afternoon. I told him you were coming. He was terribly interested."

"I forgot! You have a job or something."

Rose felt that her job was not really interesting to Jane, yet she did not resent Jane's little smile nor the considering compassion in her eyes. Rose put aside tacitly all that part of her life and listened to Jane. She had slipped back easily into her old rôle of listener and appreciator. But she had her own life apart from Jane's. She could feel its warmth, she could smile with her secret knowledge of the two little child faces. She could be happy in her old rôle—her own rôle—now that she was no longer wholly dependent upon it.

But to have Jane here, in her own house, so familiar and yet so excitingly changed! She couldn't get used to the delight of that. She began eagerly to make plans. Whom would Jane like to see? There were scads and scads of their old college mates living here.

She didn't mind Jane's little touch of careless superiority, because she, too, had departed from the standards of Winthrop, stepped outside, married the wrong kind of man—once again it was she and Jane together, in a laughing, malicious sort of superior intimacy. In spite of their having lived so differently, they were still closer than Rose could ever feel herself with any of the old Winthrop girls.

"Dot Carter?"

"Oh, yes, Dot and Dick. They live just a few blocks away."

"What are they like now?"

"Just exactly the same."

"Bet Dot wears her hair exactly the way she used to, in those braids."

"No, she's had it bobbed."

"Bet it doesn't make her look any different, though."

"Not a particle!"

They both laughed hilariously. And for the first time, to her relief, Rose could confess:

"You know, Jane, I don't go to many of the meetings any more. Oh, I don't know—I sort of hate to. I don't fit in. Most of the other girls have married the men they went with in college, and I haven't, and—oh, I don't know, but it seems as if so much has happened to me since then. They all talk the way they used to, and still think everything Prexie says is perfect. And then anyway you always get dunned for money, and we've had so darned little of it. It's safer to stay away."

"Poor Posy! Heavens, for years I was paying off that Senior pledge, when I was living in basements and existing on coffee and baked beans. Now they've lost my address. It'll stay lost," Jane said with satisfaction.

"Oh, but if they knew you were here, they'd be crazy to see you."

"Go 'long!" Jane scoffed.

"Oh, Jane, really they would. You're one of the successes."

JANE made a face. She said with a bitterness not quite gone: "But you know they all thought I was leading a life of sin. Rose, I'll never forget—oh, I must tell you!—when I saw Harold Zimmerli and—oh, that girl he married, what's her name?—and they tried to show me the error of my ways. I was furious! It makes me laugh now."

"But why?" Rose asked anxiously.

"Oh, my darling, because of the dreadful company I was keeping. I don't know how they'd heard about it, but they both had. I had some friends who were *Russians*, and of course that meant they went around with bombs in their vest pockets—oh, you see, I knew foreigners, and women who smoked, and two of my best friends lived together and weren't married!—I'll never forget how Harold and this what's-her-name looked when I told them about Jack and Adele and said I admired them. I said they did it because they were idealists. As if *anybody* who hadn't gone to Winthrop could really know about ideals! Then they knew I was lost."

"But they really are proud of you," Rose insisted. "You were in a big success on Broadway and brought honor to Winthrop."

"Yes!" Jane interrupted fiercely. "They're proud of me for committing the worst act of my life."

Rose was worried. She couldn't understand what Jane meant.

"Because it was a rotten play. I was ashamed of myself every night when I acted in the thing. It was the only time in my life I ever did anything I was thoroughly ashamed of

Your baking is bound to be better

Millions of women find sure success with Calumet's Double-Action

THIS is a message for women who want perfection in their baking every time. We want to show them how they can make such wonderful cakes and quick breads that their families will boast about them to neighbors. We want to tell them why Calumet—the Double-Acting Baking Powder—brings such remarkable baking success.

Calumet acts twice, not once. The first action takes place in the mixing bowl. This starts the leavening. Then, when you put your cake into the oven, a new, fresh rising swells through your batter, lifts it to the top of the pan and holds it there until the oven heat has done its work. In this way Calumet's Double-Action makes your baking rise beautifully and come out exactly right, time after time—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature accurately.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce *perfect* leavening action.

Try the delightful recipe given here. You will notice how little Calumet it calls for. The usual Calumet proportion, which should be followed for best results, is—only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour—a worthwhile economy.

★CALUMET★

The Double-Acting Baking Powder

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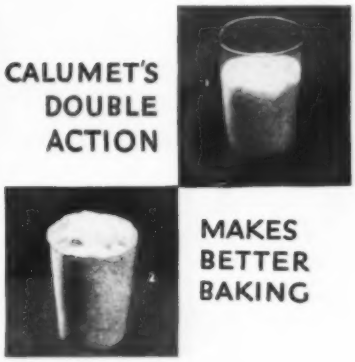
Test Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION this way!

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better.

Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture rises to the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test today. See Calumet's Double-Action which protects your baking from failure.



Recipe for Vanilla Nut Ice Box Cookies

- 4 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sifted brown sugar
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup nut meats, chopped
- 1 tablespoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugars gradually, and cream well. Add eggs, nuts, and vanilla. Add flour gradually. Shape into rolls 1½ inches in diameter. Let stand in ice box over night or until hard enough to slice. Cut into thin slices. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies. (All measurements are level)

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DOCTOR MENDELSOHN of Berlin, expert on metabolism, says: "Vitamin D (the sunshine vitamin in irradiated fresh yeast) is valuable in the diet of expectant and nursing mothers to ward off rickets in the child (soft, crooked bones and teeth)."

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BEFORE baby comes you can do much to give him the kind of bones and teeth he will have *for life*.

From the first you can safeguard him from weak bones that cause little legs to bow—crooked teeth that decay easily.

There is a simple food you can eat to protect him—Fleischmann's Yeast—the richest food source of vitamins B and D, available to every mother-to-be.

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Your teeth soften as your baby drains your system of its bone-hardening elements. Fleischmann's Yeast helps to keep them hard, decay-resisting, by aiding your system in making use of the calcium in the food you eat.

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You are also kept regular by the gentle laxative action of Fleischmann's Yeast which acts in the intestines and does not upset the stomach as do ordinary pills and drugs.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day, just as you would fresh fruit or green vegetables. (Follow directions on the label.) Send the coupon for free booklet. Fleischmann's Yeast—a product of Standard Brands Incorporated.

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The Kramer Girls

simply for the sake of making money—and so, of course, it would be the only thing for which Winthrop would be proud of me! I suppose they think since then I've deteriorated, since I haven't been in another 'Broadway success'."

Rose felt a little guilty. People had really wondered. She herself couldn't quite understand Jane's feeling. She wanted Jane to be successful and to have every one admit her magnificence. There had always been that sort of—well, cold loftiness about Jane, before which Rose felt humbled and yet chilled. It had seemed to her, too, that it was less splendid for Jane to be working for the New Theater organization. It astonished her to hear how lightly Jane talked of never making any money, as if there were no disgrace in that at all—as if it were in the natural order of things. Ah, there had been disgrace enough for Rose—months when she had to slip through side streets and could not meet the eyes of her friends, when she had felt really wicked, a kind of suspect, as if she were actually against the government or something like that.

And she had supposed that any one who lived in New York and had had her picture in magazines was rolling in wealth. Jane had such lovely clothes.

"Oh, but, my child, I don't save a cent!"

WELL, no matter how her life was conducted, Rose accepted Jane loyally. That was what made her so different from the others, Jane told her.

"You don't have to set up a law for everybody else, Posy. You accept things. Oh, Posy, the time I had at home—treading on the family's toes every minute! They wanted to know everything, and I couldn't tell them anything. How could I? I shocked them at every word. Oh, it was all right for two weeks, so long as I walked on glass every minute and never expressed a real opinion—but you know how long I could stand that sort of thing! We had a rumpus as usual. Mother wanted me to stay at home. Why, Rose, I should die! And why she should *want* me, when she's always criticized every single—oh, well!" Jane ended, with a bitter little shrug. She got up and walked about the room—she seemed almost too big for it. "And I *wanted* to come home. I'd got tired, and I was in a sort of mess—and I could have enjoyed it, if they'd only let me! If they could only see they drive me away, themselves!"

Rose was sympathetically silent. But the old magic of her listening worked.

Jane's face cleared. She said with that rare tenderness, that little considering smile: "Oh, Posy, this tea is so good! You always were an angel of a cook. Are you happy now, cooking and weaving?"

Rose blushed. She thought of all the troubled past—but yes, she was happy.

Jane said, with grand, sweeping scorn, "Weren't we fools!"

The sound Rose had been listening for came now—the children's voices in the hall. They came in eager, happy—stopped short, grew shy. This was Rose's moment of great pride.

"Children, this is your Aunt Jane."

It made her prouder still to see how nicely they acted. They were shy of Jane, but she was just as shy of them. After shaking hands with her, they retreated. Kramer wanted to go roller-skating with a "gang of kids." He pretended now not to see this splendid stranger and was even a little blustering. Rose kept her arm around him and stroked his rough, little sleeve, although of course she meant to let him go. It made her love the children all the more because she was showing them to Jane. Her whole life seemed enhanced and justified by Jane's approval. Marjorie Jane did not go. She, too, did not say a word, but she stood solemnly by her mother's side, staring in fascination at Jane.

"They were darling," Jane said shyly afterward.

And when Rose assured her, "Margie Jane

The Kramer Girls

thinks you're wonderful," Jane was still more shy and pleased.

She knew so little about children, she confessed. Rose had to smile at her efforts to talk to Marjorie Jane—it was as if she were trying to make friends with some little, wild animal. When Rose knew her two children so well! But she was pleased with the success of Jane's efforts. She asked the children, when they went to bed that night,

"Do you like your Aunt Jane?"

Kramer said, "She isn't our aunt."

"No, but she's mother's best friend, so we call her that. Do you like her?"

A brusk "Oh, I guess so!" was all she could get out of Kramer.

But Marjorie Jane's eyes were large and solemn. "*I* like her, mother. Hasn't she got bee-yu-tiful clothes? I think she does her hair so pretty, don't you, mother?"

After that, Marjorie Jane was Jane's worshiper.

"I *LIKE* Archie." Jane had followed Rose into the kitchen to say that.

It made Rose's cheeks warm with a deep flush. It soothed and sweetened all the old pain. In spite of the cold, white fire of her sweeping scorn which she could direct toward anything that seemed to her shoddy, Jane had a side of simplicity on which she could meet Archie. He was far more at ease with her than with any of the other girls with whom Rose had gone to college. Jane stood up for him fiercely, when Rose told her how he hated to build little all-alike houses.

Rose found herself wanting to tell every one in the street, "My friend, an actress in New York, is staying with me!" She was proud to have Mr. Kessler and Mr. Cole meet Jane at the office.

Rose did call up some of the girls—they both decided, giggling together like naughty school-girls, that it would be fun.

Just as Rose had predicted, the girls were excited. Dot wanted to give a luncheon for her.

"I thought"—Jane said—"they thought I was a renegade!"

They were excited about having any one who came from New York. It pleased Rose—no matter how Jane scoffed—when the reporter wanted an interview with Jane and when the president of the Woman's Club wanted to know if she wouldn't give a talk—"and, my dear, you must come, too!"

Rose had suddenly become popular with the great ladies of the town. Archie and Jane had a beautiful time talking about the methods of the Woman's Club—Jane enjoyed Archie's little jokes, his queer scepticism and independence that he always kept.

"I think Archie's a *dar*ling," she told Rose.

Most of the girls, Rose said, couldn't understand why she had married him—she always felt that, and so did Archie.

Jane was contemptuous. "*I* see why."

Jane let out all her extravagance, gloriously, in her scorn of their old classmate Ching Bangs, now graduated from a Y.M.C.A. secretaryship into the presidency of an insurance company, toastmaster of all the Winthrop banquets, the great alumnus of Danford.

"Why did you go to Winthrop, Posy?"

"Well, it was Georgie," Rose answered. "Mostly, at least."

Jane's face grew sober. She had liked Georgie.

It was fun, at the party, to go through this solemn pretense of being grown-up and Jane being a distinguished visitor—but they went home like two girls let out of school, talking and giggling.

"But, you know, I like Mary."

"Oh, I like Mary awfully well. I like all the ones I didn't like when I was in school."

"Isn't it the truth? But *Dot!* Darling, you didn't tell the half, in your gentle fashion."

In spite of Rose's compunctions and her tenderness of heart, she enjoyed the old sense of being mocking and aloof with Jane. It

Want to Get Ahead?

The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience".

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Send for booklet entitled, "Let Budget Help", which was written with a full understanding of the problems of those with limited incomes. Use coupon above.

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It's not only yourself

THERE are others you must think of when you drive . . . Others in your own car—others in other cars. Precious lives—your own precious little ones, perhaps . . . .

Women are safe drivers. Only a small number of our too numerous auto accidents are traceable to them. One reason is that most women use WEED Tire Chains when driving is difficult or dangerous because of snow, ice, sleet or rain.

Take this simple precaution

Put the sure grip of steel between your tires and slippery surfaces. Do not drive without the protection of Weed Tire Chains. Any service station, accessory store or garage can supply you. But get the genuine. The word "WEED" is stamped on brass-plated cross chains and red connecting hooks. WEED Chains are easy to put on. They'll do it for you gladly at any filling station or garage.

WEED TIRE CHAINS

for safety . . . for sure traction

The Kramer Girls

helped her to see the Winthrop girls in better perspective. She only put in an ameliorating little word now and then.

When they got home, Jane gave a lavish recital to Archie. He listened in delight, while the children asked funny little questions.

"But, Jane, I really did have a good time."

"Oh, so did I have a good time!"

They couldn't get enough of talking. Washing the dishes, setting the table, cleaning the apartment on Sunday—they couldn't afford to be discreet; and Marjorie Jane and even Kramer listened just as Rose herself used to listen to her older sisters.

Jane said once, following Rose into the kitchen:

"Rose, you don't know how often I think about Georgie. Tell me about her. No, don't, if you'd rather not. But if you'd just as soon, I'd love to hear."

"Well"—Rose talked as she got her Sunday roast ready for the oven—"you know, it was cancer. Georgie let it go too long."

Yes, she told Jane, she thought Georgie had been happy when she had a profession. The girls had liked living in The Rapids. She had to talk through the pain of her knowledge of her old rebellion against Georgie, and her realization—vague and yet humble—of something bigger in her sister's nature than she had ever quite grasped . . .

Jane listened, her eyes intent. She said with her fine, sweeping defense: "I *liked* Georgie. She was too big for the place. That was the trouble. If she'd lived at the right time, and in the right place, I think she might have been a great woman."

Rose's lips quivered. "Georgie gave everything to me," she said. "I wish she hadn't. She cared for me too much. You know, Jane, I feel that if I hadn't always had Georgie back of me, if she hadn't done so much for me, I could have done more for myself."

"Posy," Jane told her, "you would never have gone to college. You would never have this job you have now. You need poking up, darling. You must admit it."

"I know it. I do. But even so—"

"She did more for you than you know, Rose Carpenter."

BUT still Rose's feeling toward Georgie was a kind of tangled, aching darkness, filled with hot gratitude, deep rebellion, and shame. She couldn't help crying a little. In spite of everything, her tenderness was torn by the loss of Georgie. It seemed wicked that she could be working, and living happily, depending upon herself, with Georgie gone—for she felt that Georgie had wanted to do everything for her and had lived for her. Although Rose and Jane talked on—more happily now, recalling the wonderful time Georgie had in Chicago—there was still the aching and almost smothering knowledge of Georgie's generosity—how she used to give treatments to the whole family when they came to The Rapids, saying, "Well, you might just as well get rid of your kinks"; how she had read the advertisements in the papers and watched the stores for bargains for the children's clothes; and how, when she was dying in grim agony in the hospital, fighting and yet knowing the fight was useless, she had forced herself to plan for Rose's future—and Rose had not carried out that future at all.

Dear old Georgie . . . But now that she had learned to live without her, did she really want her back? Rose's tender heart ached.

"Who, mother?" Marjorie Jane was standing in the doorway. "Who?"

"Never mind, sweetheart." Rose wiped her eyes.

"I know. Aunt Georgie."

But there was Annie. What was she doing?

Oh, she couldn't be pried away from Hofthaler's, although Rose hated to think of her left alone in The Rapids. Now she was living with Miss Donohue, one of the other clerks, who owned a little house. What fun it would be if Annie could come while Jane was here! Well, she could, Archie said, with the slow smile that crinkled the skin about his blue eyes. He had just come into the room. He would drive over and get Annie. When? Right now! And he put on his hat and coat and went that very minute, Kramer loudly in his wake.

ANNIE came. They had put off dinner, and so she was in time to eat the roast with them. Her face beamed. She took just her old enjoyment in hearing Jane tell about the strange wonders of New York; she had all her old ingenuous interest in Rose and Rose's friends. It made Rose and Jane feel like two girls.

Annie reveled in the children, reveled in being in Rose's apartment. Nevertheless, when Archie suggested again that she'd better stay, she shook her head.

"Hofthaler's can get along without you." No, it couldn't. It distressed Annie. Rose had to tell Archie to stop.

"But she's younger than either of us," Jane marveled, when Annie had gone. "She'll be younger when she's eighty years old."

Jane declared that she was perfectly happy in her little room in Mrs. Brown's apartment. Rose followed her over there at night, to see if everything was comfortable; and then they sat on the bed talking. It was the one time when they were sure of no interruptions. There was so much that Rose felt she could tell Jane—this visit had unraveled tangled skeins of her old life; but she was back—and happily back—in her old character of listener and consoler. Besides, Jane's cold and sweeping candor was something that Rose had not the courage to match. In spite of Jane's greater sophistication, it was Rose who, in the end, kept her secrets to herself. Sitting up in bed, with her arms clasped around her white knees, over which the pastel-tinted silk fell in classic folds, Jane said many things to Rose.

"You know, Posy, sometimes I feel as if I couldn't stand the way I live. I feel as if I didn't belong anywhere."

"But I thought you loved New York," Rose said anxiously.

"I do. But you know, when you come from this part of the country, you never really belong there. I love it and I hate it. So there you are!"

"I wish you'd come back," Rose begged.

Jane shook her head. "I don't belong here, either. Isn't it a funny mess? And isn't it funny that until I went to New York, I always thought I hated it here? Now I stick up for it! But when I'm here I can't stand it. They're so smug."

That hurt Rose a little, and she thought it wasn't altogether true. But Jane didn't notice.

"And yet so many of the old gang are gone—the gang I first knew in New York. It changes simply over-night. It seems to me every one's out for money now and nothing else—tearing down all the old houses and putting up skyscrapers. All the old gang are married and settled down like every one else. Sometimes I think I'll get out. Live in Europe. Oh, I don't know what!"

Rose listened in rather uncomprehending but loyal sympathy.

"And then, Rose, sometimes I get honest with myself, and I know that it wouldn't really matter to a soul on this earth if I should kick off tomorrow—and when you're getting ancient and losing your looks, that isn't so good."

"Your mother—"

"Oh," Jane said with a light bitterness, "I think my family would be rather relieved to be rid of me."

"They wouldn't, Jane. You know it."

"Well, they've always disguised their love beautifully. Oh yes, there's Ronnie! I'll never really get rid of Ronnie on this earth.

The Kramer Girls

I've made him marry that little cutie, and *still*— And oh, yes, I forgot Harry Gilderstein!" Jane gave a cruel little laugh. "I might marry him. I suppose it's quite possible I will some day. I get so bored having him around under my feet."

"But, *Jane!*"

"Oh, I can't help it, Posy! I'd love either one of them if I could. But, Rose, I think I froze myself up when I was a girl. Or something did—my family. I don't know!"

Rose was silent, her eyes dark and suffering. There were many things she wanted to say. But she and Jane were too far apart. She knew things that Jane could not understand. Besides, she ached with the realization that in spite of her old adoration, the children and Archie, were far more to her than Jane.

Jane's eyes—blue, cold, rather small in her smooth, round face—were fixed. "It seems to me nobody in this world cares for the *best* any more. They just take what they can get easily. Well, I won't! I'll have nothing all the rest of my days. Sometimes I simply feel like a lost soul."

Rose cried, remembering this, when she was in bed in the darkness. But in the morning it seemed different. After all, Jane was successful, she was a person, she had had at least part of what she had wanted—adventures, adorers, strange splendor. In her coldly truthful heart Jane might feel like a "lost soul"—but only at moments. Rose had felt shamed through and through by Jane's fierce cry that she would have "nothing but the best." Wasn't that the way all people really wished they dared to feel? And Jane, lonely as she was, had dared to feel that way. But there was something more splendid about Jane—she had always known it—than about other people. When she thought of Jane, it was somehow like thinking of mountains in the distance—lofty mountains, bare but grand, with snow on their summits impossibly white and pure, and a cold, blue, shining sky behind them.

THE exercises were just ending when Rose and Annie reached the cemetery.

"Well! You should have got here a little sooner. We had a fine program. Here for the day?"

Rose managed to decline most of the invitations. No, she had left Archie at home with the children—she must get back. That was taken as a perfect excuse by most of the matrons of Valley Junction, on the grounds that no man was to be trusted with children. Annie's eyes were beaming. She was at home again. But Rose had a strange feeling that this whole scene was only a picture. The crowd leaving the cemetery was only a picture crowd—family groups, the girls in light dresses, the Methodist minister who had delivered the address wiping his heated face—even though she knew so many of them: knew the quartette of which Charlie Ruble was the second tenor, knew Mrs. Little in her voile summer dress, Mrs. Pickering (a widow now) getting dried and chipper and shrill as a little old cricket. Even Bert in the khaki whose seams were strained by his increasing plumpness. Bert's two youngsters clung to his hands as he spoke to Rose. Vivian's thin face was bright with rouge, and while she greeted the two sisters, her eyes were brightly scrutinizing Rose's city clothes. Lollie McCoy was pathetically glad to see them. Rose had a chance for the first time, to see Charlie Ruble's wife. It angered her to hear the false heartiness of Charlie's greeting:

"Well, well, well! How's the stranger? Still blooming just like a Rose!"

He tried to pinch Rose's arm, as he used to do Annie's, and she drew away with dignity. Annie was smiling painfully under the hurt of his patronizing and deliberate neglect. His wife stared at her with coolly insolent black eyes. Rose heard, with glad impatience, the sound of cars leaving. She did not like to come to Valley Junction any more. So many people had died, and others were getting older, more set in their provincial oddities—or else so changed that she no longer felt at home with them. But to Annie the place would always be home.

Now that people knew they were in town, they would have to stop in at their old home and spend an uncomfortable hour making conversation with their father and his wife. Rose understood the old man better now, not because of intimacy with him, but because of the exigencies of her own life. But Georgie's lifelong resentment stood in the way of any friendship. Besides, he made no claim upon his daughters. Rose wished that when she came here, she might come invisibly.

BUT when the people were finally gone, the peaceful homely beauty of the place began to work its spell upon her. It was for its memories that she still loved Valley Junction. They lent a strange distant brightness to the May air. The place seemed to her, at first, all trampled and belittled by the noisy hubbub of the exercises with the commonplace address, the bad singing, the marching of the veterans, the crying of babies. But when all the crowd had left except for little groups lingering around family lots, she seemed to lose the irritation of the noise and the banality, and to feel instead a poignant deepening of the old folk feeling. Flowers were warm and scented, beginning to wilt and droop, on the mounds. Flags in their hot, shiny colors were fastened above the soldiers' graves. The bridal-wreath bushes were thick and white with bloom and dripped small petals. Beyond stretched the hot, empty pastures to the darkness of the woods.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Lollie cried. Rose had opened the big flower box, with the shiny, green tissue-paper inside, that they had brought with them from Danford, where roses lay packed and fresh on the feathery green ferns. "Oh, you can get such nice things in a big place!"

But she would not take the few roses and ferns that Rose carefully disentangled from their feathery mesh.

"No, they look so lovely. I want you to put them on just that way. I decorated my lot this morning—Mr. and Mrs. Little brought me out."

The neatness of the McCoy lot was Lollie's pride. The tall, whitish shaft was one of the most imposing in the cemetery. The McCoys were important citizens in their day. This monument, and the markers that had cost a fair share of Lollie's minute savings, kept up her dignity and self-respect. The five graves were all decorated, and at the foot of the monument itself stood a tall, glass vase with a big bouquet of the early summer flowers that Lollie grew so carefully in her little yard back of the store for Decoration Day.

She stood back respectfully while Rose and Annie decorated their own lot. The graves of the three little brothers were sunken and shaggy at the side; but in the center stood a big, sparkling stone of polished granite. "KRAMER." That had been put up when their mother died. Her marker, and Georgie's, were of the most approved kind. Their mother's grave was slightly sunken, but Georgie's was rounded and smooth. On the mother's grave lay a tight, little, foreign bunch of home-grown flowers, of the kind Rose had seen in churches in the country. There were a few wilting pansies on Georgie's grave. On those of the little brothers, nothing.

The two sisters talked together about the distribution of the flowers. They put half the roses dutifully upon their mother's grave.

Lollie, standing back, murmured, "They look lovely."

Lollie and Annie wandered off together to look at the flowers. It disgusted Rose at first to see the older women's interest in the minutiæ of the decorations—just what sort of bouquet Charlie Ruble had put on his first wife's grave,

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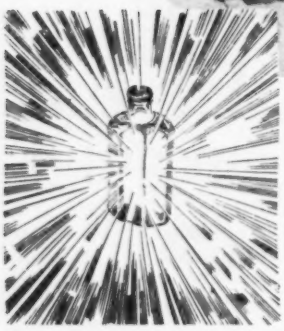

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March 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Kramer Girls

conjecture as to who could have put those snowballs on that little, old, neglected grave of a child. But then she felt a tenderness and pity. Both these older women had so little. Rose, in their place, would have starved. She was ashamed, and she bent down to spread out the roses on Georgie's grave—for it seemed to her now that she—her own generation—had had everything; and that there was no fairness in it, only the chance of time.

She watched Annie's plump, middle-aged figure; and all at once it seemed to her a miracle that Annie had kept the clear, ingenuous eagerness in her eyes. So little contented her. The daily intimacies of the life at Hofthaler's; the feeling of belonging and being appreciated and reliable; and perhaps, too, a shy perennial interest in that one man clerk—Mr. Loeffler, at the drapery counter, final authority upon his subject to all the housewives in The Rapids, with thick white hair and eyeglasses and shiny shoes, and a regal unconsciousness of the interest of the women clerks. Not that Annie expected anything. But the presence of an unattached man kept the decorous scene of the store ever alive and interesting to her . . . But Rose noticed how, when the two women stopped, it was near the lot marked with an old-fashioned stone, "FINCH"—that Annie's eyes strayed toward it, and studied the unexplained decorations on the graves of the father and mother and of Jessie, the dark-eyed sister, who had died of pneumonia . . .

BUT was Annie happier than Georgie? For Georgie had not had even that. Had she missed it? Rose remembered that stormy, busy, generous life, with its shyly guarded personal truth, and she could not tell. She thought,

"Georgie ought to have been the one to go away to school."

And she realized that she had never understood just what Georgie's life had been. Jane, in a way, understood better than Rose herself. What had been the course, the goal, the direction of that rushing, tumultuous vitality? . . . It was breaking into new places, it was going farther than her own, it was dragging them and forcing them all a little distance farther in its wake. And yet it seemed to Rose that Georgie had missed everything in the world.

"Girls! Oughtn't we to go now?"

She was suddenly impatient of emotion. But as she waited, she saw, in a leisurely and shaded corner, the grave of old Roland Yarborough's young wife, and the wilting syringa blossoms on it. Again she had that sense of ancient life, through her, defrauding Georgie—not consciously enough for her to understand just how. Old Mr. Yarborough had admired Georgie, but with much the same admiration he might have given to another man. Rose herself, with her blooming cheeks and dark eyes and the gold in her hair, had been a woman to him—she knew that now, had always known it—such another woman as his young English wife. They both knew something that Georgie had never known, and it was not fair to Georgie. She had been better than either of them.

"Girls, *please* come."

She was impatient to get away and drove so fast that poor Lollie held her breath. Nor would she come into the store, even for a glass of lemonade, much as it would have pleased Lollie.

"Well, I guess I'll stay here, babe," Annie said, a little shamefaced. "I'll take the train back to The Rapids."

"I wish you could stay all night," Lollie pleaded.

Oh, no, Annie must be in the store on time tomorrow morning.

"All right, then. Goodby," Rose said.

The older ones were content, after all, to have her go. They settled into the luxury of equal confidence in each other. Annie could enjoy the few hours in the shaded little rooms at the back of the store—laying her hat on Lollie's neat bed and combing her bobbed hair at the old-fashioned dresser; settling into the

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MR. *and* MRS. P. A. B. WIDENER II

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A baby, as exquisite and lovely as a French doll, living in a delectable peach and blue nursery. That's little sister Ella.

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With the children, health laws are scrupulously observed. A special point was emphasized early in their lives by famed child specialists. That was the habit of eating a *hot, cooked* cereal. And the cereal specified by the Wideners' physician and approved by the children's trained nurses was that universal favorite—Cream of Wheat.

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In using advertisements see page 6

These Two Recipes *won First and Second Prize!*

Chosen as the two best out of tens of thousands of recipes submitted in the Brer Rabbit Molasses Contest . . .

First Prize . . . $150

MAMMY'S FRUIT ROLL

Sift 2 cups flour, ¾ tsp. salt, 4 tsp. baking powder. Rub in 2 tbsp. shortening. Mix to light dough with ¾ cup milk. Roll ¼ inch thick. Brush with 1 tbsp. melted butter and sprinkle with mixture of 2 cups apples pared and sliced fine, ¼ cup seeded raisins, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon. Roll like jelly roll. Moisten edges and pinch together. Place in greased baking dish (one slightly larger than roll is best), cover with mixture of—¾ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses, 1 cup water, 2 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 min. Baste frequently. Serve with cream.

Mrs. J. Edward Thomasson, Hilton Village, Va.

Full List of Winners!

A full list of the 39 winners selected by the judges — Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management; and Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute—will be sent to every woman who took part in the contest.

HERE they are . . . the first and second winners in the Brer Rabbit recipe contest! Two *different* molasses dishes chosen from tens of thousands of recipes sent in from every section of the country!

Just try them! You'll find they are easy to make . . . economical . . . attractive . . . so delicious they're bound to become family favorites!

And, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses, they are sure to be perfect in flavor. Pure New Orleans Molasses—Brer Rabbit has that real old plantation goodness everybody loves. Gold Label is the finest quality light molasses. Green Label a rich, full flavored dark molasses.

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Every woman will want this special Prize Recipe Folder . . . 6 prize molasses dishes . . . each tested . . . each so good you're sure to make it often. Check the coupon! Send it in!

Second Prize . . . $100

PEACH CAKE

Sift 2 cups flour with 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ cup sugar. Mix 1 beaten egg with 3 tbsp. melted butter (not too hot); add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses and ½ cup sweet milk. Gradually add molasses mixture to dry mixture, stirring gently until batter is smooth. Add 1 tsp. vanilla and scant ½ tsp. almond extract. Spread in pan. Arrange sliced canned peaches on top, pressing slightly into dough. Sprinkle with 3 tsp. granulated sugar mixed with ½ tsp. cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot with cream or pudding sauce.

Mrs. Sarah Chase, Jonesville, Michigan

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The Kramer Girls

low rocking chair; going into tender and foolish ecstasies over the little spotted cat and helping to console it for its plaintive and uncomprehended exile upon the back steps; and then waiting while Lollie prepared the lemonade in tall, new, ten-cent-store glasses and brought out the plate of delicious cakes Mrs. Little had left that morning. With no one else in all the world was she on such terms as with Lollie McCoy.

But Rose drove home with a bold and steady speed quite beyond her usual cautious handling of the old car. Rose had no knack—she had a funny, scared, feminine ineptitude—with machinery. She was really afraid to drive alone.

"But what I have to do, I can," she was thinking with a kind of exultance. She was glad to get the whole Kramer family off her mind. Maybe she hadn't been worth the sacrifices of the older girls—maybe she had. She couldn't help it either way.

She was absurdly disappointed, at first, to come into the stuffy emptiness of her little living-room. Archie, she supposed, had taken the children for a walk or to the movies. She smiled to think of the distrustful attitude of the matrons of Valley Junction. Archie could be trusted with the children as well as Rose herself. Then she was glad that they weren't at home. It was sweet to have the place all to herself for a little while. She drew down the shades against the hot light. She could rest—tomorrow she would have to be at the office as usual. She smiled, with a tender amusement, to see in what careful neatness Archie had left the little kitchen. Whatever she might miss, there were things she loved about him.

SHE took off her slippers, spread out her toes in their thin, silk stockings, and lay down in tired luxury on the davenport. She thought back over all the men she had known—not an unusual mental occupation for Rose. Strangely enough, it was for Denny that she felt no special tenderness—and she had treated him worst of all! She was ashamed, when she thought of how often she had longed, cravenly, for his possessiveness that would have left her no effort to make. She had grown past that. Denny had risen to an official position in a large insurance company now. He was a solid citizen. She would always feel a little guilty, and a little pitying—but need she? Somehow she had the feeling that he was not half so nice as he used to be. It was about Hammie that she thought the longest—and with a certain pain . . .

Her eyes rested on the big, beautiful photograph of Jane, rested with tenderness and adoration upon the coolness of the smooth, pale face and pale, shining hair behind the glazing veil of glass that caught a high-light from the window. This would always be a home for Jane—this pretty room, crowded and yet restful, that belonged to Rose. It was the family center now for Jane, for Annie, for all of them. The beauty of the photograph added a gift of distinction to the home-like, pretty, ordinary room.

There was a photograph of Georgie, too, framed and hanging on the wall. But it hung in a poor light—and it was such a poor photograph, anyway, doing no justice to Georgie, and taken by a provincial photographer who didn't really know his business.

But Rose could not see that from where she lay. And the thought of Georgie was no longer painful to her—or the pain, at least, had been soothed by time and her own contentment. Georgie's strength still sustained her, although it had sunk down deep below her conscious life, where she was scarcely aware of its own existence. It was there now, as she snuggled her cheek, flushed from the hot drive, against the coolness of the linen cushion, and closed her eyes to get a little sleep before Archie and the children should come home.

[THE END]

Fireproof and Modern

(*Continued from page 40*)

concrete floors will be cold or that their very hardness will be difficult to live on. Both these ideas have been dispelled by practical experience. It has been found that these floors are warmer than ordinary wooden floors and that the polished terrazzo makes a comfortable walking surface."

An interesting sidelight on this prejudice was observed by Mr. Holsman immediately after the completion of Miss Robertson's house. A house across the way was completed at about the same time, and its mistress came over to inspect the home of her new neighbor. After walking through the house and then walking upon her own floors, she complained that they seemed to give and resound with a hollow vibration.

The house is heated by a furnace in the basement, with a fan connected to it which takes the cooler air from the lower part of the living-room through ducts around the outside edges of the house next to the outside wall, and delivers it to the furnace, where it is warmed and then blown back into the house through registers placed in the walls. The architect says that this method of heating the house is as economical as any furnace heating plus the cost of an electric fan to move the air and thus obtain an efficient circulation.

A Well-Thought-Out Plan

As the plans for her house were being formulated and drawn up, Miss Robertson sketched in the location of her furniture, adjusting and readjusting, thinking of a complete whole rather than the mere shell. As a result there were no extras; nothing was changed in the original plan. That will mean a great deal to those who use to excess their woman's privilege.

The plan of the house is economical and convenient, and while it was planned especially for the use of one person, it is equally well adapted to a family. The fireplace is placed on the long side of the living-room so that people can group around it comfortably, and the proportions of the room itself are pleasant. The dining space has been reduced to a dining alcove. The pantry is really both entry and cold room, and it provides storage space for foods as well as a convenient location for the refrigerator. A downstairs bedroom with a lavatory is another good feature. Upstairs there are one large bedroom and two smaller ones. The interior has an atmosphere of friendliness and welcome, and it is attractively furnished with simple modern furniture, a number of cherished antique pieces, and the works of art which Miss Robertson has collected.

A feature of the house which all visitors exclaim over is the sun porch—a room that exemplifies one of the principles which Miss Robertson believes is essential to a successful house, "Bring the outdoors in and the indoors out." From the porch, flooded with sunshine and color, one steps into an old-fashioned English garden in summer. In winter, with crystal snow making a magic prison of it, the room is no less charming.

The original verdure of the lot was retained as much as possible, with the result that the house nestles into and becomes a part of its surrounding landscape. Order was created out of a chaos of dogwood, white oak, red oak, and black oak, trilliums, gentians, wild asters, and innumerable others by clearing a small space for grass. This constitutes the floor of an inviting outdoor living-room.

And if you were going with me up the little winding pathway to the door of this house, you would stop before raising the knocker. Thereon is an inscription which was written by Alexander Robertson, poet ancestor of the owner, to grace his own doorway in Scotland, many years ago. It reads:

"Turn thee, judicious guest, and relish all
The various beauties of the globe in small;
The pow'r and being of a God you'll trace
In the contexture of this small space."

She who's slim and smooth of throat looks forever young

A SMOOTH young throat is one of life's loveliest gifts—yours for the keeping. How wickedly foolish it is to let cruel lines give your throat a crêpe-like texture! A crêpy throat looks so dreadfully old, and an elderly throat makes even a young woman look middle-aged.

But it is a simple matter to keep your throat flawlessly smooth. It requires only a little daily care, scientific care especially planned to suit your type of complexion.

The Dorothy Gray treatments for warding off crêpy throat, and for correcting it, have for many years proved their success in the Dorothy Gray Salons. So that you may readily give yourself these treatments at home, the same Dorothy Gray preparations used in the salons are sold at leading shops everywhere. The Dorothy Gray method is described in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

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The Fool of the Family

(*Continued from page 39*)

I think it was just over there in those woods."

He started to cross the clearing, but a hand was put out to detain him.

"You will not go," he was told. "It is unnecessary that you should concern yourself in these things. If there is any trouble, it is my part to set it right. I must ask you not to interfere."

There was a note of cool authority in this man's manner which Caryl could not brook. The memory of that scream still rang in his ears, and at the moment he would have died rather than ignore it. He was furiously angry.

"Get out of my way."

He tried to push past. The other struck at him with a stick that he carried. Caryl struck back with his fists. He wrenched the stick away, and for a few seconds the two men fought desperately up and down over the heather and whortleberries in the clearing. Caryl tripped on the root of a tree and stumbled forward, throwing his whole weight into a blow. There was a crash, a cry, and silence. Caryl peered and panted, but he could see no movement from the dim figure among the whortleberries. It lay limp, as though stunned.

But he had not much time, for the crashing and scuffling among the bushes had begun again. Several men were running out of the woods across the clearing. He could not see how many, but he knew that they were more than he cared to meet. He turned to fly.

The great car stood in the road, its headlamps making a pool of light in front of it, and the bonnet pointing up the hill. Caryl was in the driver's seat before he knew what he was doing. He stamped and tugged and felt the thing leap forward. As the lights slid up the road, something whistled past his head, and the windshield shivered into fragments over his knees. But the trees were racing past, and the roar of the engine drowned the noise of pursuit. His lamps showed him the first of the hairpin bends. He swung round it and in a few seconds came to another. A piece of road which had taken them an hour to climb that morning melted into nothing behind him.

"Unless they have another car," he thought, "they'll never catch me on a slope like this. I wonder how soon they'll get to a telephone— It won't be safe to stick to this car long— Oh, lord! what am I to do?"

His head-lights fell upon a tired group straying like a flock of sheep down the road, and he pulled up.

"Get in! Get in!" he gasped. "Get in as fast as you can. The black-shirts are after us. Oh, hurry!"

CHAPTER XII

"THEN he is dead, this man?" asked Max approvingly, as he leaned over from his seat in the back of the car to hear Caryl's hurried story. "You have killed him?"

Caryl, who had never thought of such a possibility, cried out with a qualm of horror that he hoped not. It was quite enough to have knocked down a Fascist and stolen his car.

He asked Sebastian, who had traveled this country before, how far the frontier was. For a few minutes he toyed with the idea of driving straight out of the country, but he dared not risk the chance of his pursuers reaching a telephone in time to warn the frontier officials. A party like theirs must attract attention, for though they all had passports of a kind, their appearance did not tally with the luxurious car they drove. They would certainly be suspected of having stolen it, and would be detained until the pursuit arrived. Their only chance of escape lay in getting rid of the car as soon as possible.

It seemed as though the steepest of the climb was over. The gorge was widening, and a greater expanse of sky brooded over new peaks which had shot up behind the shoulders of the old. After two more bends they flashed out quite suddenly beside the shores of the lake, which looked, in the starless night, like a vast expanse of nothing at all. Far away, at the other end of it, they could see the twinkling lights of Santa Maddalena, and some fifty feet below them, on a little promontory, the Hôtel Benito blazed into the water. It was less than a quarter of a mile away, and they nearly turned into the private road to it by mistake. The sight of it gave Caryl a shock, and he raced wildly along the road to Maddalena so as to get away from it as soon as possible. Halfway along the lake, in the shade of a little grove of trees, he stopped, switched off his lights, and summoned a council.

"What can we do?" he asked. "We can't take this into Maddalena. It would be fatal. As soon as they get to that big hotel behind, they'll telephone, and every village will be looking out for us."

"They'll be hours getting up," said Sebastian.

"They might pick up another car. We must get rid of this one. We haven't a moment to lose. We ought to have got rid of it before, where there were more trees. Here it's so bare."

"Put it in the water," suggested Mischa.

THIS was not a bad idea. Caryl looked down at the lake. The slope above was so steep that he thought it must be very deep on that side. But a whitish strip beside the road, just visible in the light of a rising moon, told him that there must be some yards of shelving beach. He was afraid the car would stick there and remain half out of the water, an object of attention to every passer-by. He did not want this relic to be discovered too soon.

"Is there any place," he asked, "where the rock goes down quite sheer?"

Sebastian said that farther on the road ran on a sort of causeway built out from the rock, and he thought that the water immediately below was deep. Caryl looked apprehensively back at the reach of road behind them. It was quite bare and white in the moonlight. Only the distant blaze of the Hôtel Benito warned him that any risks were better than delay. He started up again and went on rather slowly, looking for Sebastian's causeway. Gemma, with a sigh of relief, settled down to enjoy her ride a little longer.

The road mounted a slight slope, and great, overhanging crags shut out the waxing light of the moon. Immediately below them the water was as black as ink. He stopped again and strained his eyes to see if there was any shore. The rock was so sheer that he thought it was safe. So he turned the car round, pointed her nose toward the lake, and told them all to get out. When they had pulled out their things, he turned off the lights again and got out himself. With his alpenstock he managed to push off the hand-brake. They all pushed, and the slight tilt of the road was such that the car ran forward at once.

"Stand clear!" he shouted, as he leaped aside.

The car disappeared suddenly over the edge of the road. They waited, petrified, unable to move. Minutes that seemed like hours passed, but still they could not move. They all thought that it must have struck on some ledge of rock, for no splash could possibly be so long in coming. And when it came it sounded like a terrifying explosion, not a splash. It boomed and echoed through a hundred crags, and for many minutes afterward the last reverberations seemed to ring back across the water.

Suddenly, all together, they rushed to the edge of the road and looked down. A great circle of ripples was spreading widely over the water, but the car had disappeared.

Caryl took command again. It was only in moments of great stress that he ever did this, and at such moments they were all too ready to obey him.

The Fool of the Family

"We must get back into the woods as quickly as we can," he said. "Wait a moment. Put that down!"

Sebastian had picked up the great sack of marionettes. Caryl took it from him and threw it, without a word, into the lake. Then he threw over some pieces of scenery. Sebastian and Gemma, with a cry of expostulation, tried to stop him, but he waved them aside and threw over the wooden supports of the stage.

"My dolls!" lamented Gemma. "My dolls!"

"We've got to get over the frontier as soon as we can," said Caryl, "and we must travel light. We can't afford to burden ourselves with these. I'm sorry; but it's better to lose your dolls than go to prison."

He threw over some more of the stage, adding: "We can't go by a road. We'll have to cross the mountains somehow. Up there."

He hurried them back, with their diminished baggage, as fast as they could go along the road to the point where the woods began. Then they struck up among the trees, climbing and stumbling, higher and higher, till it seemed as if they must come out among the crags above. No place seemed safe enough to Caryl, for he knew that the whole district would soon be searched. They could not dare to show their faces again till they were across the frontier. And they all knew that he was right. They had lived long enough in Italy to know that their plight was serious.

Yet not one of them reproached him. In spite of their fatigue, in spite of the loss of their theatre, he knew that they would never reproach him, or suggest that he had not done right. They took the trouble he had brought upon them stoically and were ready to support him through it. He had no time, he was too anxious, to be consciously grateful to them, but the sense of their loyalty upheld him.

At last, when they had climbed for an hour, they came to a place where great boulders stood up among the trees, affording good shelter for the night. And here Caryl relented. He allowed them to stop climbing, and he even let them make a fire, well behind the rocks, so that its light could not be seen from the lake.

They piled on the sticks and all fell down together beside the blaze, too tired to take off their boots. Caryl, sitting apart on the top of a rock, tried to keep watch so that he might warn them if anybody came. But he had gone through too much, and before the moon got half across the lake he also was asleep.

HE AWOKE in the first pale light of dawn, stiff, cramped and overwhelmed in dismay. His dire predicament rushed in upon his mind. It seemed even worse than it had seemed the night before. He could not imagine how four men, a woman, and a baby were to get themselves unseen across the Monte Maddalena. It would have been hard enough without Gemma and her child, but with them it was impossible. Gemma was as tough as a little pony, but he did not think that she was equal to an effort like this.

From his perch on the rock he peered over at them where they lay huddled round the ashes of their fire. Max and Mischa slept with coats over their heads, but the faces of Sebastian and Gemma were turned upward to the paling stars. They lay fast in each other's arms, with Gemma's head upon her lover's shoulder and her baby snuggled in a shawl between them. And the sight of their young faces, so tired and so defenceless, filled Caryl with an agonized remorse. He thought of the frightful day ahead of them and how it had all been his fault.

"But I could do nothing else," he thought. "I had to fight that man, and I had to get away. When once I heard that scream—"

For the first time he realized that he had, in fact, left that scream unanswered. He had done nothing to help; he had merely saved himself. And he had been so busy saving himself that he had never thought of it till now. The idea was a great shock to him. He could not put it out of his mind or quiet his conscience about it, for he was convinced that those men had been beating some poor wretch, and perhaps they had left him helpless in the forest when they came running to the car. He might be lying there still, groaning for help which never came, which they had failed to give.

At last he could bear it no longer. He climbed down from his rock, went over to Sebastian, and called him quietly.

"Sebastian! I say! Wake up!"

Sebastian and Gemma opened their eyes and sat up, rubbing their cramped limbs.

"I'm going back," whispered Caryl.

"Back? Where?"

"Down to that clearing. I've been thinking. I believe that poor man is still down there, the man who screamed. I believe they were beating him. I must go down and see. I can't forgive myself that I haven't done anything about him before."

"Oh, don't!" said Gemma, catching hold of his hands. "Suppose they were waiting about to see if you would come back! Suppose you get caught! It's frightfully dangerous."

"I must risk it. If I don't get back before sunrise, you get on over the mountains without me. I'll shift for myself."

"There'll be no crossing any mountains till these clouds lift," said Sebastian. "Look."

THEY all looked up at the pyramid of Monte Maddalena. It was gone. Clouds had hidden everything above the forest line; they lay like a great mass of fleecy cotton wool just above the trees. There might have been no mountains above the lake at all.

"Well, of all the luck!" said Caryl.

Sebastian had got up stiffly and was looking for his stick. "I'm coming back, too," he said. "If there's any trouble, two are better than one. You'll stay with Max and Mischa, Gemma, and if any one comes, slip off and hide till we get back."

Gemma nodded. In the wan light her face looked old and ugly with fatigue, but she made no protest. Before he went, Sebastian did a thing which Caryl had never seen him do before. He kissed her. And on their way down into the woods he said,

"She's a good girl."

Caryl was beginning to agree with him. He said sincerely: "You're lucky to get her. But I'm dreadfully worried about her. I don't know how she's to stand this journey over the mountains. It'll be fearfully rough, with a lot of climbing. And there's the baby."

"Oh, she'll manage," Sebastian assured him. "But what are we to do if the clouds don't lift? We can't live on air, and we've got no food. Or only very little."

"If they don't lift before tomorrow," said Caryl, "I shall give myself up. Nobody need know the rest of you were in it."

They peered cautiously down between the trees and saw how the road ran in a pale zigzag below.

"It's getting horribly light," said Caryl. "We'd better follow the road just above. We might meet somebody if we went down."

They went on, slipping like shadows over the quiet carpet of pine-needles.

"I should think it's hereabouts we left the donkey."

Sebastian craned over again to look, and grew rigid.

"What is it?" whispered Caryl.

"Something's crawling along the road."

"Where?"

"There."

"I don't see. You mean a man?"

"Yes—I—Oh, my God! Look!"

Caryl peered through the tree-trunks and thought for a moment that the donkey had come to life. Then he gave a loud shout and, forgetting all possible danger, plunged downward after Sebastian.

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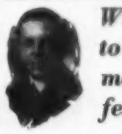

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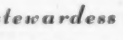
One might overlook them when lost in admiration of the inspiring sight of the Majestic, world's largest ship ...the Olympic... Homeric or Belgenland. Yet, back of all their fine beauty are the almost obscure essentials that make the trip vastly pleasant *Such a 'little' thing, for example, as a push button placed thoughtfully at fingertip length by your bed. A touch... and a steward or stewardess awaits your command. White Star, Red Star and Atlantic Transport Lines are unexcelled in service... in the art of being thoughtful of their guests' comfort*  *Then, such big things as spacious rooms... so important to the fullest enjoyment of your trip. And smooth, vibrationless speed, excellent food, frequent sailings... many things commend these ships... not the least, rates to suit your purse.*

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The Fool of the Family

The creature was crawling up the road upon its hands and knees because it was too badly hurt to walk. As it went, it made a little whimpering noise. It would put out one hand and drag itself heavily upward, whimpering all the time. But at the sound of their heavy boots it paused and cowered, terror-stricken.

Caryl with a groan of pity bent over it. But there was no pity in Sebastian's face, only a wild and blazing anger. He stood a little apart while Caryl fetched water and wiped the blood and sweat from that tortured face.

"He's not done for," said Caryl. "Only very badly knocked about. Do help me to lift him."

But Sebastian was no help at all. He could only walk up and down the road, muttering the most horrible curses that Caryl had ever heard.

CHAPTER XIII

IT was broad daylight when Caryl got back to the party among the rocks. He found them pinched and cold, sitting dejectedly beside the fire which they had re-lit. Gemma's baby was squalling loudly enough to bring all the police of Italy upon their heels.

"Do quiet that child!" he cried, as he swung himself down over the rocks above them.

"I can't," said Gemma. "He's hungry, and so am I. Please, how are we to get breakfast?"

"I don't know," said Caryl. "I'm hungry, too. Have we no food at all?"

"Only dry biscuits. Where's Sebastian?"

"Walking about and swearing. He's a nuisance. He's been swearing all the morning instead of helping me."

"Did you find your man?"

"We did. And I'm glad I went down. His name's Hügel, and he lives in a sort of ruined castle half-way to Kehlbach. They'd beaten him, but he wasn't so badly hurt as we thought at first. He'd a frightful gash in his head, and some smashed ribs, and couldn't use one leg, but I think he'll pull round. He was quite an elderly man. I'd like to . . . However, it's not my business."

"Such people," said Max severely, "should not go unpunished."

"That's what Sebastian says. And he was so busy saying it that he hardly took any notice of poor Hügel. I had to carry him up to his house on my shoulders. I handed him over to his mother and came back as quickly as I could. Poor old woman, she was in a state. It seems that Hügel's had warnings. So he brought it on himself. He was notoriously anti-Italian. They think a man staying at the Hôtel Benito was the ringleader, and if so, he's the fellow I knocked down. I'm glad I did. Give me a biscuit."

He nibbled a little, but he was too tired to eat, and presently he rolled over and fell into a doze. Gemma softly put a jersey under his head and took off his boots. Then, consigning her baby to the care of Max and Mischa, she crept off over the rocks to look for Sebastian.

It was a heavy, sullen morning. The lake was leaden, and a load of clouds still hid the mountains. She went wandering this way and that, picking a few wild strawberries to quench her hunger, until the trees stopped suddenly and she found herself upon a small, grassy platform with a rustic seat. A well-worn path from the hotel led up to it, along which were signposts at intervals, saying, *"Bella Vista,"* where once they had said *"Schöne Aussicht."*

The beautiful view consisted of a panorama of the Hôtel Benito a hundred feet below. It was an odd spectacle, because it had depth but no height, since the cloud had cut off all trace of sky, so that Gemma looked down at it as if she was looking at a hotel shut up inside a glass paperweight. She had a wonderfully comprehensive vision of many people busily enjoying themselves. Little boats plied backward and forward over the leaden lake and put in at the island in the middle of it. The water near the bathing beach was black with the heads of swimmers. Their shouts rang up through the rainy air. There was a glimpse of white figures on the tennis-courts. Cars came and went, and groups strolled about on the greensward in front of the hotel, while under the yellow umbrellas on the terrace some were still drinking their early coffee. Even on the golf-course, which rose up like a green wall behind and disappeared into the cloud, she could see some moving dots.

So much civilization, after her wild night in the woods, almost frightened her. She drew back quickly into the trees, but came out again a moment later, because in the vision hanging upon her eye there was one object which she must re-examine. There had been a young man sitting on a bench immediately in front of the hotel. She had noted him negligently, but when she looked again, she was horribly convinced. It was Sebastian, and she wondered that she had not guessed sooner. For of course he would go to the hotel. It was the worst thing he could do, and in this state of mind he would be sure to do it.

"And he won't even have the sense to buy us some food when he's there," she thought. "I know him!"

The sight of all this eating going on, on the hotel terrace, made her hungrier than ever, and the hope of getting provisions gave her courage to go down and extricate Sebastian. Sitting down upon the bench, she took a comb and a small looking-glass out of her pocket. Earlier in the morning she had washed her face in a stream, and she now tugged her black mop into something like smoothness. Her boots and clothes were dusty, but that could not be helped. She thought that they would pass, for travel-stained walkers were not uncommon on the Adlersee.

Sebastian, luckily, was still sitting on his bench when she got down. He was glaring at the hotel as if he meant at any moment to burn it down.

Gemma approached him casually and said, as she sat down on the bench,

"Have you got any money?"

Sebastian turned an inattentive eye upon her.

"What?" he asked.

"I said, 'Have you got any money?' "

"No."

Gemma sighed. It was a pity. Neither had she. Presently she asked him what he was doing.

"I'm waiting for the Marchese Ferdinando Emanuele Maria Bonaventure Donzati."

"With knobs on," agreed Gemma airily. "Who's he?"

"The man Caryl knocked down last night. I want a word with him."

"Oh, that man! Caryl's told me."

"Did he tell you what they did? Oh, my God, Gemma! If you'd seen what I've seen . . . He couldn't even walk— He could only crawl—like a beast."

"AND you're going—" Her voice shook with fright, but she still tried to sound casual, because that was the only way to deal with him. "—You're going to—"

"I shall go up to him," proclaimed Sebastian, "and give him my card."

"Oh, nonsense. You haven't got a card."

"I shall challenge him, as one man to another."

"The hotel porters will throw you out. That's all the good it'll be. Caryl—"

"Caryl's a *dumkopf*."

"Caryl knocked this man down, while you only talk. He got a car and got us all away. And he went down this morning and carried that poor man up to his house. I don't think Caryl is much of a *dumkopf*."

Three or four policemen went past them into the hotel. Gemma found that it needed all her courage to go on looking like an English young lady on a walking tour.

"The police are all over the place," said

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The Fool of the Family

Sebastian. "They were talking about it to a man with a car just now. They say that the anti-Fascists attacked the Marchese last night, and all the frontiers are being watched. But they think we got over before the alarm was given."

"Oh, let's get away! Oh, do let's get away!"

"I suppose they're making a sort of hero of that fellow inside there. Very heroic for five young men to beat an old one, I must say. But he'll be more of a hero before I've done with him."

As if unable to keep his hands off the Marchese, he got up and began to stride across the grass toward the hotel. Gemma followed him in an agony, smiling all the time and pretending that they were having a friendly argument.

"If you don't come back with me," she said mildly, "I shall take those scores out of your pack and tear them up."

"What?" On the very steps of the terrace he turned round to stare at her.

"I shall go back and tear up all your music."

"I'll strangle you if you do."

"You won't be able to. You'll be in prison. That's all that'll happen if you attack him now."

She smiled all the time and lowered her voice, so that a girl who was leaning over the terrace balustrade might not hear.

"I believe Caryl put this idea into your head," said Sebastian when he had taken it in.

"Caryl doesn't even know we're here. Do speak lower! That girl is listening."

Sebastian looked up and met the eye of Fenella, who was leaning eagerly over the balustrade. The sound of Caryl's name had chained her to the spot. She looked down into Sebastian's white, beautiful face and felt her heart stop. A wild, strange pang went through her, a memory of all that she had felt for Caryl. Everything that had happened since their parting seemed to melt away.

"But it isn't Caryl," she thought confusedly. "It isn't—why—oh, why isn't it?"

Her lips parted, and her eyes shone like blue stars, as she stared and stared at Caryl's brother. Sebastian, arrested in the midst of his fury, gazed up, blinking a little as though he had looked into the sun. They did not hear Fenella's mother, who came out for a moment on a balcony above, calling to her. But Gemma heard, and quick as thought she hid her face in her handkerchief.

"Fenella!" cried Lady McClean. "Fenella darling!"

"Yes?" said Fenella, turning slowly away.

GEMMA shot a swift look at the balcony. It was as she had feared. It was the fat goose of the Palazzo Neroni.

"Did you hear?" she whispered, as Fenella stood in converse with her mother.

"Hear?"

"Fenella! And that's the old woman in the Palazzo Neroni. It's Caryl's girl at last."

"That! Caryl's girl!" He blinked again. "But she's glorious!"

"Wait. When her mother goes in, I'll speak to her."

Sebastian was so much interested that for the moment he forgot all about the Marchese. Gemma saw that his fit of madness was subsiding, though the regard which he kept fixed upon Fenella was not entirely sane. When Lady McClean had left the balcony, Fenella turned to them again, and Gemma boldly addressed her.

"If you please," she began, "are you Miss Fenella McClean?"

"Yes," said Fenella, speaking to Gemma but looking at Sebastian.

"You knew Caryl Sanger?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"We have a message from him," said Gemma, her eyes dancing.

Fenella flushed a rosy red and murmured, "But who are you?"

"That's his brother," said Gemma, nodding at Sebastian. "And I belong to him. When I tell you who I am, you'll be very much surprised, because you've heard of me before. I'm Gemma."

"Gemma!"

Fenella started back.

"Yes. There's been a dreadful muddle. Caryl never met me till after you'd gone. He'd never even heard of me. I was with his brother, you see."

"But your message?"

"I'll tell you everything if you'll give me a chance. We can't talk here. Come up into the woods a little way with us and we'll tell you."

"Then you're his brother?" said Fenella to Sebastian.

Sebastian said that he was, and took her hand. He was not really very much like Caryl, but he was like her memory of Caryl, built up in romantic ponderings in the last three weeks.

"Do let's get away to some quiet place," entreated Gemma. "Caryl's here, you know."

"Here?"

"He's in the woods. He'll want to see you. But he can't come down to the hotel. Do come with us, and we'll explain."

"Then—then you—" said Fenella, looking at them both.

FRAGMENTS of this girl's history drifted back into her mind. The McCleans had censored a good deal of it, but she had heard enough to guess the probable relationship between Gemma and Caryl's brother. Sebastian was still holding her hand and staring at her. She took it firmly away, and her eyes grew less starry. But the lure of a message from Caryl overcame all her doubts. She strolled off with them across the greensward, over the plank bridge, to a quiet bench in the woods, while Gemma poured out an eager, incoherent story. They told her of the muddle in Venice, of their meeting with Caryl, their venture with the marionettes, the death of their donkey, the theft of the car, and ended up by saying how hungry they were.

"Have you got any money?" demanded Gemma hopefully.

"Yes, lots," said Fenella; an answer which Gemma had never received before. "But—but you say Caryl's up there?"

"Yes, where you see those rocks. He can't come down here, because he knocked down the Marchese Donzati."

"He did? Caryl did? I thought it was anti-Fascists. Why, the whole hotel is ringing with it."

They had to tell that part of the story over again, and Sebastian's description of the old man crawling in the road made her burn with indignation. Already a reaction had set in against the Marchese, for he had tried to make her forget Caryl, and now she knew that she could never forget Caryl. The story of Herr Hügel enraged her, and she worshiped Caryl for knocking his assailant down.

"But if he can't come here," she said, "how can I see him?"

Gemma asked her if she could slip out after dark, and walk along the lake road to Santa Maddalena. They would see that Caryl was waiting for her in the shelter among the trees.

"Does he—does he know I'm here then? Did he send you?"

"No," said Sebastian crossly. "He's asleep."

Gemma returned to the absorbing topic of food and appealed for help. Fenella offered to go down to the shops and buy them some, but on second thoughts they decided to go down with her and buy it themselves. It might look suspicious if she was seen carrying food into the forest, and she could always introduce them to enquirers as English friends encountered on a walking tour.

"We're a brother and sister," said Gemma, "and our name is—is—"

What is a Mouthwash, anyway?

WE hold to a notion, now more than 25 years old, that the real value of a mouthwash is in what it is, and what it accomplishes, rather than what advertising can be made to say for it. We know Lavoris is of real remedial assistance in some cases of physical disorder, but we prefer to have you learn of Lavoris from your dentist or physician in that way. We rely upon your common sense to urge you to the daily use of Lavoris as a preventive and refreshant. We rely upon your sense of nicety to tell you that there is nothing suggestive about the name, or sight, or aroma of Lavoris. You need not hide the bottle. Children, by the way, eagerly make Lavoris a daily habit. You can get it, in small, medium, or large bottles, at honest drug counters everywhere.

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In using advertisements see page 6

No other children's cereal brings a full hour of sunlight's health in every dish

Quaker Farina

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FINE, creamy granules of the inner, nutritious parts of wheat—that's Farina. For 52 years this famous hot cereal has been prescribed by physicians as the baby's first solid food. And these same wise physicians advise Quaker Farina for older children, too. Its creamy goodness offers the exact body-building elements that children need.

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The Steenbock Method of Irradiation, developed at the University of Wisconsin, gives Quaker Farina its new health value. This process has been proved reliable by countless tests over a 4-year period.

Quaker Farina

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Start at once to give your children this vital new health protection. We'll send your first package absolutely free. Or you'll find Quaker Farina containing the "sun" vitamin at your grocer's. No change in price. For free package, use the coupon.

WARNING: Don't be confused. The mere fact that grain is grown in the sunlight does not give cereal the "sun" vitamin. The husk keeps out the invisible rays from the heart of the grain. Only cereals marked "Irradiated Steenbock Process," are guaranteed to have the "sun" vitamin, stored there by ultra-violet rays. The only two such cereals are *Quaker Farina* and *Muffets*, the new whole wheat biscuit. The Quaker Oats Company has been granted the sole right to irradiate cereals by the Steenbock method.

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Write your name and address here and we'll send you your first package FREE. Mail to Dept. C-3, The Quaker Oats Company, 80 East Jackson St., Chicago.

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Street.....

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City..... State.....

The Fool of the Family

"Pinecoffin," suggested Sebastian.

"Don't be silly. Mr. and Miss—oh, dear! what names are there?"

"Smith?" suggested Fenella.

"Too ordinary. Think of something we'd be likely to be."

"I can't think of anything but Plunkett, somehow."

"What was your last governess called?" asked Gemma.

"Toothe. Amabel Toothe."

"They always have real names. We'll be Teeth. I was at school with you."

"But I never went to school," protested Fenella. "I shared governesses with my cousins."

"Well, where would you have met girls—girls like me, I mean?"

Fenella was sure that she had never met any girls like Gemma. She said doubtfully that the only time she had met girls in the mass was when she had gone to a Congress of the Girls' Diocesan Society. She had made several friends there.

"That'll do," said Gemma. "I know all about the G. D. A. and the G. F. S. and the Y. W. C. A. My grandfather was a clergyman in Rutland. I belonged to all those things once. But I don't suppose I do now."

Fenella, remembering Central Rule III of the Girls' Friendly Society, was sure that she did not.

THEY went back to the hotel, and had great fun on the way, enlarging the history of the Toothe family. Sebastian was almost himself again. Fenella's beauty had calmed and soothed him as no advice or exhortation could have done. He thought her the most enchanting creature that he had ever seen, and the horrible events of the morning floated away from him like thunder-clouds. He almost forgot why he was there, and spun out the moments while they bought provisions, so as to remain in her company a little longer.

But the clouds rolled back when they came out of the shop and almost ran into the Marchese, who, looking handsomer than ever with a small piece of plaster over his right eye, was just going into the florist's. In the offing a crowd of admirers pushed and stared, for the story of his adventure the night before had given an extra lustre to his heroic reputation. At the sight of Fenella he preened himself complacently and awaited her greeting with a conqueror's air.

"My—my friends, Mr. and Miss Toothe," she stammered. "The Marchese Donzati."

Gemma was so frightened that she dodged back into the shop. But nothing happened. Sebastian was taken by surprise and did not challenge the Marchese as one man to another. He merely stood aside, gaping, while Fenella hurriedly asked after the broken head.

"It's nothing," said the Marchese airily. "Nothing at all. But you will be glad to hear that we are going to catch the people who stole my car."

"No!" said Fenella, turning pale.

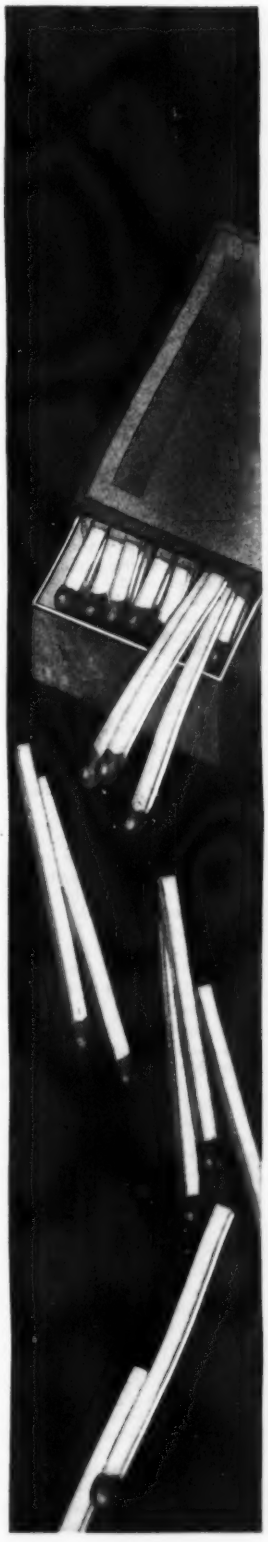
"It's most amusing. You remember the marionette show to which you would not go? It seems probable that those people are the thieves. One of them, a Russian, was arrested at Kehlbach last night, and she has given us the names and descriptions of the rest. They were on the road last night at the time of the outrage, and since then they have disappeared. But we shall catch them."

"But why should these people—"

"Two are Russian Communists, and one is a noted anti-Fascist. The marionette show was probably only a blind. They came here to stir up trouble."

Fortunately the situation was too much for Sebastian's sense of humor. He thought it so funny that he grew quite good-tempered, and he broke in with sparkling eyes: "We heard at Santa Maddalena that it was an old man called Hügel who knocked you down. That's what they're saying there."

INEXPENSIVE as matches



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You'll have a safe low temperature, a supply of ice cubes, with almost any automatic refrigerator.

But with Electrolux you'll have these conveniences at only a fraction of the usual cost—without noise, without trouble, without interruption.

Electrolux operates so inexpensively because it is radically different from other refrigerators. It has no machinery or moving parts. Merely a tiny gas flame and a slight trickle of water to circulate the refrigerant. By this simple method you get constant, unvarying cold; ice cubes that freeze quickly.

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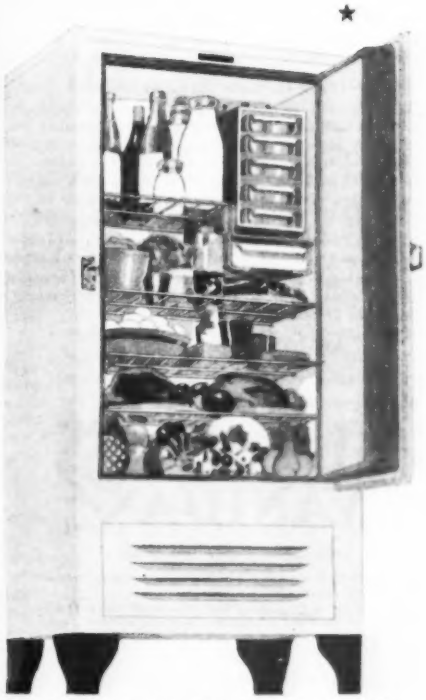

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

In using advertisements see page 6

Cooking for Company

a new idea

It's so simple with this Hostess Box

RASPBERRY ▲ RED

HALF the fun of cooking for company, says the Born Cook, is in having things you'll need on hand. If you have to stop to call up the grocer or put on your hat and run over to the store at the last minute for the odd flavor or color you want for a batch of little assorted frosted tea-cakes, for instance, half your enthusiasm has evaporated by the time you get round to baking.

ORANGE ▲ ORANGE

So at the Born Cook's suggestion, we've packed for your Company Shelf the Burnett HOSTESS BOX, a compact kit of 4 assorted Color Tabs (made from US Certified Colors) red, orange, yellow, green—and 4 ½ oz. flasks of assorted fresh fruit Flavors to match—raspberry, orange, lemon, almond,—with recipes.

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Now you can get ready for a party on short notice. Match flavors to colors—a charming idea for ices, frosted cakes, gelatines, candies, and frozen dainties. Tint the ice cubes in your electric refrigerator—a delightful suggestion for fruit drinks. All sorts of clever ideas for introducing a color scheme for the holiday or season into your party menu are outlined in the Born Cook's tested recipe book, "Doubly Delicious Desserts" which comes with your Hostess Box. Send for it to-day.

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☐ 10c enclosed for Doubly Delicious Desserts only.

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The Fool of the Family

The Marchese frowned slightly and said that it was not Hügel.

"But wasn't a man called Hügel mixed up in it?" persisted Sebastian.

"I was coming from an—an interview with a man of that name who lives in the neighborhood," said the Marchese shortly.

And because he did not wish to go into that affair before Fenella, he bowed and escaped into the florist's.

CHAPTER XIV

FENELLA, on her way to meet Caryl, tried to hurry, but a fever oppressed her limbs, and she walked slowly. The moonlight was eerie and dazzling: it turned the dust to silver and made the road seem infinitely long. She thought that she would never reach the dark patch of the trees—it fled away before her. Yet when she got there, she was almost afraid to plunge into it, the shadow was so deep. For a moment she hesitated before quitting the dazzling, silver world outside.

Inside, it was warm, as though the night airs could never blow there. She stumbled along in the hot darkness, nervously alert, and heard a rustle close at hand. Frightened, she gave a great start forward, stumbling into Caryl's arms. She was lifted off her feet and kissed a dozen times before she found breath to cry,

"Sebastian!"

"It's Caryl. It's me! Oh, Fenella! Oh, my darling! My darling!"

She could hardly believe that it was Caryl. He was so different, so passionate. She could feel his heart thumping against hers so hard that she was frightened. She was like a swimmer who finds himself unawares in the grip of a strong current. Desperately she tried to thrust Caryl away from her, crying:

"Don't! Oh, don't!"

He let her go at once, shocked at his own roughness. She found that he was growing more like the Caryl she remembered.

"That's all right," she said shakily. "But do let's get out of this dark place."

"I couldn't help it, darling—I'm mad—I thought you'd never come—I thought I'd never find you."

"Oh, dear, dear Caryl! That's quite all right. Come out on the road."

He was nervous of the road, it was so bare. So they went down through the trees to the edge of the water, where they found a strip of shingle, deserted in the moonlight, and hidden completely by the high bank above. Caryl put his coat for her to sit on and fell on his knees beside her, holding her hands and plying her with questions. Did she still love him? Had she been as unhappy as he had? What had she been doing in the Dolomites? Had she begun to forget him? Would she still marry him when she was twenty-one?

She would. She promised again and again that she would. Her shyness melted gradually. She let him put his arm round her waist, and they sat for a long time, talking in low murmurs, and watching the slow ripples of moonlight on the lake. They tried to make plans, but the night was too beautiful, and they could only cling to each other, sighing with happiness.

"But you must come to England," she urged at last. "We can't be separated any more. Couldn't you get work in London?"

"I'll try. But—I can't bear this waiting."

"I don't believe we'd have to wait so very long. I shouldn't wonder if my father came round. When he gets to know you better, and when he's sure that I couldn't be happy without you, I believe he might back us up. He doesn't agree with Mother's ideas of a suitable marriage. I think we might be engaged quite soon."

"Engaged!" said Caryl ruefully. "I want to get married. Don't you?"

Fenella did want to get married, all in good time. But she wanted the pleasure of an engagement first, a sort of general license to sit as she was sitting now, beside a moonlit lake, with Caryl's arm around her waist. She could think of nothing more agreeable, and she wanted to enjoy it for a long time, until some mysterious moment might come of itself when she was no longer content to be engaged, but ready for marriage.

"You do, don't you, Fenella?"

"Oh, I do! I do! But—"

"But what?"

"I'm so happy like this. I don't want *anything* more for a little while."

He understood her immediately and reproached himself again for the violence of his own feelings and the violence with which he had displayed them. But he had been so hungry for her, waiting all day among the rocks, and he had been so desperately afraid that she would not come. Now that he was sure of her, he would be infinitely patient. He would go to London and work for her and wait for years, if only she would marry him some day.

"Only two years," said Fenella. "I'm nineteen."

She said this with a little touch of pride, for she secretly thought it ever so much more mature than eighteen. Something in her tone reminded him of Gemma, who was also inclined to state complacently that she was nineteen.

The contrast between the two girls shocked him; it was almost ugly. It was absurd to think that they were the same age.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Fenella, aware that some chilling thought had come between them.

"Gemma."

"Tell me. I don't quite understand about her. She and your—your brother—are they lovers?"

"Yes," said Caryl.

Fenella sighed; she did not know why. "They must be happy," she said simply. "Do they love each other as we do?"

"No."

She sighed again.

Caryl began to talk rather strenuously about getting work in London, but Fenella would not listen.

"He's like you," she said dreamily.

"Who?"

"Sebastian."

"Like me? Nobody has ever thought that before."

"He's like you as you looked that night in the pier cinema."

"What an ass I was to throw away that job!" he sighed.

"Oh, Caryl! How can you? It was splendid. You'll say next that you were an ass to fight the Marchese."

"I think I was, rather. Ssh! I hear some one on the road."

Footsteps trampled on the bank above them, and there was a rustling in the trees. Caryl pushed Fenella back into the shade, where she could not be seen, and stood up, ready to defend himself if necessary.

"Who's that?" he called out in German.

A voice bellowed:

"Siegmund heiss ich!
Siegmund bin ich!"

And a slim figure leaped down the bank on to the beach.

"I THOUGHT I heard your voices cooing away," said Sebastian, "and I'm very sorry to disturb you. But the moon is up, brother Caryl, and we must be off while we can see. Max and Mischa have started already, and I've come back for you and Gemma."

He was beside himself with excitement and glee.

"Tonight?" gasped Caryl.

"How about poor Gemma? You haven't thought of her, I suppose? Is she to haul her baby up the Monte Maddalena?"

The Fool of the Family

"We'll all carry him in turns."

"But what a thing to make her do! It'll kill her. She'll never stand it. She's dog-tired already. You're the most—"

"Have you got a car?" said Sebastian, turning to Fenella. "Couldn't you bring Gemma over in it? Surely you could smuggle her over."

"Well—it's locked up tonight. I couldn't get it very easily. But I do often go over the frontier, and if tomorrow morning early—"

"I won't have Fenella brought into this," said Caryl.

Fenella quickly asked if Gemma had a passport.

"She can't use it on this frontier," said Sebastian. "The police have our descriptions."

"I'll bring my maid's passport," said Fenella. "She's small and dark, like Gemma. And I'll bring her black hat and coat. I'll be just here on the road at half-past six tomorrow. That's the earliest I can get the car. I shall tell my people that I've gone over the frontier for the day. Tell Gemma to be here."

Caryl protested angrily, but when they asked him how else Gemma was to get across the frontier, he had nothing to say. He was sure that she could not manage the mountain crossing.

"There's a village called Steineck," said Fenella, "about four miles across the frontier as you come down the Maddalena. And farther on, in a little grove of trees, there's a well and a Calvary beside the road. Whichever party gets there first will wait for the others. It's about two miles beyond Steineck. I will bring some food with me."

"Really and truly, Fenella, you don't understand how awkward it would be for you if—"

"But, Caryl! It's our only chance of seeing each other again. Don't you want—"

"Of course, I want to see you again, but—"

"Oh, hurry up!" said Sebastian, fidgeting. "We shan't any of us get over if we don't start while the moon's up."

"I can't allow Fenella—"

"My dear fellow, she isn't your wife yet. You can't give orders to her. If she wants to bring Gemma over, she will, and you can't stop her."

Fenella began to scramble up the bank, and Sebastian, who was at the top already, pulled her up. They all hurried to the edge of the trees where the silver road began. Caryl was still entreating her to take no risks, but she only laughed at him.

"Goodby," she whispered.

Caryl touched her hand, knowing that Sebastian was looking on.

"Goodby—"

She waited for a moment and then said goodby to Sebastian. A moment later she was running off down the moonlit road. Caryl's only comfort was the knowledge that he would see her next day.

CHAPTER XV

"*Bambino*," said Fenella blandly to the sleepy official at the frontier.

A tall young man in a black cloak looked from Gemma's baby to the passport of Mlle. Sophie Dubonnet, which he had in his hand. The photograph was all teeth and as like Gemma as such portraits usually are. He was quite satisfied with that. But no baby was mentioned.

"This child," he said severely, "must have a passport."

Gemma declared, with perfect truth, that he had not needed one when she brought him into Italy.

"It is necessary," he said stubbornly.

Fenella looked at him with a gentle docility, as she used to look at policemen when she had exceeded the speed limit or wished to leave her car in a forbidden place. She always treated policemen and customs officials as though they were kind people there only to help and advise her.

"We thought he didn't need a passport until he was a year old," she lamented. "I ought to have asked the Marchese Donzati."

Her car was well known at the frontier, for she had often been across, and sometimes the Marchese had been with her. She knew that his name was a talisman.

The young official hesitated. He said that he would ask, and he went with their passports into the little hut beside the barrier. Gemma and Fenella sat nervously together in the car.

"The mountains would be better than this," said Gemma, which was ungrateful.

But at last he came back, having given their passports the official stamp. He was not at all sure of the official regulations as to the illegitimate child of a Swiss maidservant in English employment, and he did not want to offend the Marchese Donzati. Fenella concealed her relief and smiled at him gently as her car slid through the barrier. But their troubles were not over. Fifty yards down the road they came to another barrier, and another hut, with the Austrian flag above it.

"*Bübchen*," she said, when the inevitable difficulty came up.

THE Marchese's name would hardly help them here. But the old man who took their passports was sleepy. He had so many children at home that he looked upon them almost as pieces of furniture. His officialdom was as down-at-heels as his uniform—a great contrast to the young black-shirts with their Roman profiles. He fumbled about with his papers and went into his hut to check off their car on the list which had a temporary license for short runs over the frontier. The two girls found it hard not to fidget, for time was getting on, and all the Italians, leaning over their barrier down the road, were staring.

"What hours it is!" sighed Gemma. "I'm sure something will go wrong."

"He isn't any longer than usual. They always are slow here. At least the Facisti are businesslike."

"They'll know us again when they see us. What'll they say when you come back without me? Won't they suspect something?"

"I shall make a big detour and come back by the Rüdeck Pass. I can do it in a day, and I've said I won't be back till late."

"Suppose we get caught before we get away from here? What'll you do?"

"At the worst they couldn't do anything very awful to us," asserted Fenella confidently.

Gemma scowled. She felt that Fenella had summed up in one sentence the whole difference between them. For she had never known security, and Fenella had known nothing else. Experience had taught her that nothing was too awful to be done to her unless she had her wits about her.

The old man came shambling out with their books. It was all right. They were free. They slipped past the second barrier. They were in Austria. Fenella settled back in her seat and smiled to herself as the car gathered speed, but Gemma was still shaken.

"You don't know much, do you?" she said sourly.

Fenella agreed. She was quite aware that from Gemma's point of view she did not know much. That maxim about "living dangerously" still obsessed her, and she thought that Gemma, who must have lived very dangerously indeed, could well lay claim to greater wisdom. She had avidity for experience, natural at her age, and since the more brutal kinds of experience had been kept from her, she suspected that they might be enlightening. But her humility exasperated Gemma. Only an innate conviction of superiority could make any one so unaggressive.

"It's very broad-minded of you," she said, "to associate with me—isn't it?"

"Don't talk nonsense."

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The Fool of the Family

"'Tisn't nonsense. If you knew anything about anything, you wouldn't do it. Listen!"

And as they swung down into Steineck she began to describe her life in her grandfather's home, in Marseilles, and afterward in Italy. She described the horror of her mother's death, and how she herself had suffered in the Venetian hospital. But she found that she could not say what she wanted. She could speak of sorrow and pain, but she could not tell Fenella of all the squalor and baseness to which she had succumbed, because she could not find any decent terms in which to describe it. She saw that Fenella only pitied her.

"You don't understand," she said at last. "All these things—they've made me hard. I don't care for anybody or anything."

"You care for your baby," said Fenella quietly.

"Poor little tyke! I suppose I do. But there's not much merit in that. Guinea-pigs care for their babies."

"Some women don't. I've known rich women, with safe, easy lives, who didn't. And you care for—for Sebastian."

Gemma stiffened and cast a resentful glance at her out of the corners of her slanting eyes. Not to any smug, white girl was she going to admit how much she cared for Sebastian. Nobody was to know that, though she suspected that Caryl might have guessed it.

"He's all right," she drawled. "'Till I find some one better."

This time Fenella really did shrink away a little, and they drove through Steineck in silence. She was thinking that Gemma did not really deserve a man like Sebastian.

BEFORE they left the village they paused to buy a stock of provisions, and then they drove on slowly to the Calvary in the wood. Two dusty figures were sleeping in the grass beside the fountain. The Sangers, making the most of the moonlight, had accomplished their crossing in ten hours, pausing only between three and four in the morning, when the moon set.

The two girls fell upon their lovers in an ecstasy of relief, and they all sat down to breakfast together, chattering about their adventures. Caryl and Sebastian had nearly fallen over a precipice and had actually saved much time by sliding down a short snow field. Once they thought they had caught sight of Max and Mischa on a ridge above them, but since then they had seen no trace of the Russians.

Fenella had to get on very soon, if she was to make her round in the day and get back into Italy by the other road. She kept on saying that she must go, and Caryl, prudent to the last, kept on agreeing with her, though he held her hands to make her stay.

"Do go! Do go, go!"

"I must! I must!"

At last he fairly dragged her toward the car. And Gemma, who had quite forgotten her little fit of temper, ran up with a gay posy she had made and pinned it to Fenella's shoulder, whispering,

"*Glückliche Reise!*"

Fenella, touched, did not know how to thank her. After a tiny pause the two girls kissed each other.

"Now kiss Caryl!" commanded Gemma.

Fenella laughed and kissed him as a sister kisses a brother at a railway station, with a hurried peck at his cheek. But even that much demonstration was enough to embarrass them, so that she turned away quickly to Sebastian.

"Him, too!" chanted Gemma.

Fenella did not kiss Sebastian, but she let him kiss her, which he did with composure and not at all as a brother kisses at a railway station.

Caryl was too much confused to know what was happening, while to Gemma a kiss was no more than a sneeze; it was nothing. They did not see how Fenella whitened or how she pushed Sebastian violently away from her, as if she

In this NEW KELVINATOR *3 degrees of cold for 3 distinct tasks*

THINK of an electric refrigerator that combines for the first time, a refrigerating plant, an ice-making plant and a cold storage compartment—all in one beautiful, compact unit!

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F. O. B. DETROIT

In using advertisements see page 6

"How CAN *you afford so many new stockings?*"

"*Since I learned this Secret of the Broadway Shows*

My *Stocking Money goes* twice as far!"

"MY stockings cost me $1.45 a pair and they never seemed to last *any time at all!* One day I looked over the ruins of half a dozen pairs. I was so tired of having only one good pair to my name! How I longed to have six pairs in my stocking box *all in good condition.*

"But my stockings wore out so fast it left me poor just replacing worn-out ones.

Secret of New York Shows

"Then I happened to read how the big New York musical shows keep *their* stockings just like new *twice as long* with Lux.

"I decided to try it myself. And I've done just what these big shows do—I make my stockings wear twice as long, by washing them in Lux.

"Now my stocking money buys *extra* pairs instead of just replacing worn-outs. I've several good pairs of the latest shades *all the time*—and I don't spend a cent more!" . . .

Broadway's musical shows tried many different soaps, different washing methods to make their sheer, dancing stockings last longer. And found—just what you will find—that stocking money goes twice as far—if you *always* wash stockings in Lux!

"We would use Lux if it cost $1.00 a box," says the Shubert general manager—"Lux saves stockings!"

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

was trying to push away the excitement which had leaped up, like an unholy flame, between them.

"I must go," she cried. "And—and—oh, Caryl, come to England quickly!"

She jumped into her car and sped away along the road without once looking back. Sebastian stood staring at the cloud of dust which she had left behind. His eyes were bright, and he, too, was pale.

"It's years since I've been to England," he said. "I've been meaning to go back."

Caryl without much enthusiasm, asked him why, and Gemma said that if she owned hell and England, she would rent England and live in hell. But Sebastian told them firmly that they were all going.

"How will you pay the fares?" growled Caryl.

"You can lend us enough for that."

Caryl, now that he had finally lost Fenella, was inclined to take a black view of everything. His money was in the savings bank, and since he could never now go back to Italy, he saw no chance of ever getting it out.

Gemma, who was really sorry for him, ran over to console him.

"Never mind, Caryl," she said, flinging her arms round his neck and giving him a great many little kisses. "It'll all come out right. You see! Your girl's a darling. We all love her. And you'll get a nice job in London, and you'll marry her, and you'll live in a lovely, little house with a blue door, quite near to the Tube station, so that you can get to your work early. And every morning at nine o'clock you'll come bouncing out of the blue door with a little attaché case, to catch your train. And Fenella will wave at you from the window. And you'll have lots and lots of darling little—"

"Oh, stop it'"

"But that's what you want, isn't it?" she asked in surprise.

It was, very nearly, what he wanted.

(*To be continued*)

Making Good Garden Soil

(*Continued from page 41*)

In order to determine what foods are needed, there should be some understanding of what these different elements do for the growing plant. Phosphorus strengthens the stems of plants and promotes the growth of roots and rootlets. It hastens the maturity of fruit, flower, and seed. Plants lacking in phosphorus are weak growers, producing few flowers and little fruit or seeds. Nitrogen produces good foliage and stems, speeds up the growth, and gives good color to the leaves. Undersized flowers, poor, short stems, and sickly, yellowish foliage result from a deficiency of this element. Plants that are forced too much by nitrogen fertilizers become easy subjects to disease, as their cell structures are weak, and roots or tubers do not keep well if too much of this element is used. Potassium is a sort of balancing agent between the other two, but is necessary for healthy growth.

Now, if we know what our soil lacks, we may proceed to supply it. The control of drainage and the addition of humus or plant food are comparatively simple. They may be adjusted to meet a general deficiency in the soil or to supply the needs of certain plants. Bulbs, especially, need light, well-drained soil and a good supply of food if they are to thrive. Roses do best upon a heavier soil, but it must be well-drained. Peonies produce the finest roots upon light soils, but the best plants and flowers upon soils somewhat heavier. And down through the list, if you study and understand the needs of your plants and then modify the soil to suit, you can achieve success. If, however, you simply charge your successes and failures to luck, your garden becomes largely a matter of chance. Study will teach you that

Making Good Garden Soil

there is a definite reason for everything that happens to your plants.

One of the factors of garden success or failure, which in recent years has received well-deserved attention, is the acid or alkaline reaction of the soil. For a long time it has been known that lime increases the alkalinity of soil while humus and sulphates increase acidity. The most of us, however, are just learning that many plants grow much better in one or the other of these soils. Rhododendrons, azaleas, and the heathers have demonstrated their preference for extremely acid soils. Many an amateur has tried to naturalize the dainty trailing arbutus, but unless just the proper degree of acidity is provided, failure is the result. It is a simple matter today to determine the acid or alkaline content of any soil by making use of a soil-testing outfit. There are several of these on the market, some of them quite simple and inexpensive. Only by actual tests can the real conditions be determined. Where extensive plantings of any but the commonest garden plants are to be made, a complete soil survey and a soil map should be made to guide in preparation and planting.

With detailed knowledge of the soil reactions, plants may be located according to their preferences, and locations may be altered to meet the needs of certain plants. Acidity is reduced and soil made more alkaline by the addition of lime, and a simple way to increase acidity is to add aluminum sulphate. This latter chemical is frequently employed to prepare pockets for such acid-loving things as rhododendron. Humus should also be added to such places to improve the soil texture and to increase acidity. There is comparatively little data available as to the acid or alkaline preference of the most of our garden plants. Many do best in a neutral soil, one that is neither extremely acid nor alkaline.

Spade and Dig Deeply

A time-worn instruction is, "Plant in a well-prepared soil." Just what constitutes a well-prepared soil? Soil preparation, in the usual understanding of the term, means spading or plowing to pulverize the earth and then raking to make it fine and smooth. Good soil preparation must go further than this; it must insure perfect drainage, adequate food supplies, and a proper texture. Few gardeners prepare their soil deeply enough. Spading just the depth that one spade will turn is not enough for any but the most shallow-rooted plants. Trenching, that is, spading and digging to a depth of eighteen inches or more—gets the best results. By this method you not only pulverize the surface and aerate the soil, but by breaking it up to a good depth you make it more receptive to plant and root growth. Remember the roots of many plants go quite deep, and while this may cause extra work at first, it saves trouble later, for plants with deep-growing roots withstand drought much better than shallow growers.

Few of us make any extra soil preparations for spring-flowering bulbs, but you would be surprised at the improvement where extra care is used. I know one commercial grower who not only plows as deeply as possible, but follows through each furrow with a heavy subsoil plow that breaks it up to a depth of nearly three feet. Maybe such deep preparation is not necessary, but he grew by far the finest crop of bulbs it has ever been my privilege to see.

One of the best backyard gardens I ever saw resulted from thorough soil preparation, trenching three feet deep. The peonies, shrubs, and everything else grew with exceptional vigor.

Do not be discouraged if your gardening must contend with unfavorable soil conditions. Sandy soils, gravels, clays, muck soils, or even rocky hillsides may be modified, subdued, and improved, till the finest plants and flowers may be grown upon them. It will require study, patience and perseverance, but it can be done.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Why don't you write?

Variety Marks the Mode

(*Continued from page 65*)

seasons has it been so important for you to know what is smart and how to adapt that smartness to suitability and to your needs. In passing through a big change in fashions, it is necessary to be cautious and follow the dictates of practicality. Otherwise one is likely to go to extremes, to be carried away by what is labeled as "new." That is a mistake. Suitability is the thing—suitability to the occasion, suitability to the person and figure. This is always true, no matter what may develop in the realm of clothes.

The spring fashions are now in the making. There is little indication of further big changes for the present, but there is a strong indication that certain fashions will be moderated and that certain details will be stabilized. One of these is the question of skirt lengths. And on this question, we repeat what is said above—suitability is the thing.

Skirt Lengths

It is a mistake to wear too long a skirt for sports, it is a big mistake to wear a long, dangling skirt on the street for shopping and other daytime occasions, and it is even more of a mistake to wear an irregular hemline with a straight coat, or a dipping coat with a dress that has no relation to it.

There are definite lengths for skirts, all based on suitability in the mode, and in planning your spring wardrobe, use these, which we give you here, as your guide—remembering, of course, to adjust all measurements to suit your own figure. For sports, the length is over the knee and below it three or four inches. The dress or the coat must fit its rôle, simple and comfortable and short. For traveling, or for street tweeds, the skirt should be from fourteen to fifteen inches from the floor, no shorter. For business, the skirt should be a little longer, perhaps thirteen inches from the ground. This is a good length for the black crêpe frocks which have been so smart all year and will continue into the spring and later in brighter colors and in printed silks. There is nothing extreme about these lengths, but they are longer than last year's and conform to the new silhouette of the higher waist and curved lines.

The afternoon gown for more formal occasions is longer, about twelve inches from the floor, a dress to wear to a formal luncheon or to a bridge party away from home. The tea dress is still longer, about ten inches from the floor, a dress for parties and at home when entertaining. Then for evening, skirts reach the ankle or touch the floor, and for extremely formal occasions there will be trains. But there will be fewer of the trailing or pointed skirt effects we have seen so much of, and most of the skirts for all times of the day and for the evening will have even hems, with no irregularity.

The Spring Suit

The ensemble has lost none of its prominence, and more and more it seems the chic thing to wear related coats and dresses, even in the evening. For spring, the softened version of the tailored suit will be smart and extremely popular. There are tailored details, but there will be a flare to the silhouette in coat and skirt, and lovely, soft blouses to wear with them. These dressmaker suits fit into the new mode beautifully because they are feminine and altogether becoming to a great number of women. Some of the jackets for spring will be belted, so for those of you who do not prefer the flared and fitted silhouette, choose a suit with a belt that may be placed where you like. There will be no departure from the femininity we have talked about so much—everything will be softer, prettier, more becoming.

When Your Child is Sick

(*Continued from page 98*)

the different room temperatures, and to eliminate strain of feverish overactivity of the sick child: and, finally, to avoid over-fatigue, which in itself is harmful just at the time when rest and quiet are indicated.

Being in bed should leave a happy memory. Mothers are advised to keep certain cheerful accessories for these occasions—an attractive bed-jacket, bunny slippers, a colored bedcover, little table, a special glass and pitcher, or a comforting little doll or animal companion who comes out only to keep us company if we stay in bed. Bed meals can be contrived to bring surprises, and a flower on a tray, or an arrangement of charming dishes may be looked forward to eagerly by a beauty-loving child.

This letter does not urge you to take undue responsibility, or make your own decisions about sick children, or do without a doctor. It stresses what seems to me to be the single, simple thing that you can do to assist the physician in the first stages of any illness, and to help your child conserve strength so that he may recover quickly.

Josephine Hemyon

LOST SPRING

By Marion Valentine

WHEN *each new year brings forth new life*
In fragrant mists of green;
When mating birds, and youth, and love
Through all the world are seen—

WHEN *poppies splash their hearts' bright blood*
As round your cross they dance,
And Norman apple-blossoms blow,
It must be spring in France.

I KNOW *it must be spring in France*
Because you're lying there,
For since you left spring's never come,
And it must be somewhere.

All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 21*)

she didn't feel approved. "It's the way he looks at me," she phrased it to herself. But it was deeper than that. It was, thought Helen, groping helplessly, something secretly arraigning. He was supposed rather to dislike all women.

"And why it should be me he has it in for," she said half aloud, petulantly, "when it was Nina who broke her engagement to him at the mature age of twenty-one, and married Horace, before he ever knew I lived! And he's as easy and nice with her as you please, and always assumes I'm the lowest form of standardized flapper!"

She sat down, crossed her knees ostentatiously, and began to make very black the lashes which she preferred usually as they were, being brown-gold and long enough by nature. She liked to shock people who disapproved of her, especially such impeccable ones as Ethan.

He owned a marble quarry and a beautiful, walled estate older than the town named for his people, on its outskirts; he did a lot for the town; he played games well; he had an invalid mother, and a dark-green roadster that had cost a lot. But he disapproved of Helen. And even if he was lumping her in with the rest of her sex, Helen resented it. She was used to charming.

HE DID not seem especially disapproving just now. He was whistling something under his breath absently as he came, a rocking, familiar tune—

Helen laughed. Of all things, for Ethan Kingsway, the responsible-minded, to be whistling—why, it was quite human! She picked it up and began to sing it herself:

"I had a little nut-tree; nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg, and a golden pear,
The King of Spain's daughter she came to visit me
All for the sake of my little nut-tree!"

"Why," he said, instead of greeting her, and looking at her with almost a pleased surprise, "do you know that? I thought nobody knew nursery rhymes any more."

"My mother sang me to sleep with it," said Helen.

Why should he think her incapable of knowing anything as old, or as lovely and simple as that childish rhyme, with its rocking, dancing old tune? Oh, well, probably he thought her the sort of person who was too sophisticated to admit having been sung to sleep by a mother. She went on with her making up, looking at him through her long lashes as she rouged her cheeks.

"Why do you suppose the King of Spain's daughter came to visit?" she inquired casually. "Why wasn't it any other person?"

"Oh, there was a good reason."

"You act as if I weren't worthy of it," said Helen suddenly, pert at his reluctant voice.

"Will you give your cousin a message for me? Will you tell her, please, that I am called out of America suddenly on business? I came to ask her forgiveness in person for having to cancel a dinner engagement next Wednesday. Tell her I shall write, but add my very real personal regrets, please."

"Surely," said Helen, smiling up at him. "Will you be gone long?"

"It's uncertain," he said.

"One of those Kathleen Mavourneen trips," said Helen lightly, "—it may be for years and it may be forever."

"Yes," he said, "exactly that. A Kathleen Mavourneen trip."

"'It may be for years, and it may be forever,'" Helen hummed in her soft contralto. "'Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?'" She added with the impishness she had for him alone, "You'll miss such charming musical afternoons as these! Why are you going, really?"

"I am summoned, I am afraid, to assume a small but troublesome responsibility." He smiled a little to himself.

"But you work so hard at responsibilities now that you are never to be asked to any of my parties—only Nina's!"

"I confess I envy you twenty-year-olds," he retorted, "your beautiful sense that you needn't do anything unless it amuses you."

Helen was suddenly furious with him. It was always so. She would hope that a friend was just behind the fencer's steel, then he would say some such thing as this.

She shrugged her shoulders, flippant with a gallant effort. "I'd rather be anything than be thought Victorian!"

"You won't be," said Mr. Kingsway coldly. "You are about as Victorian as the Sphinx. Goodby, Miss Helen."

She watched the erect, slender figure moving down the tree-shaded old street. Once in a while, when that inexplicable guard dropped, he was gay in the most delightful way; laughing, with little light turns of words and mocking phrases, and the background of light allusion which comes of generations of reading people, to whom scholarship has been a delight instead of a laborious cultural accomplishment. It was a thing Helen had known in her own shabby, light-hearted home, and missed in most of her own generation.

Arms clutched her violently from behind.

"Beware," said Tommy's mock-tragic voice, "stare not so sternly on the King of Kingsway, or a terrific doom shall be thine, rash worm!"

Tommy Delamater swung her round, and faced her, eying her grace and vividness with pleasant certainty of ownership.

"Boy! you get grander to look at every time I take my eyes off you for two minutes," he announced, swinging her to and fro and then shaking her gently. "How do you work it?"

"'S a gift, little one. Ready? C'mon."

She stood up and set on her head the wide straw hat she had got last week, lying frankly ready, and they drove away together. A branch of the Wissahickon wound within driving distance, and Tommy wanted to see if some of it wouldn't look like an ocean, properly treated. Which, as Helen told him, was absurd, but worth trying once.

They took a shot or so, and then Tommy, instead of turning the car toward home, branched off the Drive to a narrow, hilly road leading to their favorite picnicking ground.

"We can't do this, Tommy," Helen protested. "Nina expects me."

"Let her expect!"

But Helen was firm. She had promised Nina to be back on time for dinner, and she kept her promises.

ALL the way back Helen chattered feverishly about anything and everything. It was too wonderful a day, too beautiful a time, to let anything happen. A vague maidenly instinct made her try to hold off the thing she knew must come. She went on talking valiantly of everything; Tommy went on with his love-making. For no good reason that she knew, Helen, excited, happy, in love with him, yet parried it all until, as he left her on their return, he caught her again by her shoulders, none too gently, and shook her with what came being near genuine irritation.

"Next time, you won't get off so easily. Showdown, Madam, or I walk out on you for good. Think that out!"

With a final quick, violent, and public kiss he was gone, and Helen, who would have resented such casualness in any one else in the world, stood for a moment to let the swirl of dazzling excitement about her steady down, then entered the house.

She crossed the wide hall, with its beautiful, winding, broad balustrade, to the room on the right, the drawing-room. Sure enough, Nina was there, a taut, smart little figure wirily alive

For your *Spring Refurnishing*

SAVE MONEY

on furniture and floor coverings

WHEN the first shy spring flowers peep through their winter covering there comes to every woman the urge to beautify her home. A little table for a corner that looks lonely, a comfortable chair, a rug, some drapes, perhaps a complete refurnishing. Whatever you want, visit first the nearest Peck & Hills wholesale display. You will find an immense variety and prices lower probably than you expected due to the economies of the Peck & Hills plan. Ask your neighborhood furniture dealer for a Card of Introduction which admits you to any of these exhibits.

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FREE BOOKLET—Now ready revised edition of "Correct Care of Home Furnishings." Ask for Booklet G-3. Address nearest house.

MANUFACTURERS-WHOLESALERS-DISTRIBUTORS
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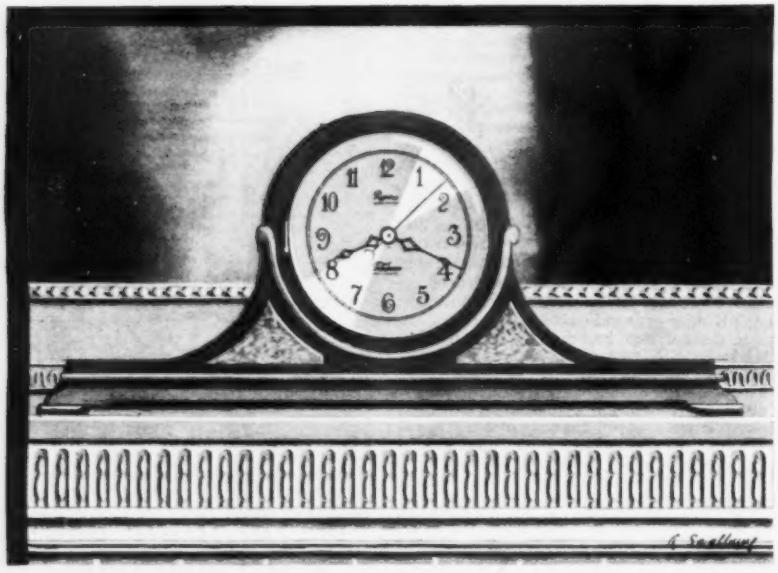
In using advertisements see page 6

Time without winding, oiling, regulating

electric time in cases of rare beauty with the melody of chimes



CHECK the clocks in your home at the present moment. . . . Do any two agree? Probably not! . . . Which is right? Probably none! • Yet you are attempting to regulate the business-like appointments of your family — the preparation of meals, the catching of trains, the arrival of your children at school — by timepieces so unreliable! • You can end at once all this concern about correct time. You can banish forever the bother of winding, oiling and regulating. Electric time is waiting for you in Revere Clocks. The same wire that now brings light and power will bring you time . . . silent, accurate, unquestioned. • Connect your Revere Clock with an electric outlet. Set it and forget it. Its Telechron Motor, uncannily precise, is driven by pulsations of alternating current regulated at the power house. It has no springs, no escapements. It will *continue* to furnish trouble-free time. • Revere cases you will welcome as objects of rich beauty. There are period designs worthy of Chippendale or Sheraton and modern designs superbly smart. There are models for mantel or desk, all with pleasant chimes or deep-toned strikes. There are dignified grandfather's clocks that mark every quarter-hour with melody and show the phases of the moon. See them at your dealer's. • Revere prices range from $40 to $1200.* Pictured here is model No. R-604, an authentic Colonial design in Honduras mahogany. 20½ inches wide, it has the full Westminster chime and sells for $63. Send for free illustrated booklet, "Observatory Time." The Revere Clock Company, 419 McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**The Warren Telechron Company, of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking clocks for every room in the house, at prices from $10 to $65.*

Revere Clocks

with Telechron electric motors

All the King's Horses

under the stiff serenity of the green-satin Colonial woman framed above the mantel, just throwing her smartly plain bag on one chair and her smartly severe hat on another.

"Gracious, it was hot! And that crazy idiot of a Grace Mannering had us play on the verandah, instead of in the cool house. Sort of miscalculation she *would* make."

Nina, pretty, chestnut-helmeted, cool-headed, never made miscalculations. If she gave a bridge, it was in the most strategic spot of her house, with the most effect for her expenditure of time and money, the most desirable people for her guests. Effectually, ruthlessly, but entirely without malice, and with due affection now and then for a friend. You couldn't help liking Nina. Once you faced the fact that she would never die for your sake or anybody else's, she was a delightful person, with the evenest temper in the world.

"Darling, ring for Mattie and some iced ginger ale, won't you? What's new?"

Helen rang, gave the order to Mattie, the sedate young housemaid, and, sharing Nina's ginger ale with young gusto, told her news.

"Tommy cut the bank today—and his father was simply *boiling*. He told me—" Helen flushed a little, "to give him what he called a 'wigging.' How does one wig, Nina?"

"Aha, we are already in the family council!"

Helen blushed and changed the subject hurriedly. "Ethan Kingsway called to see you, and gave a message. He has to go to Europe and can't come to dinner next week. I thought perhaps Bill English—"

Nina's practical mind pounced on the nearer problem first. "No, not Bill. Allen Morris fits better with that crowd."

"All right, I'll call him." Helen made a note.

"And Bill, if Allen can't make it— How annoying! That dinner was built round Ethan Kingsway, and he walks off to France. He was always too lordly for any good use."

Nina's campaign to be the town's social leader would be delayed by Ethan's flight to Europe, Helen knew. Ethan's friendly attitude to Nina meant a lot.

"He's writing you," she offered.

Nina's expensively arched eyebrows arched still more. "We'll see."

WHEN Nina looked and spoke like that she was planning hard. No more was said at the moment, for Mattie was announcing dinner, and the two followed her into the cool, dusky dining-room, lighted only by four extravagantly tall green candles in slim, beautiful, old Sheffield candlesticks.

"You good girl—*hors-d'oeuvres* instead of soup! You may be in love, Helen, but you still have intelligence."

Helen laughed, pleased by pleasing, and began to nibble the stalk of stuffed celery lying on the exquisite old Chinese plate.

"He couldn't have done anything more disconcerting—I'd planned to really settle down!"

Helen looked across at her, curious.

"Nina, you don't mean you really always—always—"

Nina cried out with laughter. "Have always loved him, hiding a breaking heart under the visiting cards of Mrs. Horace Higginson? No, you goose! People aren't like that."

"I wonder." Helen philosophized, "if when people say that, they don't mean *they* aren't like that."

"I suppose some people do," Nina said. "Well—I suppose Ethan's heart was broken as far as men's ever break. But then that was just part of the way Ethan felt he had to feel, I always thought. Knightly and everything."

Helen shivered a little. It seemed so stupid of Nina, because she herself was incapable of such feeling, to deny that other people could feel. Helen couldn't help saying,

"But, Nina, it wasn't a bit funny for him."

"It mayn't have been actually humorous," said Nina calmly, "but think of his having a knightly broken heart and turning into a village legend! He had a grand-uncle, you know, who

Gorham Sterling is not as expensive as many people imagine

STEICHEN

76 pieces of Gorham · · complete service for eight · · costs only $236.00

Many women have taken for granted that because Gorham sterling is the ultimate in table silver, it must be costly.

Actually it is moderate in price—you can buy 76 pieces of Gorham table silver in the famous Dolly Madison design for as little as $236.00—silver that will serve generations.

The 76 pieces—a complete service for eight—include 8 teaspoons, 8 dessert forks, 8 dinner forks, 8 soup spoons, 8 dinner knives, 8 dessert knives, 8 salad forks, 8 butter spreaders, 8 after-dinner coffee spoons and 4 tablespoons.

Some patterns vary slightly in price but a complete service for eight in any one of Gorham's seven most popular patterns costs less than $260.00.

You can always identify Gorham silver by the famous hallmark on the back of each piece, showing the lion, the anchor and the Gorham initial. The established jeweler in your city is now showing these patterns with delightful hollow-ware pieces to match.

Gorham

· THE GORHAM COMPANY ·
Providence, R. I., Dept. E-1.

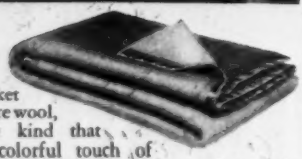
Please send me your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting," by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment, for which I enclose 25c.

Name_____

Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

There's a New ALL-WOOL BLANKET in your Rag Bag-



IT'S a brand new blanket and all pure wool, too! The kind that lends a colorful touch of beauty to bedrooms by day . . . and at night keeps out the chill and coaxes slumber, yet lies light as a feather on wearied sleepers. Send us 5 lbs. of *white* woolens *or* 10 lbs. of *any* colored—old blankets, underwear, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc.—every color can be used. We will sterilize, card, dye, spin, weave and finish this material. And return to you a beautiful new blanket, 66" x 80". Select a shade to harmonize with your room—orchid, rose, tan, blue, green, or gold. You can have one of these colorfast blankets made by one of the oldest blanket mills in the country for only $4.75! That's just about half what you pay in the stores. Old North State blankets give warmth without undue weight—for they are guaranteed all pure wool! Send your woolens now! You can pay later!

Send for FREE Booklet!

If you desire further information check and mail the coupon today! We will send you—without charge, of course—a booklet that tells all about these blankets—together with samples of the blanket material.

OLD NORTH STATE MILLS
Established 1854
South Berwick, Dept. 14, Maine

OLD NORTH STATE MILLS, Dept. 14. South Berwick, Maine.

☐ I am interested in receiving a copy of your free booklet and blanket samples.

☐ I am sending you by parcel post ☐ 5 lbs. white or ☐ 10 lbs. any color woolens. Please return to me an all-pure-wool blanket in ..... color. I will pay the postman $4.75 plus postage for each blanket. It is understood that my money will be refunded in full if I am not satisfied.

Name.....

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City..... *State*.....

All the King's Horses

did the same thing. Was jilted, became a noble character and the village benefactor, died honored by all. I wasn't to blame if it ran in the family. And anyway, in my day, around ten or twelve years ago, if you didn't break off two or three engagements before you really married, you got no pleasure at all out of life, because it was the only way for a really nice girl to get petted."

Helen did not answer, but her sensitive face flushed, and Nina laughed again.

"You know you're a little on the flirtatious side yourself, angel! Well, there's no more to it than this. Ethan looked wonderful to me when we first got engaged. Ancestors invented Kingsway Town. Old family place with ancestors all around it. Duty to ancestors, feeling about ancestors, Emersonian ideals of service, complete set of Paul Revere silver and 1860 ideals. I was all sold on it. And then, just about the time I was discovering that for all his adoration Ethan was as immovable as the marble gateposts up at his house, and I was getting deadly tired of pretending to admire ideals and ancestors and knightly devotion, Horace Higginson became an eligible widower."

SHE suddenly became serious. "Helen, people say that every once in a while a book comes to you and tells you just what to do. I was worrying my head off, and I read in a silly novel, 'Better marry the life you like than the man you like!' Suddenly I saw it was plain common sense. Why be one more Kingsway wife when you could be petted to death by a nice old gentleman with heaps more money! Ethan wasn't a bit well off those days, and he wouldn't sell the place for building lots when he had a grand opportunity. It was a little ticklish to get Horace committed before I broke with Ethan, but I did. And then I told Ethan the honest, sensible truth, that I couldn't ever be the wife he wanted without pretending till I was bored to death. And he wasn't the husband I wanted. I wanted smart clothes and jewelry and trips abroad.

"'And one man seems no different to you from another, so he can give you those?' he demanded in a voice like ice.

"And I told him, no, I didn't feel a great deal of difference. And I don't, Nell—they're all pretty much the same. I think I was fairer to him than if I'd married him."

"But you were fair in an unfair way," Helen said, a little puzzled.

Nina laughed. "You sound like Ethan. He didn't get angry. He froze stiff, and his manners were those of General Anthony Wayne when they blew up Plymouth Rock or whatever it was. But I will say for him, though his code of ideals was uncomfortable to live with, it made it lots easier for me to escape than if he could have told me what he thought of me man to man, the way they do nowadays."

"Nina—"

"Ask on, my dear!" Nina was enjoying herself.

"Weren't you ever sorry you'd married a man you didn't love?"

Nina shook her head. "Never to the day he died. He was a darling to me. He gave me everything I wanted. Sometimes, of course, Ronny was a little of a bother, but after all, between boys' camps and schools there hasn't been much to that. A stepson is much less of a problem than a stepdaughter."

"What do you hear from Ronny?"

Nina frowned. "Nothing very satisfactory. Writing poetry, cutting classes—I do hate impractical people! I told him that if I heard any more bad reports from him, I'd cut off his allowance."

"Nina, if you'd given him a little more mothering—"

Nina laughed. "Mother a boy only ten years younger than I am? He used to yearn a little when I first married Horace, but I don't think he'd thank anybody to mother him now."

Helen sighed a little, sorry for everybody who wasn't as happy as she that gorgeous August evening. Ronny was something of an enigma to most people; mostly silent, bursting into occasional flares of passionate talk about abstract rights and wrongs; a tragic, Shelleyan young face, and a capacity for being shut up inside himself which worried frank, talkative Helen. She knitted her brows. The truth which Nina was trying to explain, that there are people who prefer things to feelings, was hard for her.

"But," said Nina with her calm frankness, "I've been thinking, considering all things, that it would be a good thing for me to marry Ethan. I'm older now; I could handle him. He's probably less intense, and you always know where you are with anybody as chained up to codes and ideals as he is. Furthermore—" she laughed a little at Helen's surprise—"to complete the picture of a perfectly mercenary wretch, Ethan has a social position to give his wife which I have always wanted, and has a lot more money than he had. And—" her voice softened, "I'm worried about Ronny. He was mixed up in some wild business at college last year, and I do hate scandals so! They're so much trouble. Ethan has a firm hand, and boys adore him. Even Ronny, who never shows any feelings. He could handle Ronny. And he had to be dragged off to Europe just as he was acquiring a taste for me!"

They were nearly through. Helen spoke with distress in her voice.

"Nina, I wish you wouldn't."

"Darling," said Nina with unruffled pleasantness, "we can't all be as romantic as you are. In your present Tommyesque state I suppose I sound like something awful. I should have been more considerate. How is it he isn't infesting the premises?"

"He's about to infest," Helen said, her lightness of heart back at the mention of Tommy's name. "We're going over to Doris Milliken's house, to run over the last reels of 'The Gay Young Oysterman.'"

She was scarcely done before Tommy's horn blew outside. With the ready wave of color flooding her face she excused herself, caught up her coat, and was with him again. She shook off the earnestness as she saw him at the wheel, shouting to her,

"Hurry, or there won't be any oysters left!"

She laughed at his absurdities and accepted his kiss.

THEY were a little late—Tommy was more than apt to be a little late. When they arrived the enormous, ragged sheet of pasteboard on which had been pasted the typed order of the sequences was already facing them reproachfully, pinned against one of the heavy, old-fashioned portières of the disused ballroom, which was their studio, and a dozen men and girls in costume were dashing around wildly, trying to arrange scenery and make each other up and decide which was best to do first, and where the dickens Tommy was. Tommy being in possession of the camera, he was needed.

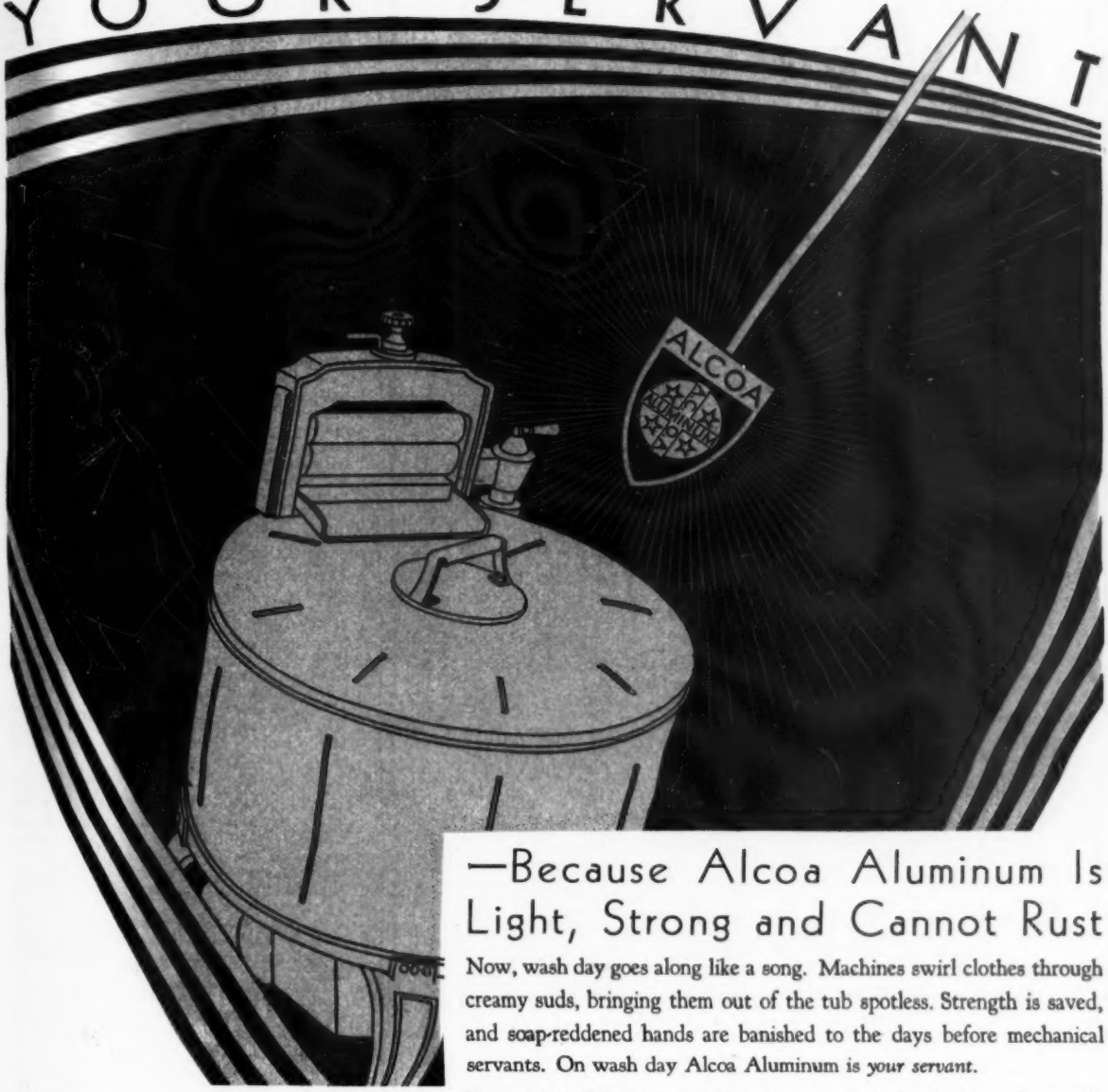
"Oh, Helen, quick," gasped nervous, pallid Doris Milliken, "tell us how on earth we're going to manage photographing an ocean!"

"I bought mosquito gauze for that," Helen said placidly, tossing her hat on a pile of wooden boxes which supplied most of the foundations for their natural scenery. "Somebody stands outside, out of range, on each side, and waves it gently. In the place where he drowns, it will have to be held half-way down. This is supposed to be a funny picture anyhow."

"Here, all ready for the underwater scenes," howled Tommy, standing in the middle of the floor and waving his arms. "Mermaids, oysterman, fishes, kiddie-kars."

Tommy stood immovable while his minions dragged out a booth made of boxes, six large pasteboard fishes on the ends of strings, a basket of undoubted oyster-shells, and the three kiddie-kars on which the mermaids sat,

YOUR SERVANT



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Now, wash day goes along like a song. Machines swirl clothes through creamy suds, bringing them out of the tub spotless. Strength is saved, and soap-reddened hands are banished to the days before mechanical servants. On wash day Alcoa Aluminum is *your servant.*

Because it is light, strong and cannot rust, it is the ideal metal not only for washing machines, ironers, and vacuum cleaners, but also for cold cream and tooth paste tubes. Because Alcoa Aluminum is safe to use in contact with food, it is made into caps and seals for catsup bottles and other food products. Rolled into Aluminum-foil it is used for wrapping cheese, candy, yeast and other perishable foods.

It is a point of pride with Aluminum Company of America to have developed Alcoa Aluminum in so many different forms, and to have made it available to manufacturers for use in products where it may be truly *your servant.* ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA
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ALCOA ALUMINUM

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THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

announces a new

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
which assures a return of at least . . $10,000.00
and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer,
A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . $12,000.00

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of $10,000.00
or $50 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . Total $14,823.00

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A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of $20,000.00
or $100 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . Total $29,646.00

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
and the payment for you of all premiums.

NOTE: Married men and others having dependents will be interested to know that you may also include in this plan a new provision whereby neither you *nor your beneficiary* can outlive the Retirement Income. Similar plans for retirement at ages other than 65, or for women policyholders, are also available. Further particulars on request. Mail the coupon below.

Issued in units of $10 a month income and $1000 of life insurance.

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492 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.
Please give me full information about your new
RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name ..... Income to start at age .....
Business Address .....
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P. M. L. I. Co.

All the King's Horses

propelling themselves across the scene behind large pasteboard tails. This last was a brilliant idea of Helen's, though Tommy thought it was all his own.

Between shrieks of laughter, stern orders from Tommy, and violent exertions from those quiet and hard-working members of the cast without whom no cast can do anything, the scene was on. A rehearsal, and two takes. Tommy's expensive Klieg lights worked beautifully for at least fifteen minutes before the fuses blew out. Helen had brought some in her bag, because experience had taught her that fuses *did* blow out, no matter what Tommy said about not overloading the current if you knew how.

While they were being replaced, she sat in the dark for a few minutes, quiet and with a little time to think. She wondered, remembering Nina's words there in the dark corner of the pushed-back, fragile, gilt ballroom sofa that had never been used since Doris' mother had run off with another man, fifteen years ago, if she really was so much more romantic than other people. She didn't feel like a romantic person. Tommy was always talking about how romantic *he* was. She had never thought about it. Nina had made it seem so silly to care more for love than for things you could own.

"But I like things, too," Helen defended herself against her own question. "I like Tommy's being the son of a prosperous man. Anybody would who'd been brought up in hard times, though, so perhaps that doesn't count."

JUST then Tommy brushed by her, Tommy's unmistakable aura of expensive cigarettes and lilac-water. And at his nearness a fierce denial of all the worldliness she had been trying to believe of herself swept through her.

"It isn't that—it isn't that! If he were poor, if he hadn't anything in the world, I'd love him just as much. More, because I could be more to him and do more for him."

And then she felt a swift pang at the bare thought, even, of Tommy without all the possessions he took such a frank delight in; the runabout with its racing lines, the motor-launch on the river, this expensive toy of motion-picture taking with all its paraphernalia of lights and lenses and silver sheets. She did not tell herself that while all she needed to be happy was Tommy, Tommy had to have other things, too. The vague thought was at the bottom of her mind, but she pushed it under.

"All sit down! We'll run the reel we took last time, before we rehearse any more!" proclaimed Tommy, and Helen found herself on the floor beside Doris Milliken.

They sat in the shadow outside the lighting machine that was Tommy's penultimate extravagance—the ultimate one being of course the puttees. Helen felt Doris' hot, thin hand close nervously over hers, turned, and saw that Doris was screwing herself up to say something. Doris, poor child, was so nervous and so shy always that Helen was sorry for her. The only charge of a rich, very severe father and a still more severe aunt, the chief delights of her life were these rehearsals; for Helen had coaxed Mr. Milliken to let them have them in the ballroom, one of many big unused rooms of his house. Perhaps he was glad to let his shy, childish, eighteen-year-old daughter have such a point of contact with her kind.

"Helen," Doris whispered, "have you had any news from Ronny lately?"

The words came as a surprise. Helen, who had rather taken frightened Doris under her wind, regarded her as a child. She had never known of her having any interest in men. But the intensity in her voice was unmistakable. And Ronny—inarticulate, moody, tragic-eyed Ronny! How on earth had they managed to overcome their mutual shynesses and inhibitions enough to know anything about each other?

"Nina says he's writing poetry and cutting classes!" She tried to make it light.

"There is a Key to Beauty!"

LESSON No. 1—*This is the first of a series of "lessons" prepared by Elizabeth Arden for the women who use her preparations. This is just one more example of Elizabeth Arden's personal contact with her clients.*

Cleanliness: THE FIRST LESSON

ONLY one out of ten women use preparations correctly. It is appalling.

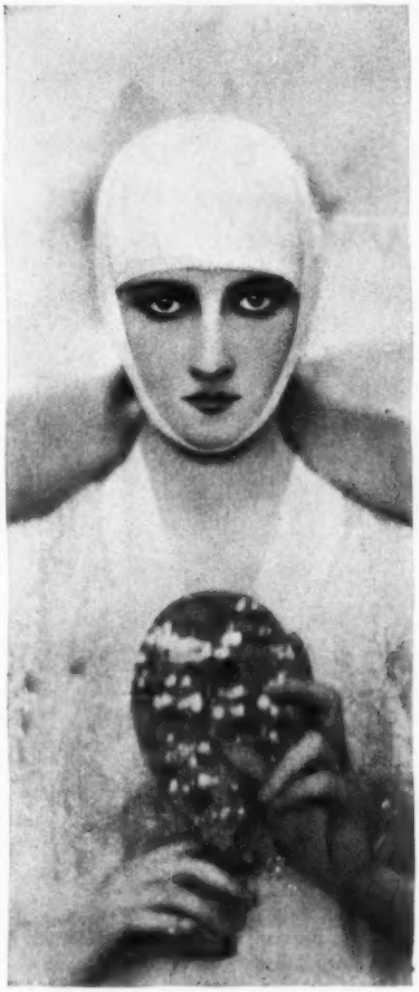
The contents of a hundred jars and bottles will not yield their loveliness to you unless each cream and lotion is used exactly as it was meant to be. It is like a locked treasure that can be opened only with the right key. The key is knowledge.

In every one of my preparations there is beauty—waiting to be released. Every preparation has some unique, carefully developed property to bring definite benefit to the skin.

The more closely you adhere to the prescribed treatment, the more confident you may be of results.

Your skin should be cleansed as carefully as a fine piece of kid . . . never with scrubbing, never with harsh handling . . . but gently and thoroughly with the finest of oils. Only cleansing cream of feathery lightness, that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin, can penetrate the depth of the pores to dislodge dust and powder. Night and morning—and whenever you wish to refresh your face completely during the day, you should follow this program of cleansing.

With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face so that hair-line and ears are completely exposed. Squeeze a large piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water, shape into a pad of convenient size. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse from the chin upward, paying special attention to the creases at either side of the nose and around the mouth and chin; work gently around the eyes. Do not overlook the neck, which should always be cleansed with up strokes. Remove cleansing cream with Cleansing Tissues carefully so as not to stretch the skin.



Squeeze a fresh pad of cotton out of cold water, saturate with Skin Tonic and commence patting on the neck. Pat from the center around to the back on either side. Then, from the chin upward to the forehead. Continue patting for about five minutes, going over the same movements. Dry with Cleansing Tissues.

If this is your morning clean-up, your skin is now ready for your make-up, which should be applied according to the method I will describe in a later lesson.

CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness is the peg on which all beauty hangs, like a multicolored chiffon gown on a crystal hook.

There is a certain kind of grubby beauty which artists like to paint, but almost nobody wants to live with it! And after all we are here to be lived with—aren't we—let us hope by the ones we like best!

When we enter a room, our environment enters with us—something which surrounds us as perfume surrounds a rose. It is created by our minds, our bodies, our emotions and our souls. No matter what "atmosphere" these create, there should stream from us unfailingly the crisp, lifting air of cleanliness. One feels so comfortable and free when one is very clean—clothes, body, face, hair, purpose in life, impulses, judgments, dreams—all breathing out cleanliness.

The Preparations Required in this Lesson Are:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
A light, feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and dislodges impurities. It rids the skin of dust, powder and excretions, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
A mild astringent which firms, tones and whitens the skin and brings new life to every cell. Use with and after cleansing cream to stimulate circulation and bring a glow of natural color to the cheeks.
85c, $2.00, $3.75, $9.00.

VENETIAN CLEANSING TISSUES
Softest silky tissues. The sanitary and convenient way of removing cream. Roll 40 cents. Large box of four rolls $1.50; large package $2.25.

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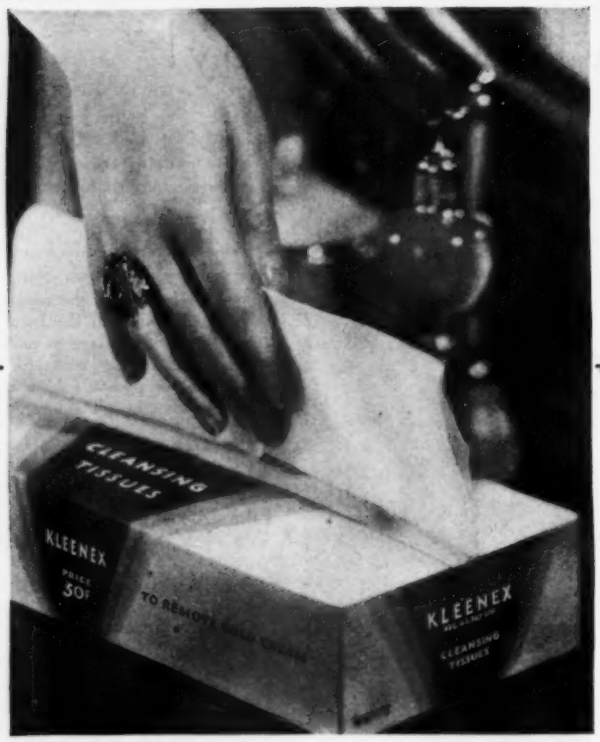

***Now in Colors*—Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.**

try the Kleenex way *to remove cold cream*

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth. It is really so easy.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.

Thousands of people consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. It's especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and reinfecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white, if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically.

Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter.

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to: G-3

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Kleenex

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

All the King's Horses

"Nina!" Doris' voice was bitter. "Ronny's never had a home, or a bit of human love or kindness, since his father married again. I don't care if she is your cousin!" Then she shrank into herself again. "Sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Nina—I can't help it. I hate her. Ronny's twenty now; she ought to let him have his own money."

"But his father left it so she was to have charge till he was twenty-five."

"And who had his father do it?" Doris' voice was angry again. "Oh, I believe owning things makes all the trouble in the world!"

Helen laughed. "You mean, people's being horrid about owning them. Owning is all right, itself. One must be practical!"

"It matters so terribly much."

Helen could not see why. She had never had any money, and beyond an intense desire never to be under obligations to people, she had never thought of it as making much difference. As long as you could support yourself, you were free.

"Oh, Doris, it doesn't make such a lot of difference. Ronny can earn his own money. This is his last year in college."

"But—" her voice was terrified—"I couldn't earn any. And he couldn't support me."

"You mean you're engaged? I won't tell, Doris."

Doris shrank away from her. Presently she spoke in a constrained voice. "I don't know that I can say that. But we understand each other . . ." She was tragic again. "Oh, Helen, he hasn't written for a week!"

"Write and find out why!"

"But suppose he's stopped loving me?"

Helen bent down to Doris, her voice thrilled with her own happiness.

"If two people love each other, they simply have to go ahead and trust each other as hard as they can."

"Do you do that way, you and Tommy?" asked Doris with the occasional frank tactlessness of the very shy.

Helen colored, there in the shadow. "I couldn't do any other way if I loved any one."

"I wonder," Doris said despondently, "whether I'll be sorry for my way or you for yours."

Tommy stood over them suddenly. "Both, probably," he said with a note of savage tragedy in his voice. Somebody had been stupid or insistent. "People always are, no matter how they act or what they do. It's a horrible world. You're on in the next scene, Doris."

"I'll write him for you," Helen had only time to volunteer impulsively, and Doris to return a look of gratitude, before they parted.

Tommy was still sunk in gloom when he drove home. It seemed that besides blowing out the three fuses, somebody had told Tommy he was an idiot. So Helen did not have time to do anything but cheer up Tommy.

"It's a dreadful world," he began, and she had only time to say:

"Not a bit. You're a perfectly wonderful director, and anybody would have blown out those fuses!"

"But Bill said—"

He began to cheer up. Which was all to the good—sometimes one of those attacks of gloom would last a couple of days if you didn't catch them on the spot. She had pulled him out before they parted, and he had gone off gay as ever.

She remembered only after she was in bed that she had not written Ronny, and got up and did it.

HELEN did her work in Mr. Delamater's outer office, shining in yellow wood and lighted by large, square windows. There was a sacred inner office where he saw people privately. She sank into the swivel seat of her typing chair, swinging a little in sheer gaiety. Saturday was only a half-day, then— She hurried resolutely on with her crisp flood of tapping. She was so intent on finishing that

All the King's Horses

she did not hear Tommy's footstep till he paused beside her and spoke.

"I didn't finish what I wanted to say to you the other afternoon, angel. Any engagement you can't break this afternoon? If there is, break it like a good girl. Put up some lunch and be waiting on the porch, will you?"

He went on into the inner office, leaving Helen smiling a little over his assurance and a great deal over the afternoon to come. Nothing she couldn't break, certainly! She finished, closed her machine, and went out, walking staidly because Tommy's nearness had excited her and she wanted to dance.

Helen knew she had very little time to collect the picnic lunch. Tommy would be along, waiting with ill-controlled impatience, in just the time it would take him to pack his paraphernalia and run down in his lemon-colored runabout.

So she flew into the kitchen, where Tacy sat beside her immaculate blue-check windows, her tatting shuttle flying.

"Oh, Tacy dear, what can I have out of the ice-box? I have to pack it in five minutes and be gone in five more."

"Lunch for two, I 'spose," Tacy said, getting up, friendly and a little facetious. "Takes a lot to fill up that Tommy Delamater; he was always holler down to his shoe soles."

She bestirred herself with her ponderous efficiency. "Here's cold fried chicken—I took a chance on you wanting it. Here's a tin of caviare and the crackers to eat it on. And here's ginger ale—now, don't you let that young rip put nothin' in it—and rolls and butter and a jar of mayonnaise, and the rest of the lettuce we had last night, an' a tomato. You kin make sandwiches or salad out of it as you've a mind to. Where's your basket? Goin' in the runabout?"

"Here. Yes. And can I have some cookies and fruit?"

SHE packed swiftly, Tacy wrapping the perishables in waxed paper, piece by piece. Helen squeezed the big, brown hand as it thrust a roll of paper napkins deep in the basket.

"You're an angel to me. Everybody's so darling—oh, Tacy, isn't it a *heavenly* world!"

"Now and again," said Tacy moderately. "Though I dunno's I'd be young agin. You're like the young bears—all your troubles to come."

She eyed Helen, darting about the kitchen like a firefly, picking up a few last necessities. She began to speak, stopped herself, then went on again.

"Tisn't exactly my affair," she said deliberately, "but you're wearin' yourself all out, Helen Heather. You do a day's work downtown, then you come home and do all the trimmin's and letters for Mrs. Higginson, and then go to parties, all hours. And in the cracks you are off every whipstitch with the Delamater boy. You may be young and all that, but flesh and blood only stands just so much."

Helen laughed aloud, the idea was so ridiculous. She felt winged; as if she never wanted to stand still again as long as she lived. "Why, I was never so full of pep in my life! I could go on forever."

She danced the length of the kitchen, the basket swung high above her head.

"When a bird sings before breakfast," began Tacy darkly, and ended, "There's your beau tootin'."

Helen waved a last greeting and was out at the car, her hat snatched down over her curls, her basket swung in her hands. "Isn't this magnificent promptness? Isn't this service?" she demanded breathlessly.

"You're a marvel," said Tommy. "How'd you do it—pull it out of a hat? You're a marvel," he repeated in a deeper, softer voice, pressing her hand as it lay between them.

"We aim to please," she said breathlessly.

"You do. You please me more than anything on earth, don't you know it?"

Makes your skin dazzling for the evening toilet

HANDS...
ARMS...
SHOULDERS..
SMOOTH...GLEAMINGLY WHITE

FAULTLESS!—your skin should be when you wear a winter evening dress. Arms, neck, shoulders should be white as milk, silken soft and smooth.

Thousands of women who have found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands are now using it to give their shoulders, neck, and arms the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

Jergens Lotion quickly helps to remove untimely streaks of summer tan—gives your skin a beautiful even texture. Make it a regular accessory of your bath, as so many women are doing!

It should be used right after the bath, while your skin is still moist and glowing. Apply it freely to arms, back, neck, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin. See how lovely it will make your skin for the evening toilet.

Jergens Lotion will keep your hands smooth and soft all winter, no matter how much you use them. Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give it wonderful power to heal roughness, chapping, any kind of skin irritation. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once. Get a bottle today! Fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

The Large-Size Trial Bottle FREE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

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In using advertisements see page 6

"What Enchanting New Packages"

say FOUR Lovely Users of DAGGETT and RAMSDELL

Virginia Snyder

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."

Anita DeVries

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of these new packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."

Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers . . . they're perfectly stunning . . . as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them . . . and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."

Faye Copeland

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone for several complete facials. Send 50 cents to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

These are the original Daggett and Ramsdell Products in new modern dress. The products themselves have in no way been changed. They are, and always have been, scientifically made of the finest and best ingredients obtainable following the formulae that have been found to agree with the greatest number of skins.

V. V. Daggett FOUNDER

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The DEBUTANTE KIT

SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. C-3
2 Park Avenue, New York
Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

Name_____
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All the King's Horses

"With a sheik like you? How can I know it?" She mocked him.

"I'll show you," he said with sudden gravity. "You're the most wonderful, lovely, exciting darling on earth—Helen, I'm making violent love to you. Can't you say something back?"

"You do it wonderfully. Do some more," she said with a note of excited laughter.

"You bet I will!"

They drove in silence after that, until they were at the entrance to their own place in the woodland. There was a narrow entrance, a little wood-path that seemed to lead nowhere. The tall trees, heavy-leaved, with a late gold light filtering through, opened unexpectedly after a few paces, and there was a little open space, walled at one side by a cliff; the cold water trickled down the gray stone and turned into a brooklet that wound past two large stones. They had built the stones into an oven in past trips; other stones were a table and two seats. And over it all the tall, spreading, green trees roofed them, and the ferns were thick. Helen followed Tommy in silently, carrying a rug over her arm. He had the basket. Suddenly, as they had nearly reached the brook, he turned and set the basket down and stood over her in the golden-green, fragrant coolness. He dropped his hands on her shoulders and stared down into her face.

"You do love me," he rejoiced. "You do, you darling, you winner. You knew, didn't you, last time? You know I'm crazy to marry you!"

"Well, I hoped so," said Helen impertinently.

He gave a shout of delighted laughter. "You've actually secured that prize, Mr. Thomas Delamater! Oh, Helen, there's nobody like you. Come on out here and make love to me in comfort."

THEY took hands and went down the short path which led to the space by the brook. She knelt by the basket, pretending to be housewifely with shaking, thrilled hands, but he took her around the waist and pulled her away.

"That'll keep. Darling, I have ripping news. Listen."

They sat down together against a big tree.

"I'm listening. Here, I can't listen and be kissed both."

"Alternate 'em. Now have sense. Here it is. Dad says I'll never be any good, working under him. Either too indulgent or too much the Spartan Parent—you know. Well, he has a pal out in Wisconsin who's another bank president. Pal's obliging. Helen, the kick is—the job he's wangling me is lots better than this one! 'S enough to marry on. Think of us being a Young Married Set and all!"

"Tommy," she said frankly, "it's simply fallen from heaven."

"You bet. Priceless! I've promised Dad I'd buckle down to business—not so many dances, all that. Told him you'd be a mother to me."

"Sure as all that of me, were you?"

"Weren't you sure of me? Don't be Victorian, angel."

But Helen did feel just a little Victorian as she produced her next questions. "Tommy—is he all right—about me?"

"Surest thing you know. You know Dad—rock-bound ideals and everything. Doesn't see where I got the sense; made me scared of you, the way he talked about your noble qualities. I thought you were a grand pal and a priceless thrill—Dad says you're chuck full of virtues. You won't let 'em crawl out and bite me, will you, darling?" He looked worried at the idea.

"Tommy! I love you too much to let anything bite you!"

He kissed her and went on.

"Mother moaned a little. You know how she is."

Helen winced. But Mrs. Delamater's snobbishness wouldn't bother them, after all, in Wisconsin.

"Paradise for two!" Tommy sang loudly. "Helen, we're going to be married, can you believe it?" He turned a perfect handspring.

"I never stain my dresses . . ." *yet perspiration odor is there!*

"Perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture, doctors know. Only when the underarm is kept dry and sweet with ODORONO are you safe from offending. For Odorono ends perspiration annoyance and odor."

by RUTH MILLER

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. PAT ON—Wipe the underarm with a damp cloth and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.

2. LET DRY—Let Odorono dry before clothing touches the underarm. Let the white stay on at least fifteen minutes: the ruby colored over night.

3. RINSE OFF—When the Odorono is quite dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth to remove any excess.

It's really a pity that perspiration doesn't *always* give warning signals—damp half-moons under the arms! Then women would never be betrayed into thinking because their gowns show no traces, there is no odor.

A sure safeguard is Odorono! It diverts perspiration from the underarm and keeps you absolutely safe from offending.

A Physician's Formula . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for twice a week use on normal skin. The new white Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. Three sizes—35¢, 60¢, $1.00. ★

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono ruby colored, Regular Strength and new white Odorono Mild. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)
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In using advertisements see page 6

SOUTHERN WAFFLES—AND THE NORTHERN BRILLIANCE OF

ARANIUM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Manning-Bowman's etched tray waffle iron, shown open and shut—Aranium with genuine Catalin trimmings of jade, agate, or onyx. **K1621. $20.** *Similar but in nickel,* **$15.** *Notice the heat indicator in the top of the closed iron.*

WHEN even your stiffest supper-party warms and thaws under the hospitality of waffles—be thankful that your waffle irons shine like white gold, though you haven't polished them and perhaps never will. They are Aranium, and the Aranium lustre stays enlivened.

And be grateful that the Aranium irons make you seem an experienced waffle-maker, for when the indicator says "Bake," you pour in the batter.

Your whole coffee set, and your waffle tray and candlesticks, can be of this same enchanting Aranium lustre; and be trimmed (like the Aranium waffle irons) with jade, agate, or onyx Catalin, that resembles huge pieces of the kind of gems used in rings.

If the waffle irons shown here are not in a nearby electric, housefurnishing, or department store, send check to Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn. Wholesale distributors in Canada, Northern Electric Co. Canadian prices on application.

MANNING-BOWMAN

TABLE APPOINTMENTS IN ARANIUM

(A superior chromium finish with an extravagant lustre)

All the King's Horses

"Come back, idiot, and help me fix the picnic. You probably ate a large breakfast at eleven, but I was up at seven-thirty and at work, worthless creature, before you woke up."

"Tillie the Toiler! Well, you're never going to work after I get you to Wisconsin." He fell on the caviare with appetite. "Got to go at the end of the week, we have! Dad wants you to stay another week or two to break him in a secretary. I say you don't."

"Tommy, don't be any *more* idiots. We couldn't do that to him when he's being so splendid."

"Two weeks, then. You won't mind coming on and doing it there, will you? You don't want one of these here-comes-the-bride weddings?"

In her heart Helen did mind going on. But after all she hadn't the money and wouldn't ask it of anybody else. Going out to marry him might be the simplest way.

"Or I could meet you in Chicago," she thought on aloud.

"That's the idea. Grand compromise. Meet you with a gunman for best man— Oh glory, in two weeks—"

Helen suddenly sat up and caught her breath. No, it would have to be longer than that. She shook her head.

"Why not? Don't be stingy."

"Good reasons, Tommy, that I'd rather not tell you—"

But Helen's passion for doing what people wanted, added to her sense of justice, made her tell when he had urged her.

"You know I have a sister, Jessica, who got married, a couple of years ago, at seventeen."

"That's no impediment."

"No, listen." It came hard but she had to explain about Jessica and the red coat.

"The point is," she finished, "I have to wait till I've rolled up carfare out, which means a month at least—two months, if the coat has fur on it!"

"Good Lord, let her pay for her present. It will teach her a lesson."

"Tommy, I can't. They're 'way under now, and—she's going to have a baby."

"And you'll pay the hospital bills, I suppose."

Tommy went off suddenly into one of his violent rages. He stormed at her for loving Jessica best; he threatened to have his father discharge her, to break off with her, to go down and have it out with Jessica, to insult Nina—and finally gave in, white and limp from his own temper, unconditionally.

"I'll simply die out there," he said reproachfully, "but if you will be a mule, I can't stop you. But don't make it long."

"I'll come dashing out the very minute my ticket's saved up," she promised him. "Don't you think I want to?"

THEY met Nina, returning from her bridge, in front of the house.

"Nina, in me you see a future cousin," Tommy called joyously, falling violently on her with a hug. "Helen and I are on the verge of matrimony."

Nina kissed him politely and extricated herself.

"It isn't quite the shock it might be," she said. "Of course, you're robbing me of something I can't replace, but I suppose it can't be helped. Congratulations, both of you, children. I'll give you an announcement luncheon next week, Helen."

"Oh, are we telling people?" she protested.

"We're telling the world," interrupted Tommy. "Think I'd walk off and leave you unbranded?"

"Sweet unselfish soul, aren't you?" said Nina nearly lightly, but not quite. "I suppose everybody where you're going will know you're engaged?""

"Of course!" said Tommy. "No predatory wild cow-girl shall snatch me from my Helen."

He kissed Helen violently, his spirits high again, and was off in his car.

"Now tell me all about it," Nina demanded

All the King's Horses

enjoyably, settling down in her favorite place by the fireplace, under the portrait.

It was a little chilly tonight, and there was a fire. Helen dropped into the opposite chair and began to tell her.

"That decides me," Nina said thoughtfully when Helen was done. "I'd half decided anyway. I'll go—" there was a mischievous expression around her mouth—"I'll go to Europe for a good, long trip. And if I should chance to run into my fellow-townsman, who should blame me?"

"*Nina!*"

Nina always liked it when she shocked Helen. She said that it was soupside-down, because from all you heard about today's young, Helen should try to shock her.

"I'll go in about a month. If you stay a little longer or go a little before, it won't matter. Tacy has been dangerously restless; her sister-in-law is 'poorly,' and she can winter with her. I'll pay her part wages rather than lose her altogether. She's the best cook in Pennsylvania. I can rent for the winter, and Ronny can stay at the Arms. He'll be at college most of the winter anyhow, that is, if he behaves himself. I'll write Ethan to put me up at a hotel or so. If I should share his taste in hotels, again, who shall blame me, dear Helen?"

Helen said no more. After all, Nina was only giving Ethan Kingsway a chance to take back what she had taken from him ten years before. It all seemed middle-aged and a little arid to young Helen, rapturous over young love. But if it made Nina happier—

THERE wasn't any chance of keeping the engagement quiet. But Helen, with her natural light-heartedness, found herself enjoying it, after all. Kingsway Village's ritual for engaged girls was released about her. Mrs. Delamater, a little over-powdered and over-elegant in the manner of her day, a little set in her phrases, came calling and welcomed her into the family, sitting, white-gloved and stiffly marcelled, with just a tinge of condescension coloring her sentences about being happy and delighted. Helen, in her young tide of warmth, of affection for anybody connected with Tommy, would not have allowed herself to feel it, but Nina did not let it escape her.

"You have to trample on those people before they respect you," she explained, when the lady had gone in an odor of compliments and violet sachet. She threw up a window. "There's an elegant airlessness about her I can't stand. I think I trampled!"

"Don't you think I can make her fond of me?" asked Helen in dismay.

"You'd better make her afraid of you," Nina said.

Helen's heart sank for a minute, till she remembered that was only Nina's way of seeing things. Mrs. Delamater and she loved Tommy. They *must* love each other.

What with the rush of parties for her, and Tommy demanding her society every remaining moment, and her own insistence on continuing her work for her father-in-law, Helen grew more excited and gayer, and a little thinner. She slept lightly, waking still stimulated. She seemed to herself to laugh all day long.

There was a lot to do. Nina had ordered her trousseau. The red coat from Jessica had come, too, and it wasn't so bad as Helen had feared—only sixty-five dollars. Helen had sent the check. It was something which she had done so long that subconsciously Jessica expected it, though her notes of loving protest were invariable. Helen wrote Jessica about her own marriage, and even nerved herself to scold Jessica about the present, and be a little franker about Jessica's attitude about money, pushed thereto by a talk with Mr. Delamater. For Tommy, to Helen's dismay, had told his family all about Jessica. So Jessica, lovingly penitent, was giving up coming to the wedding, and had promised to be very economical hereafter, and had asked Helen to get her a budget.

'TOYLAND' for TINY TOTS!

A Delightful Waverly Fabric for the NURSERY

BALLOONS and bow-wows, cowboys and clowns disport themselves gaily on this Waverly print called "Toyland". What youngster wouldn't love to wake up and find that the circus had come right into his own room! This delightful fabric—as brightly colored as the dreams of childhood—may be used for draperies, bedspreads, cushions or screens. It comes in soft-toned backgrounds of blue, green or buff, or with a practical black background. This design is but one of a number of Waverly prints for the nursery...and there is an intriguing selection of Waverly Fabrics for the other rooms of the house also!

Ask your dealer to show you the Waverly Fabrics—ranging in price from fifty cents to a dollar fifty a yard—or mail the coupon below for samples and helpful booklet on home decoration.

Waverly Fabrics
A SCHUMACHER UNIT

WAVERLY FABRICS
60 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK

Please send me your practical booklet on home decoration. Enclosed find 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . its gloss and lustre . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

★ Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

All the King's Horses

Helen worked over the budget with devotion. She also worked hard at getting Nina off. Nina had to be packed for, she had to be secretaried for—there was more to do for Nina's departure for Europe than for Helen's marriage.

And Helen, walking on air, scarlet-cheeked, ecstatic, drove through everything. Tommy went, happy, adoring, regretful, imploring her not to forget him, to write him every day. His mother was loading him with introductions to every one socially eligible.

"But I shan't go anywhere. I'll simply sit and gloom till the day we meet in Chicago," he told her desperately.

She only laughed as she kissed him back. She thought he would go to a party or so, unless he was very much changed. But it was sweet to have him feel that way about her.

"Not a bit. Go on to lots of parties," she said lightly.

"Gee, you're a good sport!" he said. "Mother's talk about social connections and Junior League stuff makes me tired—" He caught himself up.

"Does your mother wish I had more social connections and Junior League stuff?" Helen demanded, a little hurt and shocked.

"No. She's crazy over you. But you know how they are. She thinks anybody that has the privilege of marrying me ought to bring a million dollars and the social position of the Queen of Spain. But I don't care. You're what I want. You're the dearest, sweetest—"

The love-words and caresses flowed over Helen for the last time, and she gave herself up to the mingled happiness and sadness of it, letting everything else slide from her. Tommy was going to be gone from her for nearly two months . . . Well, six weeks, to be accurate. They'd been in the same town, telephone-close, five minutes by the roadster, fifteen if you walked. And now—Wisconsin! They clung together desperately.

"If I weren't working for your father I couldn't stand it," she confessed. "We'll talk about you."

He looked at her with a possessive pride.

"You lovely thing, you do love me, don't you."

"You know . . ."

Then she had to adjust herself to a world with no Tommy, but a temporary world, a world lightened by letters, and with a lot to do still!

Nina went, after all, a fortnight before Helen, which left her with all the locking up and putting away Tacy did not do. The parties for Helen went on. Helen was frightened, sometimes, by the way people made a fuss over her. And as if she couldn't be fond enough back.

THE time came for her to go herself, finally. Her trunks at the station, her suitcases stacked on the porch, her traveling clothes on. She felt a tide of warm excitement flooding her at the thought of it. Tacy's plodding footsteps as she made the rounds of the kitchen for last-minute inspection made her feel a quick pang of sorrow for her. Poor, middle-aged, staid Tacy, who was grateful to life for such poor things it brought her!

"Tacy," she called on a sudden impulse, running back to the kitchen, "I want to give you something to remember me by. This ring with the tourmaline that you always liked so. I want you to have it to wear."

Tommy's ring—Tommy's two rings—would be on her finger soon. She *must* share her happiness a little . . .

"Why, Helen, you mustn't," Tacy protested conscientiously, but after more gay urging on Helen's part she took it, nearly crying herself.

"I dunno how to thank you. It's a han'some ring," she said sliding it on her work-marked hand and holding it up proudly.

"I'll have more," Helen said, flushing and laughing.

"Well, I guess you will," said Tacy, laughing, too. "An' you deserve it, Helen. Only you just keep a firm hand on Tommy Delamater.

TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

FREE

THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime—could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer—a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product—because we have seen the enthusiasm of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton—black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder . . . your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

AMBROSIA

THE
PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Liquid Ambrosia normalizes and refines skin-texture. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles.

Created by a French chemist, named by the Empress Eugenie, Ambrosia was first made in America only to private order. The richest women in New York had Ambrosia prepared especially for them. Famous actresses recommended it to their personal friends. And now a 75¢ bottle is offered to you, without cost, for your approval.

Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift—a one minute facial. Convenient—nothing to wipe away.

On sale at better drug and department stores everywhere, $1.00, $1.75, $3.00.

Mail the coupon at once. We will send you FREE the original 75¢ flacon of Ambrosia.

Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.
Dept. 3-J, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Canada, Dept. 3-J, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont.
Good until July 1st only

Please send FREE the 75¢ bottle of Ambrosia

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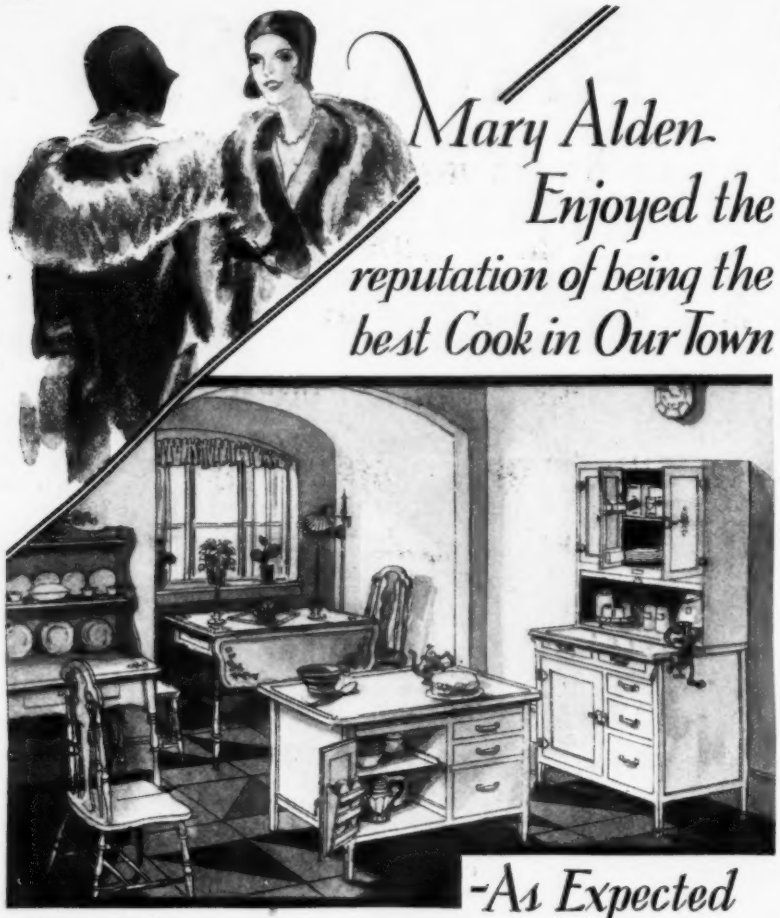
City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6



Mary Alden—
Enjoyed the reputation of being the best Cook in Our Town
—As Expected

Her KITCHEN *was* Fascinating

CRISP, dainty and compact. It is positively the cheeriest place imaginable. And every thing is so handy. Mary pointed out how all those things that are constantly needed in preparing a meal are right at her finger tips. Still, nothing is crowded. There is plenty of working space.

"Sometimes, I really used to dread starting to prepare a meal," Mary told me. "In the first place, my kitchen seemed such a dull, drab sort of a room. Then, too, there were so many steps to be taken. Really, it seemed as though half my life was being spent in a cheerless kitchen. Now that I look back I don't see how I ever managed.

"Then, one day, I happened into a display of PORCE-NAMEL Kitchen Furniture. I saw instantly, that here was furniture designed to cut my kitchen hours in half. And each piece was so cheerful, so beautifully proportioned, and the salesman told me (truthfully, I've since found out) that the construction was the best. The hardest part was to select the pieces I wanted most. You see the result."

No matter what your particular requirements are, you'll find PORCE-NAMEL pieces that are designed to meet them perfectly. There is a piece to meet every kitchen's every need. You'll like the roomy shelves, and the large convenient drawers with their dust-proof construction. You'll find the beautiful Laflat tops won't buckle or warp—the shiny nickeled hardware won't rust—the smooth satin finish is easy to keep clean. A number of the pieces have convenient drop leaves, that allow you twice the working space you would ordinarily have—and take up no room when they're not in use. Certainly—a study of your needs and a careful selection of PORCE-NAMEL pieces to fit them, will cut your kitchen hours in half.

Fill out the attached coupon now. Mail it to us today. We'll send you three amazingly helpful booklets on "First Aids to First Class Cooking." You'll find them tremendously interesting, we're sure.

**From Jean McDonald's latest book—"Little Visits to the Homes of Good Housekeepers."*

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS COMPANY
Department A-330 Nappanee, Indiana

MUTSCHLER
PORCE-NAMEL
handy-roomy
KITCHEN FURNITURE
★
Kitchen Tables-Cabinets
Cupboards-Breakfast Sets

FREE
Send Coupon
NOW

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. A-330, Nappanee, Indiana
Gentlemen: Send me your free booklets on "First Aids to First Class Cooking," and tell me where to see PORCE-NAMEL styles.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

All the King's Horses

Some men don't ever grow up—I dunno but most don't."

"I like them that way," Helen said breathlessly.

She went back to the porch. The house, shrouded, empty, jarred a little on her height of excitement . . . A day and part of another one—and then Tommy! And this height of happiness and warm joy for always after that.

She bent to flick a bit of dust from her smart, new, dark-blue pumps, extravagantly matching her blue suit; glanced at her reflection in the glass door. Yes, Tommy would be proud of her—everything perfect and smart and becoming.

"I'm going now," Tacy said, coming out and locking the door behind her, after she had set down with a panting breath her own two bulging, shabby suitcases. "Takin' the trolley—it's nearer to Myrtilla's than by 'bus. An' I wish you all happiness."

They kissed each other. Tacy was off, plodding trolleyward with a suitcase weighing down each sturdy, black-sleeved arm. Suddenly she turned and called back:

"The forwarding card for the postman is on the porch. Mrs. Higginson must have forgotten it."

"I'll give it to him," Helen called in return, as she heard his whistle, "or mail it back to him."

SHE sped down the street to meet Mr. Lapham, the postman, before the bus came by. He was moving up the walk two houses away, spare and grizzled and mild. She thrust it in his hand.

"Might's well have this mail," said Mr. Lapham, sedate and unhurried.

He fished down in his bag and went leisurely through a packet of letters, giving her one.

"Guess you won't be needing any more," he said, smiling waggishly at her through his steel spectacles. "Goin' where they come from."

She laughed and nodded and sped back to her porch with a quick word of farewell, opening her letter as she ran. Tommy, taking a chance as usual. His last letter had been a week ago, and vaguer even than Tommy's letters were given to being. This had a special on it, and the special had done no more good than they ever did in Kingsway, where the postmaster seemed to regard them as an insult to his system, and contrived to deliver them later than regular mail, or so the townsfolk said.

Helen opened it with a little special rapture. Bless his heart—

. . . It began queerly. Not "Darling," or "You Little Idiot," or "Angel," or even impudently, "Snookums, you moron!"

"DEAR HELEN . . ."

Oh, well, perhaps he was feeling soberer than usual, with marriage so close. She read on.

"DEAR HELEN:

If you weren't the most understanding girl in the world, this letter would be rougher to write than it is even. But you've always been such a wonderful little pal, such a swell little sport, you'll understand. Well, it's this way, Helen—"

She lifted her eyes and caught her breath. What was it he was smoothing her over and flattering her for, as she'd scolded him for doing to other people?

"This way, Helen. I'm a queer fellow. Different. You know how I am—when I feel a thing, I have to say it. I have to be honest with you. I know you'd want me to be. Well, Helen—" Oh, if he'd stop Helening her!—"I have realized since I went that it wasn't the real thing I felt, dear. I shouldn't wonder if you had, too."

She clutched the letter in a ball. Not the real thing! His love. Her love . . . There was the bus, honking. But it wasn't the real thing.

He had waited till the very last moment. Put it off because it was disagreeable—and

All the King's Horses

the door was locked and Tacy had the key . . .

The driver slowed up, and Helen shook her head and watched him go by, numbed and chilly. And then she was shaken by sudden panic terror. Perhaps, after all, she'd read wrong. There was a mistake—there must be. Silly to doubt him that way! She could change her ticket for a later train . . .

She smoothed it out again, the stiff, well-known, gray paper that had always meant joy to get, Tommy's well-known rail-fence hand with its dots and dashes. She made herself read on steadily to the end.

"You will thank me, I know, dear; you wouldn't want me knowing I was crazy over another girl. You're too fine and true for that.

"You'd love her if you knew her; she's a wonder. Her name is Kay Heinemann. Her mother was one of the people Mother gave me letters to, and her father is the head of the bank—the one I was sent out to, you remember.

"Kay is the most splendid girl, more fun, and as strong! She fences and rows and drives her car two hundred miles at a lick; she has a runabout that goes like a streak. She has what I call wonderful bravery. She caught her hand in the car door and just grinned and said: "'Silly of me, old darling!'

"I only hope you get a boy as fine as my Kay, Helen.

"With love always, and no malice. But I know you're too big to bear malice.

"Affectionately ever,

"TOMMY."

THE letter dropped to the porch floor. "Bravery . . ." said Helen aimlessly. "Wonderful bravery . . . No, I guess I haven't any bravery. I haven't anything at all . . . Not a home or a lover or a job or any money or people's respect or a tourmaline ring . . . Tacy didn't need a tourmaline ring as much as I did. Nobody can break Tacy's heart or shame her . . ."

She made a blind step forward, her teeth chattering, shaking from head to foot. Two minutes before, there'd been everything . . . Now, nothing. And she had to go on living . . . Not like Kay, with her parents and her car and her money and her bravery . . . And Tommy's love . . . Helen had to go on living . . . Without any bravery at all.

(To be continued)

PRAYER

By Nancy Richey Ranson

GOD, *teach me not to say, "She should"*
Or "should not" do something;
How can I know the whole of
Some one else's sorrowing?

AND *seeing only part of it,*
How can I be the judge—
Bent, perhaps, by some one else
Who holds a petty grudge?

GOD, *teach me not to listen to*
"They say" and "I have heard"—
Let me not injure any one
By idly spoken word.

GOD, *teach me blamelessly to live,*
And generously, too—
And help me always to be fair,
And tolerant, and true.

This is SAMOLINE'S First National Advertisement

YET thousands of housewives make the use of Samoline a daily habit. Delighted women telling others how Samoline helps them save ⅓ the time, ⅓ the labor and ⅓ the expense of everyday household cleaning—cleaning everything, as some users aptly put it, "from the grand piano to the kitchen sink"—is the only advertising Samoline has had for the past 15 years. They have found that Samoline *is not just another cleaner.*

This *all-talkie* advertising has made Samoline "The World's Greatest Cleaner." Dealers having calls for Samoline, have put it in stock so that now stores most everywhere sell it—grocery, drug stores, hardware, variety and department stores. You have probably often seen Samoline displayed in windows, and on counters, in stores right in your own neighborhood.

With perfect faith and confidence you may use Samoline for cleaning all painted, varnished, enameled, metal, tile and glass surfaces. It will clean everything 100% WITHOUT INJURY to surface or hands—and actually leave your hands soft and white. Being in paste form there is no waste.

Little Sammy Samoline says—"If men did the housework there would be a gallon can of Samoline in every home in your block."

Find out how much quicker, how much easier Samoline will do your cleaning. The store where you trade regularly can supply you with Samoline. And bear in mind that every can of Samoline is sold on the basis of absolute satisfaction or your money will be refunded. That is the way Samoline has been sold for 15 years and not a single can has been returned for refund. You will be no exception—Samoline will please you. It is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

SAMOLINE CORPORATION
1300 Fletcher St. Chicago, Ill.

SAMOLINE

"The World's Greatest Cleaner"

Sold and recommended by all grocery, drug, hardware, variety and department stores everywhere

FIVE SIZES

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR ABOUT SAMOLINE

In using advertisements see page 6

Fashion and Footwear Come to a New Understanding!

Flattering and feminine . . . the lovely lines, the deft designs of the new Drew Arch Rest Shoes. But there is far more than mere loveliness in this fashionable Footwear. Drew Shoes, with their famous Drew Arch Rest Construction . . . promise utter ease and perfect poise in graceful walking as well as repose. They literally keep the foot small and young and graceful through the years! You'll find most of the Spring styles are priced at $8.50, $10 and $12.50 at your Drew dealers. Send coupon below for the Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

The Pandora

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women
"keep the foot small"

The Pickford

THE IRVING DREW CO., Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me my complimentary copy of the new Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Aluminum Baking Powders

(*Continued from page 92*)

days. During that period he averaged 0.02 grams of aluminum per day; i.e. he ate 1/2800th of his weight in aluminum the first day and 1/9500th of his weight the last days. Of my own weight (170 lbs.) 1/9500th is about 0.3 ounces. I should have to eat a huge amount of baking powder to get that much aluminum. Rose then seems to have gone far higher in his feedings than is in any way demanded by the practical use of this element in the ordinary human use of baking powder.

Rose's paper, however, does not attempt to answer the rest of our queries. I found some of the answers in the work of Underhill and Peterman and co-workers of Yale University. I have read carefully through eight of their recent publications. Here are some of my findings:

First, experiments on human subjects support the view that our response is similar to that of rats. Second, we do not by any means absorb into the blood from our digestive tract all the aluminum we swallow. Much of it just travels on through the tract and exits in the feces. Obviously that part could not do us much damage, for it never reaches the tissues and organs. Some, however, dissolves and is absorbed into the blood, for the investigators found it in the blood of dogs, rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. The amount in the bloods examined did not vary with diet nearly so much as might be expected. I mean that there was not a big increase immediately following a meal containing a lot of aluminum baking powder.

One explanation of this would be that we drain it off as fast as it enters the blood by way of the kidneys and urine. If that were so, the urine should show a big increase after a hearty meal of alum baking powder biscuits. Underhill did find some in the urines of his human and animal subjects, enough to indicate that some does get out of us this way, but again the amount was very small, so small as to make it certain that we do not by this route get rid of any very great amount of the total absorbed. Furthermore, after prolonged feeding on aluminum-containing powders the blood and urine content actually *decreased* in aluminum content. Where did it go?

An Elusive Quantity

It was natural to expect that some organs might be storing it, so Underhill analyzed tissues from all over the body. He found some real storage depots. The liver took more of it than any other organ. The brain, kidney, and spleen were next in importance as storehouses. Heart and voluntary muscle held little. The thyroid gland took quite a large amount in proportion to its size and made him wonder if aluminum has something to do with the function of this gland. However, on prolonged feeding, these stores did not proportionately increase and after a time actually shed some of their stored metal. Where did it go?

One job of our liver is to make bile, which it pours back into our digestive tract by way of the bile duct. A well-established function of this bile is to provide a path of exit for certain undesirable constituents of the blood. It is a drainage system that takes from the blood the unnecessary constituents, and pours them back into our intestines, there to mix with and pass out with the feces. Underhill collected and analyzed bile from his subjects and found it rich in this metal when aluminum feedings were prolonged. What does this mean?

If I interpret Underhill's studies aright, they seem to show that while our bodies do absorb some of the aluminum from the foods we eat, they possess an efficient mechanism for keeping circulation and urine clear of clogging of toxic amounts of the metal. The mechanism accomplishes this by temporarily storing excesses in certain parts of the body, but when this storage tends to become dangerous, a new transfer is

FIRST

—the cream that washes away

First—in 30 seconds—your complete scientific "facial"—For in this one silken Cream, Pinaud has compounded elements that set to work like a whole corps of deft experts the instant you smooth it on. Melting deep, deep into the millions of tiny pores ...gently freeing the close-packed dirt and "floating" it to the surface . . . then restoring to dried-out tissues those delicate, swiftly absorbed oils which so exactly resemble the precious oils of the skin itself! And then—still more amazing—as you WASH Pinaud's Cream away . . . with all its load of aging accumulations from deep in your skin . . . it combines with the clear water to form one of the most wonderful astringents known!

Pinaud

Presents two of the greatest achievements in the history of beauty

THEN

—the invisible powder . . . individually—blended for you!

Now—without additional powder-base—that almost-incredible new Powder by Pinaud—either Type 1 or Type 2, depending on whether your skin inclines to be oily or dry. You will find to your astonishment that it becomes literally a part of you . . . not just an obvious powder-coating, but an exquisite invisible film! A film so clinging, so enchantingly smooth, you will almost doubt the story your mirror tells! And—because for the first time you are using a powder adjusted with scientific accuracy to the needs of your particular type of skin—this radiant new loveliness will last and last—indoors, outdoors, incredibly, indefinitely. Each Type is made in six flattering shades, enchantingly perfumed. You should find both Pinaud's Cream and Pinaud's Powder at your favorite drug or department store.

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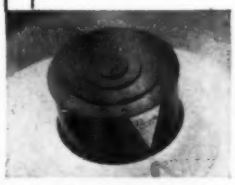
FREE—Check either offer below, and you will receive in addition a special free packet of Pinaud's New Powder: ☐ *Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments* ☐ *For 25c enclosed send 2 weeks supply of Pinaud's Cream.*

Your Name



★

(Underline your type of skin and the color of Powder you wish— NORMAL: OILY: DRY ∽ WHITE: FLESH: FLESH-RACHEL: RACHEL: INDIAN TAN: MOORISH TAN *—and mail this entire coupon to* PINAUD, *Dept. G-3, 220 East 21 Street, New York—in Canada to 560 King Street W., Toronto.)*

Your Address

PINAUD, PARIS, NEW YORK: MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE · PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS

In using advertisements see page 6

• THIS IS ONE CORNER OF YOUR HOME

which friends discuss

YOUR guests have said good-bye. Lingering in their memory are the impressions which they carried home with them.

For people know that, even in old homes, bathrooms need not look shabby or antiquated. That very often the only touch of modernity needed is a new toilet seat—a small item, yet a permanent improvement, when you choose it from the Church assortment.

Church Sani-White or Church Colored Seats, with Bathroom Chairs or Stools to match, can be bought at the plumbing store and quickly attached to any make of bowl. With colored rugs, curtains, towels—little touches of color which you may already have in your bathroom—a Church Seat, chosen from the complete range of nine beautiful pastel shades and lovely sea pearl tints, will make your decorative scheme complete.

Whether your choice is the Church Sani-White or Church Colored Toilet Seat, you can rest assured that it will always look tidy and neat. The Church Seat will not chip, crack, nor lose its original handsome finish. In ten minutes you can transform your old bathroom into one of modern color and attractiveness.

Write for our illustrated folio telling you all about the large variety of Church Toilet Seats and Bathroom Stools offered. C. F. Church Manufacturing Company, Dept. G-3, Holyoke, Mass.

CHURCH *sani*-SEATS

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

Aluminum Baking Powders

set up by which the excess is worked back to the liver and into the bile. Once in the bile the aluminum returns to the intestine and is excreted by the feces just as if it had never been absorbed at all. The failure of the storage organs to reach above a certain percent, and the amounts found in the bile by Underhill are reassuring findings, for they tell me that if some day I eat an unusually large amount of aluminum, my body machinery is going to handle it without harm to me, for it has a whole series of devices for getting rid of it effectively.

We are indebted to Underhill and his coworkers for having gone far to explain why alum baking powder biscuits can be eaten with more or less impunity, for they have actually mapped the route of the swallowed metal through our system and shown how the body keeps it below the toxic limit.

Of course, no drainage system is unlimited in protective power; even the kitchen drain pipe has a certain capacity. Underhill, with the help of Dr. Wells of Chicago University, set out to find the limits of the body's protective system. They dissolved aluminum salts in water and injected them under the skins of guinea pigs, rats, and rabbits. They found that it took two and a half to four grams of these concentrated salts so administered to kill the animals. I weigh 170 pounds. On the same basis it should take at least an ounce and a half of these salts injected under my skin to kill me. This is an enormous dose, far exceeding any amount I should ever swallow by any conceivable use of aluminum baking powder. Another assurance, then, for us who like hot tea biscuit and do not like to ask our hostess what baking powder she used.

Unprejudiced Investigation

The famous Remsen Board reported some years ago that aluminum baking powders in the amounts ordinarily used could be considered harmless to man. Many have felt that the evidence submitted by the Board in support of this conclusion was faulty. Lack of conclusiveness in the data has led to the newer studies. It is fortunate that the newer studies are not centered in a single Board or a single University. Rose and Underhill have worked independently of each other, one at Illinois, the other at New Haven. At Western Reserve Medical College in Cleveland, Victor Myers and his colleagues have formed another independent group and have piled up more evidence which is gradually being released. Within the past two years four papers on the subject have appeared under the authorship of Myers, Mull, and Morrison. These investigators found aluminum in blood and tissues. They agree that we absorb and store some of the aluminum we swallow. They found specifically that after a daily ingestion of .23 to 1.55 grams of aluminum for three months, there was practically no change in the aluminum content of the tissues (spleen, kidney, and heart) with the exception of the liver. They are not quite certain as to which is the principal path of absorbed aluminum, bile or urine, and reserve judgment on this point pending further study. They say, however:

"Observations have been made covering four generations of rats receiving 2 milligrams of aluminum in the form of potassium aluminum sulfate per rat daily in addition to the stock diet. The growth curves of these animals compare well with those of the controls, the only difference being that aluminum-fed rats show a greater initial growth. So far as could be ascertained the addition of aluminum to the diet was without other influence."

At the beginning of this article I referred also to the work done at the Mellon Institute of Research in Pittsburgh. This group has differed from the three described in that it has limited its study to possible damage from aluminum dissolved by foods from aluminum wares. To cover this phase adequately they

Aluminum Baking Powders

have, however, included rather exhaustive studies of the effect of swallowed aluminum in varying amounts. Last September we published in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING an older investigation made for us by Dr. A. S. Cushman with a foreword by Dr. Wiley. Work at the Mellon Institute during the past two years has produced nothing contradictory to the findings set forth in the Cushman paper. The Mellon Institute work has been under the direction of a former government toxicologist and pharmacologist, Dr. Schwartze. We have double assurance, therefore, that the amounts of aluminum we swallow through eating foods cooked in aluminum wares is negligible. However, on a previous visit to Dr. Schwartze I found him inclined to the view that amounts of aluminum reaching 1400 parts per million of the swallowed diet might be toxic. This is the amount used by Rose with his second-generation rats. In view of Rose's work I went back to the Mellon again to get more light on this point. I found some new studies in progress under Dr. Cox that promise to throw light on this apparent discrepancy in observations.

We have been learning, as I pointed out in a former article, that the use or elimination of metals in diet is not always a matter of the amount of metal swallowed. The use we make of lime, for example, may be a question of the amount of phosphate we take with it, or of the cod liver oil or sunshine we get. On this last visit to the Mellon Institute I found Cox experimenting with factors in the diet other than aluminum that may have some influence on its utilization or excretion. These may lead to important results. They are as yet only begun.

I personally find this new data not only reassuring, but definitely convincing, because it supplies evidence I can believe. I detect no flaws in the conclusions drawn. I therefore present it to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers as a record of research and progress. The attached bibliography will permit those who so wish, to obtain and study the details of this recent experimentation. Finally, we shall continue to follow research and to report findings whenever the material can have a bearing on sound judgment.

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Windows

(*Continued from page 43*)

when open, although straight ones can be placed high enough to avoid this break, which is ungainly.

In speaking of casements we take it for granted that they are to open out, because in our climate it is not practical, on account of both leakage and cold, to have them open in. In this respect metal casements have an advantage over wood casement or double-hung windows, as the joints can be made tighter and more weatherproof. To avoid any possible leakage from a driving rainstorm, it is wise to have copper pans built under the sills and at the heads, which catch the water and spill it out.

Almost every type of house has its appropriate design of bay window, which is of immense value both outside and in. When properly placed, it adds interest to the exterior design. Inside, it is not only an attractive feature in a room, but if put in the right place, actually gives more space and pulls the sunlight into the room. The oriel bay—one which

Police protection
for your child's health during this

MOST DANGEROUS MONTH

THE THREE bleak winter months that precede March have worn down the resistance of little bodies. Then March roars in with its rains, its piercing winds, its slush. Is it any wonder that mortality is highest during this treacherous month?

This is the time when your child needs the protection of the vitamins most of all. Like policemen on duty they protect the body; help it grow normally and healthfully; guard against the lurking dangers of vitamin deficiency. Rickets, soft teeth, scurvy, nervous disorders, lowered resistance—especially to the common cold—and other insidious enemies of childhood . . . each can be traced to a lack of one of the four necessary vitamins.

Often your child cannot be induced to eat the foods which contain the vitamins he needs. Sometimes the vitamins have escaped in the process of cooking. But today, thanks to the laboratory work of a leading biological chemist, mothers know that Maltine With Cod Liver Oil—added to orange juice in adequate dosage—*provides a sufficient quantity of all four vitamins to promote health.*

Seventy per cent of this product is Maltine (rich in Vitamin B), a concentrated extract of the nourishing elements of malted barley, wheat and oats. The remainder is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil (rich in Vitamins A and D). When Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is taken in orange juice (Vitamin C), all four vitamins are present. Clinical tests have demonstrated that this food-drink is much more palatable than plain cod liver oil. And it gives the added protection of Vitamins B and C. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet and mix it in with the youngster's morning orange juice.

Every mother should have a copy of our free booklet, "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins." In plain English, it tells you the important facts about the four essential vitamins. The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey St., New York. Est. 1875.

The A B Cs of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in abundance in Maltine With Cod Liver Oil.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

In using advertisements see page 6

Like the prestige of dining in a famous restaurant, this fine old beverage assures successful hospitality

ITS FLAVOR SUGGESTS the sophistication of smart restaurants. It has the graciousness of an accomplished hostess. It has the sparkle of witty conversation and its vigor is the vigor of aristocrats and sportsmen. Such is "Canada Dry." Such is the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

On the dinner table, watch it as the bubbles rise from the clear depths of a goblet. Notice your guests as they taste it! Can you find a beverage which pleases them more, with a subtler aroma, or which goes better with a meal?

"Canada Dry" has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma and essence of the ginger root.

It comes in the convenient Hostess Package of twelve bottles. Hadn't you better order your supply today?

★ "CANADA DRY"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

Windows

is supported by brackets or corbels—in a bedroom or on a stair landing is an especially pleasing feature and deserves more recognition than is given to it in this country.

Another important window for adding space is the dormer window. This again has much individuality of design and makes an otherwise unusable attic into a livable and attractive third story inside and enables one to keep a low roof line outside. The quaint little stomach windows—so named because one has to lie on his stomach under the low eaves to look out of them—are not used now as much as in the old houses, because with the advent of proper heating facilities, the question of ventilation is better solved by the dormer window.

Equipment that Caters to Your Needs

(*Continued from page 89*)

is four hundred watts. More than two appliances should not be operated from the same convenience outlet, as to do so overloads the circuit.

An electrical table appliance should last for many years if cared for and used properly. The heating elements which formerly were apt to burn out if subjected to any undue strain are now made so that replacement is seldom necessary. Keep the appliance clean simply by wiping the exposed surfaces with a damp cloth. Gently shake the crumbs out of the toaster if any collect. Do not tamper with the heating elements.

Never under any circumstances immerse an electrical appliance in water to wash it, as you would a non-electric utensil, because to do so will ruin it. As a rule the only cleaning necessary is wiping with a damp cloth as suggested. This rule applies to grids or cooking surfaces and to outer finishes as well. Nickel finishes may be polished, of course, but the chromium finish need only be wiped. Food will occasionally stick to the cooking surfaces and may have to be removed with a fine wire brush or a fiber bristle brush.

One part of your table appliances may need occasional repairing, and that is the cord. On some devices the cord is permanently attached, and on others the cord is connected to the device by a plug. When your cord becomes worn or broken, take the device to your local electrician and have a new cord installed. New cords are comparatively inexpensive, and a device should never be used with a worn or broken cord.

IF I SPEAK

By Lexie Dean Robertson

I SHALL *speak a lovely word*
If I speak at all,
Graceful as a flying bird
Or a leaf let fall.

WORDS *that speeding through the town*
To somebody's heart
Come to rest as light as down,
And as light depart.

WORDS *that glimmer like a star*
Speeding through the dark
To find where gloomy places are
And kindle there a spark!

Why Not Buy the Cheaper Cuts of Meat?

(*Continued from page 91*)

brown on all sides. Add five cleaned carrots, two prepared turnips, and one No. 3 can of tomatoes. Cover tightly and simmer three hours on top of the stove. Or braize in the oven at 350° F. for the same length of time. Serves six.

Dinner

Stuffed Meat Loaf — Mushroom Sauce
Buttered Steamed Rice
Jellied Tomato and Cabbage Salad
Deep Dish Rhubarb Pie

Stuffed Meat Loaf: Mix together one and one-half pounds of bottom round chopped, one egg well beaten, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Line the bottom and sides of a loaf pan with this mixture. Make a stuffing of one cupful of soft bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of sage, one tablespoonful of grated onion, and four tablespoonfuls of melted fat. Fill the center of the pan with this mixture. Cover the top with more of the meat mixture. Cook in a hot oven of 400° F. for 45 minutes. Serves six.

Dinner

Spanish Steak
Creamed Potatoes — Buttered Spinach
Leek Salad — Cooked Dressing
Baked Apple — Coffee

Spanish Steak: Mix two pounds of bottom round, chopped, with one egg well beaten, one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, one tablespoonful of prepared mustard, one tablespoonful of minced onion, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and pack into a loaf pan. Cover the top with one No. 2 can of tomatoes drained (save the liquid for soup). Cover the tomatoes with one cupful of grated cheese and lay six strips of bacon in a row over the cheese. Bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for forty-five minutes. Serves six.

Leek Salad: Trim three bunches of leeks so that they are about four inches long. Cook them in the contents of one can of chicken broth mixed with one cupful of boiling water and one teaspoonful of lemon juice until tender. When thoroughly chilled, arrange two leeks on lettuce for each individual serving. Serve with cooked dressing. Serves six.

Dinner

Mutton, Italian Style
Carrots and Onions — Currant Jelly
Romaine Salad
Cheese Crackers — Coffee

Mutton, Italian Style: Add two cupfuls of boiling water to three pounds of boned shoulder of mutton and six medium-sized onions stuck with cloves, together with two teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and let simmer for about two hours or until the meat is tender. Remove the meat to a platter and cut into pieces for serving. In the meantime add one cupful of broken macaroni to the liquor in the kettle together with two cupfuls of boiling water and cook until nearly tender, about fifteen minutes. Add four tablespoonfuls of flour moistened with an equal amount of cold water, one tablespoonful of dark caramel or kitchen bouquet, and the pieces of mutton. Cook about fifteen minutes longer, until the gravy has thickened and the meat is thoroughly reheated. Serves six to eight.

Dinner

Savory Round Steak
Mashed Potatoes — Buttered String Beans
Heart of Lettuce—Russian Dressing
Cottage Pudding—Lemon Sauce

Savory Round Steak: Cut two pounds of bottom round in strips about three inches long and one inch wide. Dredge with flour. Heat

CHOOSE

YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints for Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

★

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1393
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

☐Name (Print).....

Address.....

City.....State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

In using advertisements see page 6

Illustration shows an example of polished and hammered Rock of Ages

IMBEDDED in the soul of Man is the eternal desire to create...to symbolize his ideals in some imperishable form. With the selection of a memorial *while you live,* comes the assurance that your family name and your personality will be perpetuated.

A "ROCK OF AGES" tribute designed to harmonize with its surroundings, will stand thru the years—for this perfect, blue gray granite bears a certificate guaranteeing its lasting qualities. An interesting booklet, *"How To Choose A Memorial"* has been published to assist you in making the proper selection. A copy will be sent upon request.

ROCK OF AGES

THE *DISTINCTIVE* BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION....BARRE, VERMONT

Without obligation, please send me your FREE booklet "How To Choose A Memorial"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ E 3

GLADS

SMEDLEY'S CHOICE MIXED

A Glorious Mixture of Exceptionally Fine Varieties

100 Blooming Size $1.00 60 Medium Size $1.00

40 Large Size $1.00

100 Blooming Size for $1.00

Postpaid anywhere in U. S. A. Order Today

Catalog by request—FREE

WATERLOO BULB FARMS, Waterloo, Iowa

ROSE GUIDE FREE

SEND for our beautiful manual, "New Guide to Rose Culture." Exquisitely illustrated with famous Dingee Roses and other plants, in full natural colors. Gives wealth of information gleaned in 80 years on care, varieties, planting—free. Lists 500 roses and plants, new and old. Invaluable to beginners. Will help you beautify your home. Write for your copy today.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 351, West Grove, Pa.

BURPEE'S Garden Book

The Vegetables or Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden—read all about them in Burpee's Garden Book, full of pictures and garden news. Write for your copy of this garden book today. It's free.

W. Atlee Burpee Co. Box 238, Phila., Pa.

Star Roses

When you plant "Star" Roses you do so with utmost assurance that they will grow and bloom. Every plant is trade-marked and *guaranteed* to bloom. Grown by rose specialists, with over 30 years successful rose growing experience. Our 1930 "Star Guide" describes over 200 up-to-date varieties—46 shown in natural colors. If you want dependable roses, send for your copy of "Star Guide to Good Roses" today.

The CONARD-PYLE CO.

Robert Pyle, Pres.

Star Rose Growers

Box 80 West Grove, Pa.

Good Housekeeping's GARDEN CALENDAR

Practical advice by an expert on the planting and care of growing things. Suggests month by month ways of enjoying gardening the year 'round, how to plan and plant, and many other things. Decoratively bound. Price 50c.

Send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. Print name and address clearly on order.

Why Not Buy the Cheaper Cuts of Meat?

two tablespoonfuls of fat in a skillet and brown the meat on all sides. Remove the meat from the skillet and add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of prepared mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of dark caramel, and two cupfuls of boiling water. Stir until smooth and slightly thickened. Add the meat, cover closely, reduce the heat, and simmer until tender, or about one hour. Serves six to eight.

Where Did I Put It?

(*Continued from page 84*)

thus make your files more valuable, put a number on the tab on the folder, say "25", if you are just beginning to file your material and have as yet only twenty-four folders on file. File your folders in numerical order. Then make out several cards each with the number "25" in the right-hand corner to identify the folder. In the left-hand corner of one card put "Waterless cookers"; of another, "Pressure cookers"; of another, "Cookers"; and perhaps a fourth card might be used for "Electric cookers." On each card put the title of the article, the source, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING with date, and a line or two as to the contents of the article. Reserve a section in your card file for these cards with guide cards for an alphabetical classification. The card marked "Pressure cookers" would then go under "P," the one on "Electric cookers" under "E," and the others according to the first letter of the heading in the left-hand corner.

This is called "cross-referencing" your files, and it may at first seem complicated, though it really is not. It does take a few minutes more to file each folder, but it is worth taking that time, for you are much more certain of not missing information which you need and which may be filed. Some material can so easily be buried in a file if no cross-reference system is used. All folders will not need three or four cards, however; some will need only one or two. The article in January GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, "Telling the Family Fortune," will in all probability be readily located if only one card is used and filed under "Budgets."

Keep your canceled checks, since they are really receipts for bills paid, and if you have a narrow roll of gummed paper you can quickly attach the canceled check to the corresponding stub in your check book. When all checks in the book have been used, paste a label on the cover to show the date of the first and last check issued. These check books may then find a place in your desk, or each may be filed in a manila folder, properly marked, or with a card for it in your card file to indicate that a used check book has been filed. The card should, of course, give the dates between which the checks were issued.

Receipted bills may be kept in your folders, all the bills for each month of any one year being kept in one folder, or they may be kept under the name of the firm or individual rendering the bill and to whom the bill was paid.

Each year it is a good thing to go through your files and discard out-of-date material, or material you have found no use for. At the same time discard the cards used to cross-reference the material in each folder. To do this quickly, put on the back of each card when you first fill it out a record as to the other cards used for the same folder. As an example, take the cards for the article, "Shall I Buy a Cooker?" On the back of the card filed under "Electric cookers" put *"Cookers, Pressure cookers, Waterless cookers"* to show that there are three other cards in the files for that folder. These in turn will each be found under their letter.

Telephone numbers frequently used should,

The Steinway, "Instrument of the Immortals," is quite within reach of the modest income

"An American in Paris," painted for the Steinway Collection by Covarrubias

THE glorious piano of Liszt, of Wagner, of Rachmaninoff, may take its place in your home . . . and with no undue strain upon you financially. With all its magnificent entertainment possibilities, with its incomparable range of tone, its ability to meet and inspire the talents of your children . . . the "Instrument of the Immortals" is easily within the reach of every man.

In its graceful, beautiful case, turned and tooled from the finest woods, the Steinway has the rare property of completing the decorative scheme of any beautiful room—of radiating, as it were, the romance of its artistic associations and distinguished history. But it is not merely the perfect piano, or the tasteful decoration. It is the friendly instrument that lends itself most pleasantly to the light exigencies of informal entertaining—a natural focal point for an evening roomful of civilized people.

The Steinway Baby Grand . . . *a Steinway of this size and power . . . at* $1550 . . . *is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the majority of homes. Its beautiful finish harmonizes with any plan of interior decoration that may be chosen, and its tone is superb.*

And although the Steinway is the piano without equal, it is the piano that can find its way most easily into every man's home. There is no necessity for waiting until the full price of the Steinway is in hand. It is not necessary to buy the Steinway out of capital. You may pay down but *ten per cent* of the price, upon which the Steinway enters your home . . . and out of your subsequent income, over a two-year period, you may settle the balance.

Think of it! The piano of Wagner, of Paderewski, of Liszt, of Gershwin, in your home . . . superb . . . long-lived . . . decorative!

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total of $875

GRANDS $1550 and up

(As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" in other cities.)

10% down *balance in two years*

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

STEINWAY

• In using advertisements see page 6

Write for the interesting booklet, "Pottery." Free on request.

CHARM . . . is in many things ...gay sunlight on southern seas ... irresistible strains of a Wagnerian symphony . . . cozy nook by the fireside when the wind is blustering.

In Roseville Pottery there is a charm that endures . . . permanently wrought by artists who love their craft. Glorious shapes, soft blendings of twilight tints, subtle beauty of heirlooms . . . these are the charm of Roseville bowls, jars, vases and candlesticks.

For the home, for gifts or prizes, see Roseville Pottery at leading stores.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY COMPANY, Zanesville, Ohio

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

KUNDERD
Golden Anniversary Gladioli Specials

Golden Anniversary Gladiolus Book—FREE

1930 marks A. E. Kunderd's fiftieth year as a gladiolus originator, breeder and grower. During this half century Mr. Kunderd has originated entirely new types of gladioli, to say nothing of thousands of new varieties. Gladioli that are popular favorites were originated and named by Mr. Kunderd.

Next summer is *your* chance to have the finest garden of gladioli in your neighborhood. Mr. Kunderd celebrates his Golden Anniversary by making a number of Golden Anniversary Collection Specials. These collections contain the cream of the Kunderd varieties. Write for the new Kunderd "Golden Anniversary Gladiolus Book" — FREE — and make your selections. The book is more than a catalog, for it contains articles covering the history, development and improvement of the gladiolus. In addition are Mr. Kunderd's own directions for planting and growing. It introduces 130 new varieties and illustrates 63 in colors. Use coupon.

A. E. KUNDERD
234 Lincoln Way West, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: Please send me your FREE Golden Anniversary Gladiolus Book.

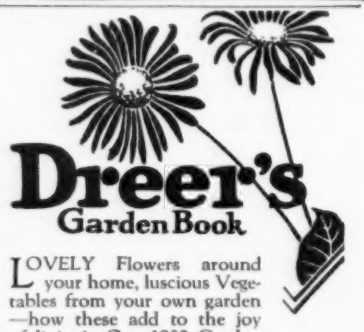
*Name*_____
*St. or R. F. D.*_____
*City*_____
*State*_____

BULBS 10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and names of four friends who grow flowers. Will include FREE bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.
S. W. PIKE, Seedsman, Box 33, St. Charles, Ill.

UNUSUAL SEEDS SPECIALS YOU SHOULD TRY

62 Years in the Seed Business has enabled us to obtain, develop, produce many rare, unusual and big-producing varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seed. Get some, make your garden better, different from neighbors'. 164 pages Catalog Free. Address—
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
Box 396 La Crosse, Wisconsin

10c also buys a Window Box Flower Collection or 20 ft. row Nasturtiums or packet Cucumber Seed to grow bushel, any 3 for 25c



Dreer's Garden Book

LOVELY Flowers around your home, luscious Vegetables from your own garden —how these add to the joy of living! Our 1930 Garden Book lists the best Seeds, Plants and Bulbs and tells how to grow them.

A copy free if you mention Good Housekeeping

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Where Did I Put It?

of course, be kept near the telephone, and your monthly expense accounts will be kept on sheets ruled for the purpose. If you wish to have an inventory of your furniture and furnishings, this may be kept in a card file or in a book.

You will find this inventory indispensable when you are taking out an insurance policy on your furniture or adding to a previous policy, or in renting your house. The inventory supplies you with figures as to the original value of your furniture and furnishings, and by allowing for yearly depreciation in value you have a more definite idea as to their present value. If the inventory is kept in a loose-leaf book, columns should be ruled to show the date each article was purchased, from whom purchased and the price, with a column for "remarks" as to repairs made, reupholstering done, etc., and the date and price of this work. If kept on cards, use a card recording each article, or set of articles, as dining-room chairs. Guide cards will classify the furniture according to room location.

First Aid to Furniture

(*Continued from page 83*)

with carbon tetrachloride or by shampooing. In either case the dust should be removed first by brushing or by using a vacuum cleaner. When sponging with carbon tetrachloride, we proceed as in removing a grease spot. If we decide upon shampooing, we first make sure the colors are fast, then we make a heavy suds of mild soap and very little water, beating them to a lather. With a soft brush or sponge we apply only the lather to the tapestry, over a small area at a time, scrubbing gently till the suds are soiled, then we wipe them off with a cloth or sponge wrung tightly out of clear, lukewarm water. If we have not used the water under the suds, the padding of the furniture is only slightly dampened and will dry readily in a current of air. Only heavy tapestry or material of similar weight and texture, that is fast to soapy water, should be washed in this way.

Furniture is frequently upholstered in beautiful cretonne or printed linen. These materials are difficult to keep clean and fresh-looking. As they can be cleaned so much more satisfactorily if removed from the furniture, it has been suggested that they be made into slip-covers which can be fitted to the chairs or cushions and fastened by snaps. Then it is only a few moments' work to unfasten and remove the covers for cleaning. These covers should be sent to a reputable dry cleaning establishment which will return them unfaded and unshrunken. It is always wise to send our materials to the cleaner before they become too soiled to be cleaned by the method best suited to the fabric. We should not consider cleaning such articles at home unless we are absolutely sure the material will neither fade, shrink, nor stretch from the treatment. The first cost of these slip-covers seems large, but often well-made furniture of good lines, upholstered in the less attractive materials and therefore less readily salable, may be purchased inexpensively and covered as we desire.

In stocking our first-aid-to-furniture shelf we include plenty of soft, non-linting cloths. We like a felt pad for rubbing down surfaces —an old, soft felt hat is good when cut into convenient pieces. Lemon oil or one of the good commercial furniture oils may be used. Boiled linseed oil is bought under that name.

Caution: All cloths containing oils, polishes, or waxes should be washed directly after they are used, or placed in covered tin or earthenware containers to avoid the risk of fire.

Patience, careful technique, and suitable tools and supplies are equally essential, if our first aid treatment is to be effective against the day when refinishing is imperative.

Let Us Buy For You

Every one will want a dress of silk-and-cotton crêpe this spring, and the one above comes in a smart, new print. It is semi-made, and there are only a few seams to sew; white or beige on navy, or black on white; 14 to 44; $4.75. Sleeveless frocks still rule for warm-weather sports wear, and this one is of rayon piqué trimmed with bows; white, blue, tan, orchid, or green; 16 to 42; $2.95

To Order

Just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., to order these pretty accessories and frocks for your spring-time wardrobe

This large, white gardenia is really a lovely one; 75c. A cut-steel pin trims this black moiré bag with slide fastener; fitted; 8¼" x 6½"; $4.95

For Brides

The spring bride will find our Bride's Book helpful in planning her trousseau and her wedding. It tells all about the trousseau, invitations, decorations for church and home, and many, many other things. Just send 25c to our Bulletin Service Department, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Story of a Girl...

★

Snubbed at School, She discovers the Secret of New Charm and Happiness

MANY a girl would give up in despair when she found herself snubbed in school and unpopular in college, but not so Mrs. Norma Kussel Jones of 1567 Cramer Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"There is no heartache worse than being snubbed in school," says Mrs. Jones. "When I was seventeen I went away to college. Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. I think she meant to be friendly. But soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly—and—I snored!

"No one knows the misery I suffered. Freda and her friends made life miserable for me. I soon lost weight and appetite.

"One day Miss Dickinson, the physical education teacher, found me sobbing in the locker room; I told her my story. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes snoring and restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol?' She said she used it herself.

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body (Miss Dickinson said we all have them), my skin had a clear healthy appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl. Everybody notices it!'

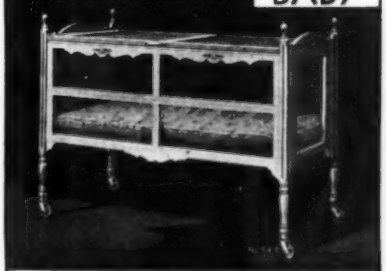
"The days and years that followed were filled with every activity. I was editor-in-chief of the college annual, coxswain of the winning crew—and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

Such a simple way to health and happiness! Your doctor will tell you that Nujol contains no medicines or drugs—it is simply bodily lubrication—harmless, normal, and it works easily so you will be regular as clock work. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store for what you would pay for two or three ice cream sodas.

Nujol was perfected by Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. ★ Get a bottle today and try it. If you are like most other people Nujol will make you brighter, happier, more able to succeed. Don't put off good health! Start being well this easy way, this very day.

(Advertisement)

The COMFY-CRIB for YOUR BABY



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SWIFT as the SWALLOWS!

This Double-Slice—Double-Side —Double-Quick Toaster

SWIFT as the swallows of a breakfast-eager family, the Edicraft makes piping-hot toast. Two slices—both sides at once . . . fast as they can eat it . . . and so good they'll eat a lot. No watching or turning. No burning of toast or fingers. It browns to just the shade you order . . . then opens automatically with your toast ready to eat. But if you're not ready, the Edicraft will keep your toast warm. It operates with that charmed simplicity that you could expect only of an Edison product . . . and its modernist lines are a gracious adornment to the smartest breakfast table.

Edicraft Speed Toaster

Thomas A. Edison Inc. Orange, New Jersey

Stars and Scissors

(*Continued from page 29*)

did she want? The opera house was hers—New York was hers—America was hers—only please to speak to them! Then Lehmann shouted through the door her terrible ultimatum: Unless a *new* gown, an *entirely new* gown, was ready for her last act, she wouldn't step her foot again on the stage, the opera wouldn't be finished, and they could all go to the devil!

Stanton pleaded and pleaded; he almost wept. No use! A new gown or no opera!

What a scene! I was shaking all over. I felt somehow it was up to me, that I must do something about that dress. So when she shouted her "last word" to poor Stanton, "No dress, no opera," I ran to the door, and through the keyhole I screamed to her:

"Madame, you *shall* have a new dress! Your *Kleine Seeger* will make it for you. I swear to you, you shall have a new dress ready for the last act."

And then up I tore those three flights to my work room and locked the door. "Don't speak to me," I cried. "If the house is on fire, let it burn; nobody come near me!"

Thank God, there were always materials in the workroom—there was a big bolt of lovely, white cloth just come in. I tore it down, and with my scissors went at it and cut like mad the long, white robe that *Isolde* must have for the last act.

You remember in "Tristan and Isolde," after the great love scene in the garden (which put all the fresh paint on Lehmann's gown), there's a long intermission. Then comes the last act, with the singing first by the sailor and then *Tristan's* death scene on the shore, waiting for the ship and *Isolde*. Altogether it would amount to an hour or more before *Isolde* goes on for the last act. Thank God and Wagner for this long wait!

I didn't stop for any frills. I stitched up the great robe like forty devils were after me, cut and put in the sleeves, cut a long, white scarf and sewed it on. And can you believe it? In one hour it was done. No time to put a hem on the bottom, but never mind, *Isolde's* robe was ready—new and white and beautiful.

I mustn't forget to say that poor Stanton himself came up just once during the time to ask me (through the keyhole) if it was possible the new gown would be ready.

"Yes," I said. "*Yes, yes,* YES! It will be ready. You can ring up the curtain. Tell Mme. Lehmann that I myself will bring the gown to her in time."

That was something, though, to take years out of my life, for I must tell you that I was exhausted—and I was expecting my first baby to be born. The time was not so far off, and all this rush and strain were not so good for me. But, as always, I forgot everything for my work.

WHEN the dress was ready, I laid it over my two arms and tore down those stairs, straight to Lehmann's door. "For God's sake, quick, Madame, open the door! The dress is here," I called.

She flung the door open, and there she stood, like the fury she was, white and terrible. But when she saw me, her *Kleine Seeger*, shaking, my arms outstretched, the beautiful new *Isolde* robe spread over them, she gave a great cry and snatched it from me! Well, I don't remember any more, because right away I fell in a dead faint at her feet. It was too much for me. But the opera was saved! I was revived and carried home, and Lehmann was put into her robe, and she went on and sang like an angel. And how she thanked me the next day! Such fruit and flowers—and gratitude! *Ach* it was really touching!

It's a lucky thing that I've always been able to jump into the breach in an emergency. I've already told you how, long years before, I saved my sister's first party by making a muslin curtain into a new dress. Well, that started me off, and I've been doing it ever since—for fifty years. It was well for Lehmann and the

Stars and Scissors

Metropolitan Opera House that I could do it.

Yes, Lehmann was something to reckon with. There was no placating her in one of her terrible rages; but, I must say that, difficult as she was, she always deeply appreciated it when things did go right. There are singers, you know, who are dissatisfied no matter what you do for them. Marie Van Zandt was such a one—but of her doings I'll tell you later.

Although Lehmann was so difficult and exacting, there was always a *reason* for it. It was really for art's sake and the beauty of the production. She never cared how much she gave of herself. She worked for hours—always singing full voice at rehearsals (unlike Patti, who refused ever to rehearse at all), because, she said,

"Even it it's not necessary for me, it does help the other singers."

She left nothing to chance—she didn't trust anybody—except me.

OH, I remember how she used to carry on in "Tannhauser." She sang *Venus* in that opera. You know, she must lie, a beautiful, seductive figure, on a couch and sing her wonderful song. *Ach*, that old couch! What a row there always was over that! My dear, she'd come to the opera house often at six o'clock to fix it herself. She had special cushions to lie on, just a certain height for her head, because if her head was not high, she got dizzy, she said, and couldn't sing. Then over the couch must come the great fur skins, etc. *Ach*, how she fussed! The cushions were never in the right place, although they were specially marked for this, but even so the stage hands couldn't be trusted, they always got them in the wrong place! My dear, you'd think a bull was on the stage, she tore around so. Once, I remember, I came in about half-past six, and when she caught sight of me, she called:

"Come here, Seeger, look at this terrible cushion they gave me! See what they do to me when my back is turned!"

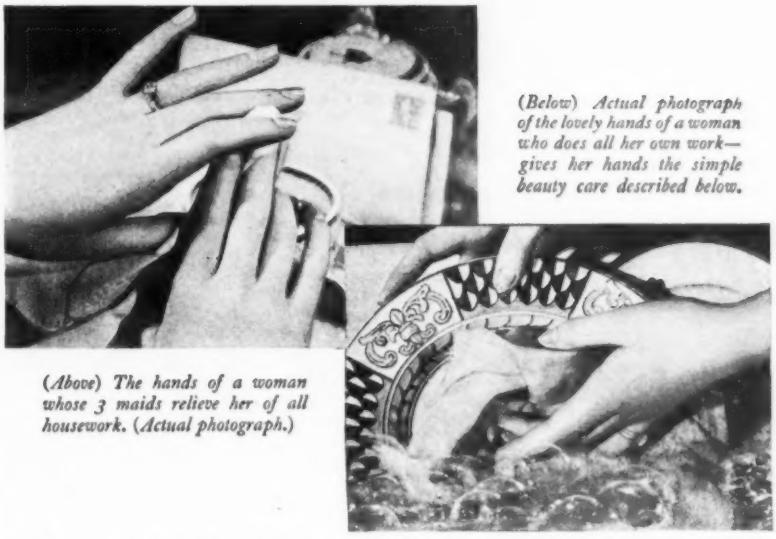
She was almost weeping.

It was the same thing in "Die Walküre." She had the great rock on which she lies covered with grass, and under the grass, of course, were her precious cushions so she'd be more comfortable. The same thing all over again—only, in addition, there must be her shield leaning against the tree and her beautiful helmet beside her. For this, my dear, nails must be driven into the floor so that the shield couldn't be out of place even an inch. I tell you, she was one to reckon with. But what an artist! One forgives anything—

She loved nature and was always a great one for the open air—"except in her dressing-room" you say! She was always looking out for stray cats and dogs and frequently sang in benefits for them. And she was one of the first people in Berlin to suggest that there be fountains for horses, with little places at the bottom for dogs to drink. She loved all dumb creatures, but she wasn't so particular about human beings. She really was feared by everybody. Her domineering ways—her strong personality—everything about her repelled and frightened people at first. Perhaps she would have been kinder if people had understood her better, and I must say that you had to know Lehmann very, very well before you could really get at her. I loved her from the beginning and never minded when she was rough, or even hard to me—which she rarely was. In her heart she was always loving to me and appreciated everything I did.

I know that she was thought by many people to be terribly stingy. Well, yes, she was stingy, in certain ways, for she had always in her mind the idea that when old age came she would be penniless, and she was terribly afraid of that. Why, she even did her own washing in those days at the hotel, and very often at the opera house. Everybody knows that story, it went the rounds years ago and is still going. And I must say it's true. Many a time I have seen her washing away in her dressing-room. She'd wash her handkerchiefs and underwear—yes,

"Do *Women with Maids have* Lovelier Hands?"



(Below) Actual photograph of the lovely hands of a woman who does all her own work—gives her hands the simple beauty care described below.

(Above) The hands of a woman whose 3 maids relieve her of all housework. (Actual photograph.)

We asked 305 *Famous Beauty Shops . .*

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

WE put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country . . . here is the answer they gave us—

"With all our experience we *cannot* distinguish between the hands of the woman who has servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan. Lux gives real beauty care."

Right in your dishpan

Isn't it wonderful to know that right in your dishpan you can have beauty care for your hands? . . . that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. In spite of housework!

And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day—Lux for dishes

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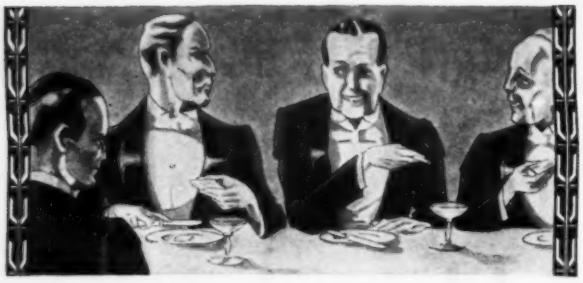

"—and so . . .

OVER A PEAR AND A BIT OF ROQUEFORT"

SAVING serious matters for the conclusion of the dinner, the fate of the world has more than once been discussed at dinners of state over "a pear and a bit of Roquefort."

Today, as through the years, all of the world's Roquefort Cheese comes from the tiny village of Roquefort in France. It is made of sheep's milk. The centralization of this industry in Roquefort is due to the presence of natural caves, long and deep, which as a gift of nature, have constantly the low temperature and particular humidity necessary for the development in the cheese of the green "veins of flavor" distinctive with Roquefort. Roquefort Cheese combines flavor with delicacy. Neither too flat nor too sharp. Not too sweet nor too strong.

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Galvanized inner pail easily removed; outer container beautifully enameled in green, blue, ivory, yellow, red or white.

The Sanette is made in three sizes: 2 gal. $1.50; 3 gal. $3.00; 5 gal. $5.00 ($1.75, $3.25 and $5.50 respectively West of Mississippi and in South). If your department store or hardware dealer cannot supply, send check or money order. We pay shipping charges.

Ask for Sanette Waxed Bags to fit these cans, 25c for package of twelve. Save wrapping of garbage. Keep can clean. If dealer cannot supply, send $1.00 for 4 packages.

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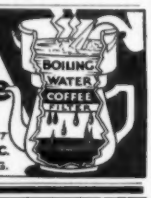

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INDIA TEA

This mark ⟶ is the emblem of the Tea Growers of India.

Stars and Scissors

even her underwear. Later on, she used actually to bring her bundle of washing down to the Metropolitan herself, because at the hotel they didn't have hot water enough for her, so down she carted her washing to the opera house, for there she had plenty of hot water and could wash to her heart's content.

A strange and difficult woman she was, but I could sink on my knees to her now, old woman that I am, in thankfulness, so divine was she—such unforgettable memories she leaves with me! There is nothing to express the ecstasy she gave when she sang. She was so beautiful to hear and to see. Her splendid, majestic figure, her noble face, her ideal conception of the parts—*ach*, how wonderful! In this whole world there is not one person like her. She reached the highest spiritual ideal—the greatest that ever existed or will exist, in my opinion. There's no one like Lilli Lehmann—no one! I can never forget her last act of "Siegfried," when *Siegfried* wakes her with a kiss and she rises up and sings to him. It simply lifted one off the earth—celestial! And never another artist has done that as she did it. There are no words to express it—simply no words. But no matter what rôle she sang, she was always the greatest in that part. She topped them all. I have heard in my life many splendid *Brünnhildes*, but none so great as Lehmann! Her place is among the greatest mistresses of song the world has known and she was one of the greatest of all the great *lieder* singers, too. Her opera repertoire comprised more than one hundred rôles. That is something to think over, for there have been singers who nearly died learning two or three rôles.

Lehmann was born 'way back in 1848, in Germany. Her mother was an opera singer, too, and her first teacher. As a young woman she had a light, high, soprano voice and made her début as a *coloratura*, and later went to Bayreuth to study under Wagner himself. In America she was the real high-priestess of Wagner. There's a story (and I know it's true, for I often heard her say this) that some one asked her why she started to sing the Wagner rôles, and she said it was because she was so tired of singing just princesses in the opera—which was her only fate as a *coloratura* singer.

And now, here's something else to reckon with: It was in 1885 that she made her début at the Metropolitan in "Carmen," if you please, and five days later, think of it, she sang *Brünnhilde* with overwhelming success. *Carmen* to *Brünnhilde!* that's a jump for you. What young singer could make it today, I wonder.

"A different breed, then," you think? Yes, that's the word—they were a different breed then. And Lehmann is one of the towering specimens. *Ach!* she had all the supreme qualities—a glorious voice, queenly stage presence, such passion, my dear, and intelligence. She will stand through the ages, the peerless and unrivaled one.

THERE was only one other singer who ever approached her, one who died young, the great Katerina Klafsky. She was a marvelous *Brünnhilde*. She had two supreme rôles—*Brünnhilde* and *Fidelio*—and as *Fidelio* she was the greatest that ever lived. Klafsky had come to America for a short season for young Walter Damrosch, and later went on a tour with him. She was crazy to come to America from Hamburg, and made a tremendous hit here. Another unforgettable one!

Yes, you're quite right, my dear, I was more than just a costumer at the Metropolitan. I really took upon myself other duties. I was wardrobe mistress as well—had full charge of all the costumes during my six years there. I organized everything. *Ach*, such disorder when I came! But I brought system there from the beginning. I worked day and night. For every performance I alone was responsible for every costume, down to the smallest detail.

The principals were my first duty. Yes, indeed, I took no chances with the great songbirds! Why, I even saw to it that they had

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FOR the bare necessities of seasoning, salt and pepper will do. But for keen flavor, aroma and spicy tang, add Chili Powder for a brand new thrill.

Now, in your own kitchen, you can duplicate Chili Con Carne, and famous Mexican dishes, rivalling native skill. You can spice up ordinary humdrum dishes . . . . . transform leftover meats into delicacies . . . . enliven egg and vegetable dishes . . . . put new zest into soups, sauces and gravies . . . and add relish to salads and greens.

It's all in the seasoning. The natives themselves use a blend of Mexican Ancho Chili pepper and other rare spices. You can get the identical formula in 15c and 35c bottles at your grocery store. Ask for Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder. Be sure to get the real thing.

With each bottle is a recipe folder. Two famous recipe books procurable from Gebhardt, are much more complete. Nearly all grocers now have Gebhardt's Chili Powder and Mexican foods in cans. If yours doesn't, use coupon below and get samples of both, direct from "San Antone."

The SAMPLER

MEXICAN DINNER PACKAGE

$1 Containing one can each of Chili Con Carne, Beans, Tamales; 2 cans Deviled Sandwich Spread; 1 bottle Chili Powder; two famous recipe books. Regular retail value including books $1.35; shipped to any U.S. address postpaid for a dollar bill.

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Alice Bradley's: "Salads"–Gebhardt's Mexican Recipe Book and SAMPLE 10c

Don't miss getting this book on the new vogue in salad color, decoration and design; by the principal of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery. Another treasure also, is Gebhardt's book of original Mexican recipes. With it you can duplicate native dishes exactly. Both, together with sample, postpaid in U. S. for a dime.

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SAFE

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SAVES HANDS

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The Chore Girl is made from a continuous ribbon of soft copper, knitted throughout into the shape of a sponge. It is amazingly efficient, easily rinsed, and lasts a long time.

Burned surfaces and encrusted food are removed with minimum effort and time. And the Chore Girl will not injure aluminum. It merely burnishes, as copper is a softer metal than most other abrasives used for scouring pans.

Just about every five and ten cent store, hardware and department store sells the Chore Girl. If your store happens to be out of it, send ten cents for a sample to Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, N. J.

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This modern way to HOT STARCH offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Elastic Starch—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Try it for smooth, easy ironing—just feel the difference.

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Good Housekeeping New York

Stars and Scissors

clean towels in their dressing-rooms, which certainly wasn't my look-out. And cloths for removing their make-up too—some singers wanted soft cheese-cloth, others cotton, and some, my dear, wanted just tissue-paper! No matter, anything to please them. I realized as well as any *impresario* that they must be humored under all circumstances. And let me say right here, that there's no creature that walks the earth so catered to, and so pampered, as the opera singer.

After the principals, then the chorus. The chorus men dressed on one side of the stage, the women on the other. For certain operas we engaged a crowd of extras—"supers," they called them—which were taken from students and such. They were paid $2 the night and given two free tickets. The free tickets they gave to their lady loves, or sometimes to their parents. The seats were in the "peanut gallery"—but they were delighted, just the same!

The chorus dressing-rooms were always buzzing like beehives. Such a chattering and squabbling among them. Of course, you had to watch them, for they'd borrow and steal from each other, and the costumes would be in an awful mess if you didn't. But then you really couldn't scold them, for Italians are so big-hearted and lovable—the chorus was all Italians.

THE ballet girls were in a huge room by themselves. I looked them over the last minute, every night, for each dancer must have a brand-new pair of slippers for every opera—that is, the first-row dancers. They didn't wear them out, you know, but the slippers got dirty right away, so after every performance they were given to the back rows, or used for practise; but the first-row ballet, fresh slippers every night, if you please, was the rule.

On opera nights I stayed in my workroom until the last minute, four o'clock. Then I'd go home, have a bath, an early dinner, and hurry back again at six, for it took me from 6 o'clock until 7:30 to go my rounds. So you see, I practically lived in the opera house. My hours were from nine until midnight. Many a night I slept on the sofa in my workroom, and (now, I'll tell you a secret) I used to cook there, too. When I first came to this country I didn't like the American food. I couldn't get used to it, so I decided to do my own cooking. I got a little stove and added a small cooking department to the costuming!

Soon the artists themselves used to want to sneak upstairs. They'd smell something good during rehearsal, and word went round that Seeger was at her cooking, and up they'd come, the favorites, begging for a bite. Even Habelmann said to me once,

"Really, Seeger, I'll pay you good board money if you'll only cook for me every day just one good German dish!"

It was like a big family in some ways. We lived in a little world of our own.

And what about my husband? Well, I don't wonder you ask, my dear. We've lost him, haven't we? But never mind, he was always there—as Mr. Stanton's secretary—and his hands were full, too.

During my six years, I never left the opera house a single night until everybody had gone, and I myself saw that every room was locked. It was an endless job—just the care of the dresses alone. After every performance there were a dozen girls on hand. The dresses were hung up, the windows opened, and the clothes thoroughly aired. The next morning they were all taken to the repair room and gone over, inch by inch. If only one small thing was ripped or torn, it had to be fixed at once. Then back everything went to the closets, so that I could say, "In room 7, on hook 13, you will find so-and-so"—and there it was. I was always great for system and order. The strictest discipline was maintained.

And that's when and how I had to punish and fine the chorus.

I'd say, "Here is one shoe—where's the other?"

Stars and Scissors

You know, they'd loan things to each other and even steal from one another, and that wouldn't do at all. I was like a marshal with his soldiers. Not a bead, not an earring, not a stocking could be changed or missing. But even so, they often had to be fined—sometimes up to five dollars when a thing was lost or damaged.

It's time for another story, you tell me? Ah, my dear, you want to keep me up at concert pitch. You're as bad as the *prima donnas*.

Well, I have a story—a fight (better still) which I had with Mario who sang *Venus* in "Tännhauser," when she cut almost in two a tight I had specially made for her. Now, to have a tight made in one piece, in those days, was a very difficult thing. A perfect diagram of the figure had to be taken first, and the tight then woven on a special machine, and there were only a few of them in this country.

I had it done for Madame Mario at a great trouble and expense and it was a perfect fit, but, *Gott in Himmel!* if she didn't kick because it *was* in one piece! She stormed around like a devil. She said it must be opened, it was too tight (she was very fat), too uncomfortable, she couldn't breathe.

"But," I said, "it must be like that. If you're *Venus*, you don't have to be comfortable, you must only be beautiful!"

But she wouldn't listen. She shouted at me that she wouldn't wear it—she was suffocating! and before I could stop her she grabbed the scissors and cut my beautiful tight wide open!

Ach, my dear, when I saw that! And the curtain going up in ten minutes! What to do! I rushed up to the workroom and grabbed some pink chiffon to hang over her, just to cover her up! She was supposed to be a "living cloud" in the opera, you know, but she didn't look much like a cloud that night—unless it was a thundercloud. And my tight was ruined—a terrible mess! I told her she'd have to pay for it. And she did, I tell you, a good fine! We really had a terrible rumpus, which didn't often happen, as it was my rule never to give back answers with the singers to excite them before they went on stage. If I had to say something disagreeable, I always did it afterward. How was it possible to hold my temper? It wasn't possible—but I did!

THE fines ("blood money," they called it) all went into a separate box, and they amounted to a lot when the season was over, so after the last opera night I used to give, right on the stage, a big supper and entertainment. Everybody came, and we had a jolly time, I tell you, and they ate and drank up every penny of the fine money, and then and there forgot all about it. Of course, I couldn't take the money, and the Metropolitan wouldn't have it, so we spent it this way for everybody—and all was well when they departed at dawn with full stomachs and light hearts!

Yes, indeed, one must be a great diplomat to deal with the song-birds, for in an opera house there's always quarreling and gossiping and jealousy among the singers—particularly the women.

I'm afraid, my dear, if we don't stop talking, we're going to disillusion the great public, you and I! But even so, we've gone too far to stop now, and there's still something more to say about the greatest bone of contention—the star dressing-room! What don't they do to each other about that—ha, ha!

The big stars were always at each other, like cat and dog. They didn't care how insulting they were, and the language they used, well—They'd fight anywhere, when they got going—in the dressing-rooms, at rehearsals, on the street. There were two star rooms, one for the chief male and one for the chief female singer. Lehmann, of course, always had the star room. There was no disputing *that!* So when another female star arrived on the scene, well, the poor *man* had to give up his room and go upstairs. I must say the men were always very pleasant about it, though.

The hazardous adventure of being a *baby*

"MAY my little one grow strong and sound"—this is the prayer of every mother. And so, to help her make that wish come true, a carriage, scientifically "shock-proofed", has been designed.

These Lloyd carriages have bodies of loom-woven fibre—reinforced with invisible steel wire in every upright strand. They are upholstered with soft, luxurious fabrics. Their resilient springs are oil-tempered. They have gaily colored* balloon tires.

Particularly during National Lloyd Week, April 7 to 12, stores are making a special featuring of Lloyd carriages and strollers. There are many charming color finishes. Prices are easily within every family's means.

PATENT PROCESS
Lloyd LOOM Products
BABY CARRIAGES & FURNITURE
Menominee, Michigan
ORILLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

**Smart and new are baby carriage tires in color, an exclusive Lloyd innovation*

First Rule for Attacking a Cold

A Cold Indicates Stored-Up Poisonous Wastes in the Body

A cold or attack of grippe should always be attended to promptly. For a cold can quickly develop into something serious. A cold usually means your body is clogged with waste matter which lowers your resistance and lets down the bars to germ attacks.

The first thing the doctor will advise you to do when you have a cold is to "clean yourself out" thoroughly. Let it be a thorough purging—no mere partial movement which may leave some of the waste matter in your body. As doctors will tell you, there is no better physic than castor oil—but no need to shrink from it as you used to do. Castor oil doesn't need to taste bad to be good for you. Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil is all that castor oil is in efficacy except that there is no bad taste or odor. It is 100% pure castor oil with the objectionable taste and odor removed. Even children take it readily. In other words, it makes the ideal purgative since the forbidding taste has been removed and it does a thorough, yet gentle, job of cleansing. At all good druggists.

★ Kellogg's is never sold in bulk but always in the *refinery-sealed* bottle. The bottle always bears the full Kellogg's label and comes in a carton equally plainly marked. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Walter Janvier, Inc., 121 Varick Street, New York City. (Advertisement)

"*It's* KEN-L-RATION!"

Many have attempted to imitate Ken-L-Ration. Some have even attempted to profit by imitating its name. But only the genuine is spelled in this peculiar way. Look for the name, KEN-L-RATION, on the label.

Your dog deserves the best. Give him the original food of its kind, scientifically prepared, cooked by steam, ready to feed when can is opened. It is a balanced food, containing the exact proportions of fresh meat, clean cereals and imported cod liver oil to keep your dog bright-eyed and happy. Rin-Tin-Tin and other famous champions are fed KEN-L-RATION exclusively.

Other famous Chappel foods are Ken-L-Biskit, Kib-L-Biskit and Pup-E-Crumbles

At all Dealers

CHAPPEL BROS., Inc.
83 Peoples Avenue
Rockford, Ill.

Send For FREE Sample

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

In using advertisements see page 6

Whose house is this? Perhaps it is meant to be yours. You can quickly find out by reading the copy below.

The Great Window Shade Mystery

HERE is a beautiful home. With scrupulous regularity, the furniture is dusted, the rugs are vacuum-cleaned, the windows, draperies and woodwork are washed. You might well think that it was a model of cleanliness. But here's the mystery. The window shades have *never* been washed. Why? Because they *cannot* be scrubbed clean.

Don't think that this house is exceptional. It isn't. It is typical. Some women dust their shades religiously. But dusting doesn't do much good. A damp sponge isn't enough. The dirt gets right into the material.

The only way to clean a shade is to SCRUB it. If you scrub the average shade, it goes to pieces. So what's the answer?

The answer was discovered by the du Pont Company. They found out how to make a shade that would not fade, crack, pinhole or fray, and which could be SCRUBBED. Its name is TONTINE. The new and improved du Pont Tontine shades cost very little more than ordinary shades. They come in a wide range of lovely colors, figured designs, and in the corded effect now so popular. Sun and rain will not hurt them and—because they are made with the same basic substance contained in the famous du Pont Duco—they will look spotlessly new after years of use. For complete satisfaction, ask the dealer to mount them for you on Tontine Guaranteed Rollers.

SPECIAL OFFER

A sample Tontine shade for $1.00

Send us the coupon below with a dollar bill, checking which color you prefer. We will send you a shade made up to your measurements. When you get it, test it. Deliberately smear dirt on it—then scrub with a brush, soap and hot water. Its beauty will be instantly restored. Only one shade (not exceeding 40" wide) can be sent to any one home at this special price. The regular retail price, depending on length, width, etc., at the authorized Tontine dealer's in your city, is from $1.75 up.

DU PONT

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THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Consult the CLASSIFIED BUSINESS DIRECTORY IN THE BACK OF YOUR TELEPHONE BOOK *for the name and address of the authorized Tontine dealer in your city.*

Follow these Details

Measure from tip to tip including pins Use yard stick

Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes July 1, 1930)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. G.H., March
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.

Canadian subscribers enclose $1.50 and address coupon:
Canadian Industries Limited, Fabrikoid Division, New Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade, ... inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and ..... inches long (shade unrolled).

White☐ Cream☐ Ecru☐ Green☐

Name .....

Address .....

Stars and Scissors

Also, each time a new singer came, the star room had to be altered to her liking, fitted up with new draperies, a new couch, new dressing-table, everything, just for one performance! One *prima donna* wanted her toilet table in the middle of the room; another *must* have screens around hers. One insisted on having the table and mirrors on one side; another wanted them on the other. *Ach, Gott*, such a fuss!

Edward Seigle was the general stage director, and he it was who had to attend to these changes! What a life he led! You can hardly believe it, but absolutely everything was changed for each singer. If Nordica sang Monday and Eames Wednesday, the star dressing-room had to be made over from top to bottom to suit the new arrival. They sent their maids in the morning to see that everything was done just as they wanted.

Poor Seigle had it all under his care. His head, like mine, went round, he used to say. He never wanted to hear them sing or even look at them after he'd fixed their dressing-rooms—and do you wonder?

It was always my duty to attend to the dressing-tables, and it's a funny thing that Lehmann, who wore the thickest woolens and wouldn't have a bit of trimming on anything, insisted on delicate lace covers for everything in her dressing-room! Her table had yards of lace draped on it. It's really funny, my dear, when you come to think of it. But I must say that Brandt and Scalchi were certainly great exceptions to the other *prime donne*—they never seemed to mind, and took what was offered them—but then they were only contraltos, and the poor contralto has to take anything—in the opera.

Yes, we could talk for days on end about the great people at the opera then, for they were great in spite of their little vanities—perhaps that's a vital part of the genius—letting off steam. At least, they've always had the benefit of the doubt—and always will!

BUT you're tired of hearing about the women, you tell me? *Sotto voce*, but I agree with you. The *men* should now have their chance. Let us leave our sex for a moment and speak of a great man then, a tower of strength at the Metropolitan in its early days. A great man and a great conductor—Anton Seidl. His coming to America was of the utmost importance to the musical history of the whole country—but you can't expect me to go into that. It's a long chapter. But I must say a word of the really terrific situation between the two rival opera houses then.

Certainly I had realized on the voyage over with Mr. Habelmann, if I hadn't done so before, the great importance of the task I was about to begin at the Metropolitan. He had told me of the operatic situation in New York. It seems, as always in the case of opera houses, there was already great rivalry between the new Metropolitan and the old and famous Academy of Music where Italian opera had been flourishing for many years.

It was at the old Academy of Music, remember, that Adelina Patti had made her début in 1859. And now the battle royal was on between the rival opera houses, the new and the old. People often asked why the Metropolitan was built. Well, the impression I got at that time was that New York was growing up. There were many rich and prominent men in New York who were yearly becoming richer and more powerful. Society was shaping itself, spreading its wings. And gossip had it that at first social and not artistic reasons suggested the new establishment. At any rate, the Metropolitan Opera House was built in 1883, and under Henry Abbey had begun its season with a fine company, with the great Swedish singer, Christine Neilsson, at the head of his troupe. Colonel Mapleson was blazing forth with Adelina Patti at the Academy of Music. They both opened their doors on the same night and were in full blast when I arrived in New York.

They say that cooks are born—not made.

Stars and Scissors

That is sometimes true of managers as well as cooks. At any rate, Abbey began his life as a cornet player in the village band in Akron, Ohio, where he hailed from. Yes, my dear, that's how he began his career, which finally landed him at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Metropolitan was finished in 1883, and Henry Abbey was the first director. It was his rivalry with Mapleson that made the beginning such a stormy one; and the rivalry continued although Abbey failed, after having bought off all of Mapleson's big singers, at the end of the first season, and Dr. Leopold Damrosch then took charge. He was the real founder of German opera in America. His sudden death, a year later, caused another overthrow and put Stanton, the secretary of the Directors, at the head of the Metropolitan, and that's where I come in.

The Metropolitan was more and more to be reckoned with. I suppose there is no city in the world big enough to hold two great opera houses, nor any opera house commodious enough to accommodate two (to say nothing of more) *prime donne* without possible bloodshed! But we're wading deep waters! Let's get back to Seidl.

It was Stanton who brought Seidl to New York. Seidl was then the great Wagner conductor. He was the high-priest of Wagner, as you may say, and his great reputation was already known in this country before he came in '85. As a young man he'd been secretary to Wagner, lived in his household six years, and was with him during all the preparation for the Bayreuth Festivals. Later, he gave Wagner opera in all the cities of Germany, Holland, England, and Italy. He was adored in America. He conducted for twelve successful years. What Toscanini is today, Anton Seidl was in his great day.

Young Walter Damrosch was then assistant conductor, and there was always a great rivalry between Seidl and Damrosch, who naturally wanted to step into his father's place when he died. He was very talented, and I remember it was he who conducted the first performance of Goldmark's "Merlin" for which I made the little electric fireflies. He had great courage and ambition, and afterward started his own company of German operas, but *ach*, my dear —another well-known story you can't expect me to go into, as Mr. Damrosch has already written it himself. I agree with you, we'd better go back quickly to our song-birds.

MANY people felt that Augusta Kraus, Seidl's wife, was instrumental in getting Seidl to come here. She was a fine singer of Wagnerian rôles and an important member of the opera house a year before he came. The Seidls were very happy together, which isn't always the case with opera people, and were my good friends. Seidl loved to have people to supper—his great recreation, it was, so she was always getting up suppers for him, and did all the cooking herself. She'd go down to the boarding-house kitchen and cook the dinner (with my help), which was served in their rooms. She made noodles, and all the rich food Hungarian people are so fond of.

Ach, what good meals—and what fun we had! Lilli Lehmann, Neimann, Emil Fischer, the Vogls, Anton Schott, and Brandt, of course. She loved good food, too. Then there was Habelmann always, and Von Held, who was second stage manager and a Hungarian. And last but not least, Victor Herbert, who later on became such a popular figure in American music for many years. His wife, Mme. Foerster, it was who sang *Aïda* in the first production here at the Metropolitan. She was a famous *prima donna* years before.

When I came to the opera house Herbert was playing first cello in the orchestra and was Seidl's assistant. So many think of him as German, but he was Irish—born in Dublin. He had a career in Germany playing first cello in Strauss' orchestra in Vienna, before he came here—which few people knew.

Now!... Cook *Real* Macaroni in 5 Minutes!

Save 15 Minutes' Pot-Watching.. End Burnt Macaroni

Accept Full-Size Package FREE *of This New Quaker Food Invention*

HERE is *real* macaroni that cooks in 5 minutes instead of 20, and saves 15 minutes' pot-watching. Let us give you a full-size package—*free* at your grocer's—to try.

It comes from the Quaker Oats Company, which speaks for itself. A new food invention tha makes housekeeping easier for women, and meals more delicious and strength-building.

You let it boil but five minutes. And that makes one of the supreme nutritive foods now as easy to have as makeshift dishes.

***Get This Real* "COMMUNITY" (Tudor Plate) SPOON** *For trying this new food creation*

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker* QUICK *Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Baronet Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

A U.S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum Wheat and 1 part of whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more enticing macaroni. Years were spent perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

***Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package*—Present to Any Grocer**

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

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City.....*State*.....

G H–MAR.

Quaker Quick Macaroni ★

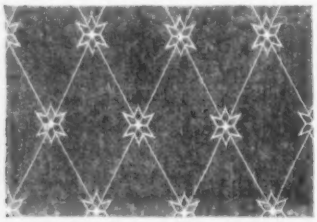
In using advertisements see page 6

Continental Net . . .

for the feminine room

CONTINENTAL NET adds to the charm of such an essentially feminine room as this. These simple designs lend themselves to any room setting. Net is so practical. It wears so much better, washes better, hangs better. Your name and 10c sent to Dept. 214, Scranton Lace Company, Scranton, Pa., brings booklet, "Design at the Windows".

Left, one of the rooms presented to over 100 decorators at a recent style show held in the Hotel Biltmore, New York.



Continental Net, No. 19261 50 inches wide. Colors: Natural and Sun Tan.

SCRANTON
DRAPERY FABRICS

Children's Style Book Free

EVERYTHING to outfit infants and children (up to 14 years). Toys and furniture. Prices very low. Money back if not satisfied. Style Book sent FREE. Write TODAY.

Lane Bryant Address Dept 13 39th St at Fifth Ave **New York**

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Wedding Announcements and Invitations by Cathedral of Engraving are Correct.

It will pay you to see my beautiful set of samples showing correct wedding invitations and announcements. Samples and booklet on Wedding Etiquette sent by return mail free without obligation. Write **Anne Kieran, Suite C, 414 No. 12th, St. Louis, Mo.**

Serving Prominent Families Since 1913

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie, SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME
Founded in 1746 A. D.
MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

BRODER STRANDED SEWING KNITTING DARNING TATTING PEARL AND CROCHET COTTONS

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME
HIGH QUALITY
D·M·C
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FAST COLORS
MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

SILK AND LINEN..... THREADS COTTON BRAIDS BOOKS.. ON ART NEEDLE-WORK...

COTTON, FLAX & SILK THREADS
FOR ART NEEDLEWORK
Can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores

Stars and Scissors

It was like a big family party. When they were all together, eating the good food, they were very sweet and nice; no quarreling then. But when they were back in the opera house, *ach!* We had very good talk, too, lots of controversy and arguments, everybody of a different opinion, but the talk was not so personal as nowadays, I think, although I must say we gossiped a bit, too. But Augusta Kraus' wonderful food put everybody in a good humor.

Mr. Stanton came often and enjoyed himself very much. He was always such a gentleman—the *grand seigneur* type, great elegance of manner and a fine social representative for the rich stockholders.

Mr. Stanton was always correctly dressed to every detail, and my husband was always at his right hand. He never went anywhere without him, to carry for him (this is funny) sometimes three pairs of white kid gloves, so that he always had fresh ones. On opera nights he always had a little white rose in his buttonhole. Yes, always! How he managed it, I don't know. But never, I tell you, was he seen without that little white rose. He must have had a standing order with a florist to produce one white rose a night, even if the heavens fell, for I tell you, no one ever saw him without it! He'd as soon have gone without his coat as that rose!

HE WAS always at the lobby entrance to welcome everybody, as at a reception. I never saw anybody with more *savoir faire*. It was really his elegant manners and dignity, more than his actual knowledge, that made him the successful director. All the big stockholders were in full dress on opera nights—their wives, too, glittering like Christmas trees, so brilliant were their diamonds. And immediately after each act the gentlemen went behind the scenes to see the singers. That was their privilege, and they certainly exercised it to the limit! James A. Roosevelt was President of the Board of Directors; then there was George Henry Warren, Luther Kountze, George Griswold Haven, William K. Vanderbilt, Robert Goelet, Iselin, Drexel, Henry Marquand, Levi P. Morton—*ach*, I don't remember how many more! But all those were the big men of that day.

J. Cleveland Cady was the architect, and the opera house cost over a million dollars even then, when a million dollars meant something, so Habelmann told me.

Stanton was very popular. All the singers adored him, and he was really kind to everybody—even, to the scrub-women. Why, I remember once I did a rather unusual job for Mrs. Stanton just because I was so fond of *him*. She sent in a great hurry—what do you think?—to have me press an old dress for her. It was the worst-looking thing imaginable—just a little muslin dress such as any maid would wear. She was a very pretty woman, but the worst dresser I ever saw.

When I looked at this dress, I said to my forewoman:

"It isn't possible she wears this for an evening dress. I can't touch it!"

Then came an idea. I said, "I tell you what, we'll burn this wretched thing, and I'll make her a new one for tonight."

So I took the measurements of that old rag and from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, I made a new dress. It was of dotted Swiss muslin, which was fashionable then, and I put on each side a lovely rose with long trailing loops of blue satin ribbon. Then into a pretty box it went with a little note—very diplomatic I was—

"DEAR MRS. STANTON:

I'm so sorry, but one of my maids had the accident to burn your dress, and so that you wouldn't be disappointed, I've made this new one exactly like the other."

Well, the next day I got a lovely note from her and a great basket of fruit, thanking me for the gown. That couldn't happen nowadays; nobody'd bother in these hectic times. We

A THOUSAND EXTRA HOURS OF SLEEP

A NEW quality has come to sleep—a sweeter, deeper, *longer* rest in every brief night hour. SPRING-AIR has brought it, in the first luxurious sleeping cushion—beautifully modern!

Quickly the news has spread. Introduced with the unqualified endorsement of the Master Bedding Makers of America, adopted immediately by leading hotels and hospitals, and already on sale in America's finest stores, SPRING-AIR has completely, *triumphantly*, arrived.

SPRING-AIR supplants—and completely obsoletes—the old style mattress. Your body pillowed on twice-tempered springs, so designed and so related that all unyielding, creaking framework, all lumpy padding, all destructive friction wear, are gone. It *is* a real innovation.

Think of what this means in cleanliness, in lightness, in quiet, and in beauty. Then realize that the supreme quality of all is the comfort quality that has put a thousand extra hours of sleep in every SPRING-AIR Cushion. For but little more than the cost of standard mattresses, you can have SPRING-AIR upon your every bed; its twenty-year guaranteed life makes it much more economical.

SPRING AIR

Your choice of four lovely new colors—orchid, green, blue and rose—artistically and exclusively patterned for SPRING-AIR in genuine imported Belgian damask. The new SPRING-AIR cushion assembly is offered at $50.00, the beautiful and durable new quality product of a Master Bedding Maker.

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Each a recognized master of the bedding craft, these manufacturers have been selected exclusively to make SPRING-AIR Sleep Cushions and Mattresses under Karr Patents.

Abernathy Furniture Co. ..... *Kansas City, Mo.*
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Charles P. Rogers Company ..... *Philadelphia*
Cameron Bedding Co. ..... *Cameron, N. C.*
Dayson Bedding Co. ..... *Bangor and Portland, Me.*
Dixie Mattress Company ..... *Richmond, Va.*
Flint Bedding Co. ..... *Flint, Mich.*
Grand Rapids Bedding Co. ..... *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
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Lears & Sons ..... *Baltimore, Maryland*
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The Standard Bedding Co. ..... *Milwaukee, Wisc.*
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Canada

Canadian Feather & Mattress, Limited ..... *Toronto, Ont.*
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... *with* SPRING-AIR

SPRING-AIR is the registered trade-mark property of the Charles Karr Company, signifying built with Karr construction.

In using advertisements see page 6

WHITTALL Seamless Stitch, the Hall-Mark of Quality for Women Who Know

THERE are women in every community who set the standard. Their personality, their good taste, their recognition of quality are reflected in their appearance, manner, dress and home.

They know—when their gown label reads "Patou," that means perfection of style.

They know—when silver is hall-marked, that silver is a piece of artistry.

They know—when Whittall weaves a rug, that rug is not only the perfection of style and the sum of artistry, but also the *infallible mark of excellence.*

And what is the Whittall Seamless Stitch? It is the method by which Whittall Rugs are hand-sewed, like French gowns are tailored to fit. The Whittall Seamless Stitch is the stamp of quality—to the women who know.

For this reason they choose Whittalls, the only Masters of this exclusive seam finishing. Fifty years of carpet weaving have bestowed supremacy on Whittall's weaving art. This goes deeper than distinction of design and color—deep into the worsted pile, to the linen welt, to the reinforced back, sewed by the Whittall Seamless Stitch.

The Whittall Seamless Stitch is an assurance of rugs fitting the individual room, even as the women who know demand their modish frocks to fit—their hats properly sized. And they may have them with the further assurance that the Whittall Seamless Stitch is, even to the practiced eye, invisible on the surface.

Many of these new Whittall fabrics are woven especially for lustring, adding that rich brilliance of coloring and design which so well compares with the finest Orientals—yet at a fraction of their cost.

Write for your copy of "Color Harmony in the Home"

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, Ltd.
Worcester, Massachusetts

The ANGLO-PERSIAN Broadcasting Orchestra is on the air every Monday evening at 10 o'clock E.S.T. (9 o'clock C.S.T.) through Stations WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WFJC, WWJ, WSAI, WIBO, KSD, WOC, WOW and WDAF.

SEAMED
Anglo Regal (Lustred)
Anglo Lustre (Lustred)
Anglo Persian
Palmer Wilton
+
SEAMLESS LUSTRED
Anglo Asian
Mirrasheen
Lustre Chenille

WHITTALL RUGS

Stars and Scissors

were more personal in those days and took more interest in each other then—tried more to please. What changes I've seen in my seventy years!

Yes, I certainly ran the gamut in the old days. From Wagnerian costumes to dressing-tables, and from dressing-tables to corsets—for the *men!* Yes, prepare for the shock—but the men certainly wore corsets. No, my dear, not like the women's corsets, of course, though something like the girdles women wear today. It was a very wide belt, made of drilling, with bones at the back and sides to hold them in, and buttoned very tight in front. Every singer wore one of these, and later on, when my husband got too stout, I insisted that he wear one, too. He hated it! The corset sounds funny, but it was really necessary for the men singers. It held them in; gave them a trim look which is absolutely required for certain stage costumes. And, oh, how they all hated them! But they're still wearing them!

THE life behind the scenes is so different from what the public imagines. There are so many important branches in a great opera house—so many people to cater to—the scene director, the chorus master, the ballet master, the prompter, the call boys—*ach*, how many!

The call boys are something the public doesn't know much about, I'm sure. It is the call boys who see that every singer is on time for their entrance. The singers, of course, are all in their dressing-rooms, where they lie on a sofa or rest in a chair until the call boy comes, five minutes before they must appear on the stage. So everything goes like clockwork, from call boys to *prima donnas.*

The chorus must practise every morning from ten till twelve. They work like in a school. They must always be ready, too, in case an opera is taken off suddenly and another one substituted at the last minute. And the ballet. The same thing is going on there, rehearsing day and night, I might say.

The work behind the scenes is marvelous. They work like a regiment and under the strictest discipline. They had to punch a clock when they came in, and no one was allowed to be a minute late. The rules were very rigid. There are hundreds of people, and it must be so. If you are late, you are punished, and this discipline is true of every department. The working of an opera behind the scenes, I think, is more wonderful even than the great performance on the stage. Very few people know what goes on *behind* that great curtain. That is why I tell you a little about the discipline and the régime at the Metropolitan when I was there, which is true of all great operas the world over.

Think of the number of costumes alone that are needed. Why, they run into the thousands. For instance, there were ten different *Faust* costumes for that one rôle alone. Each new tenor, when he came, would say,

"But I must have a new costume!"

And he had one. Then the duplicates, which of course the understudies use. And the chorus—*Mein Gott*, what a job that is! Each one in the chorus had their own things, and in several operas, where the chorus was reinforced by forty to fifty people sometimes, think of those *extra* new costumes that had to be made. The rule was that those who had been the longest in the chorus got the new things, and the newcomers got the old ones. Think of what it meant in my department!

In the ballet alone we have forty to fifty girls. Then comes the second ballet, and so on. That is for *one* opera alone, and each girl must have her own dress. The chorus, too, change sometimes five and six times in an opera. *Ach*, it is an overwhelming work. One can hardly realize it from the telling.

And don't forget, while we're speaking of *prima donnas*, the leading *ballerina*, who is a very important person in the opera. She fancies herself quite as much as the real *prima donna*, and she is a *prima donna*—of the toes.

Stars and Scissors

Yes, I tell you, those opera birds must always be handled with velvet gloves. I think they are catered to and petted far more than actresses. The singing voice is so precious, but even so, too much fuss is sometimes made for them, I think. They expect the world and everything to be handed to them on a silver platter. What demands they make! Why, Patti, during her great reign, used to be met on the dock with a brass band to serenade her, and a Call (or a demand, I should say) would be posted at the opera house that all the chorus, conductors, the orchestra, and even some of the principal singers, must go down to meet her when she landed. Think of it! Talk about queens—well. . . .

Of course, each singer is different, and a few of them were more simple and human, but they were all hard enough, heaven knows! Marianna Brandt was a very kind and easy person to get along with, and although she was one of the greatest contraltos that ever lived, she never gave herself any airs. She had a gorgeous deep voice—a *real* contralto. She is dead these many years, but she had a great career that lives still in memory. *Ach*, poor Brandt! As homely as a hedge fence! But she didn't care. I heard her first in Berlin, before I came to this country, and was glad enough to see her again. She was always a loving friend to me. She took my advice like a child about her costume, though I must say she never did me much credit, for she looked like the devil on the street, and on the stage, even in my finest costumes, she was never a beauty—but, what a singer!

Just before my baby was born, I remember, she noticed that I was looking tired, and she said:

"What can I do for you? You need something to strengthen you now."

And sure enough, the very next morning came a case of twelve bottles of the finest claret, with a kind note from Brandt.

Also, not to be forgotten, at the end of each season, when she left New York, she always sent me a big check. And every year I got from Lehmann also a check for $75 or $100.

SPEAKING of great but homely singers (and there were certainly a few, you'll admit) there was Materna, one of the greatest that came here. I met her often with Lehmann in Seidl's house. Another great Wagner disciple. She sang the *Valkyr* and *Brünnhilde*, too—marvelously! But, *ach*, she was simply enormous. It was a wonderful voice, though, that came out of that huge body. She was a great favorite in New York. Some singers get very big—in fact most of them do, especially the German singers. Marie Wilt was such a one. Why, she was so fat that people actually shut their eyes when she was on the stage—they couldn't bear to even look at her! Yes, surely, I speak feelingly, for fat is as bad for the costumer as the singer—worse, in fact, for the singers never seem to mind, but, *ach*, we, my faithful old scissors and I, had to work the magic—make the ugly beautiful and the fat thin! Something to do. Yes, I should say so.

But it seems to make no difference how fat a person is, or how badly they look, in the opera, if they have the *voice*. In a theatre that wouldn't be tolerated. Who would go to see a *Marguerite* in the *play* that weighed 300 pounds, you ask? *Ach*, nobody! But that's nothing for the opera. If they have the voice, that's all that matters— And so it will go to the end of time. Again I agree.

I found the Americans very enthusiastic when they liked a singer. That always struck me from the beginning. My good friend Habelmann they liked very much. He was a famous *Lohengrin*, and people used to rave about him. Such a handsome man he was, with a most elegant figure and a noble face. And what an actor! In my estimation I hold him as fine as Jean de Reszke—and you couldn't say more than that. He wasn't singing when I came to America; he was the stage manager then at the

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Left—The DECOR *— Smart — blithe — with a captivating charm all its own. In black enamel and silver—a stunning contrast. 8⅛ in. high, 5¾ in. wide, 4 in. deep. Only $35.*

Right—The MIDDLESEX*—Early American in feeling and exquisitely proportioned. Mahogany with hand-painted dial. 11¼ in high, 9¼ in. wide, 5⅞ in. deep. $75.*

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Stars and Scissors

Metropolitan. Later on he retired from the opera and died only last year. It is hard even now to think of him as dead—he was my great friend and benefactor.

We were in the fourth season of German opera at the Metropolitan then, and one of the greatest singers among the men was Albert Neimann, a wonderful dramatic tenor, famous throughout Europe as a Wagner singer before he came to New York in '86. It was he who created the rôle of *Tristan* in the great American *première* of "Tristan and Isolde." He made a terrific impression. He actually took possession of the stage. Why, after all these years, my dear, people still remember his marvelous singing. His name lives forever with all those great ones of that time, Seidl, Lehmann, Brandt, Fischer, Alvary! He helped so much to win the cause of Wagner in America.

The most important things that happened that first season, was this *première* of "Tristan and Isolde" on December 1, 1886, under the direction of Seidl. What a cast—Neimann, Lilli Lehmann, Marianna Brandt, Emil Fischer! We were all keyed up to a terrible pitch over it. The house was sold out for weeks beforehand and it was packed for the opening. Such excitement—and tension—with everybody.

Something happened that opening night which many people recall, of the terrible effect of Neimann's acting in the climax of the third act, when he showed the wound in his breast. Why, his make-up and acting (as *Tristan*) were so realistic that a lady in one of the boxes fainted at the sight of his wound. It affected people so deeply that Mr. Stanton directed that he never show the wound again—which upset Neimann terribly, as this destroyed his interpretation of the rôle, he felt. What comedies and tragedies, and every actor thinks he's the whole show!

WHICH again brings to mind another story—a funny one—that went the rounds about Adolf Robinson, the baritone, a fine singer and actor, too, but he belonged to what's now called "old school," very extravagant with his gestures, also. He was very conceited and always tried to get the center of the stage. At the last rehearsals of "Tristan and Isolde" (Robinson played *Kurvenal*), instead of kneeling beside the dying *Tristan's* couch, he kept rushing down to the footlights to sing his beautiful speeches, not to *Tristan*, but to the audience! Poor *Tristan*, on his couch, just had to lie there, as he was dying. But finally Robinson forgot *Tristan* entirely and just went on singing in the center of the stage without even looking at *Tristan!* This was too much for Neimann. He leaped from his deathbed with a roar, gave the signal to Seidl to stop the orchestra, and rushed down to Robinson.

"*Gott in Himmel*," he cried, shaking his fist. "My dear fellow, this scene isn't all yours! *I'm* here, too! How am I to die properly, to your grief and consolations, if you're running down to the footlights and spouting to the audience!"

Well, that settled his hash for that day, at least, and I must say Robinson was very pleasant about it (for he knew he was ridiculous), and it all ended good-naturedly. Lehmann or some of the others would have thrown a chair at his head. Yes, indeed! How well you know them!

But Neimann, like Lehmann, was most particular about rehearsals and never spared himself, either. This was also true of *Hans Sachs*—Emil Fischer, but one always thinks of him as *Hans Sachs*. He created the rôle in 1886, in the first performance at the Metropolitan Opera House of "Die Meistersinger." Fischer was so magnificent that he's gone down to everlasting glory in this part. Augusta Kraus was the *Eva* in the same performance (for which I made her a lovely costume), and Brandt was the *Magdalena*. Seidl conducted. The tradition is that Fischer's *Hans Sachs* has never been approached by any other artist. He was enormously popular at the Metropolitan for years,

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and one of the greatest dramatic bass singers. It was in 1885 that Stanton made him the tempting offer to head the list of bass singers at the Metropolitan. To do this he broke his contract in Dresden, and he stayed on in New York for many years, creating all the great bass rôles in the Wagner operas under Seidl's direction.

What memories I have! A long time ago it is—over forty years! Things were very different then. Why, the opera house was the great social center as well, at that time, and all the big balls and receptions were given there.

Dozens of carpenters would come at night and build a big platform right over the orchestra chairs for the dancing. This floor was all fitted perfectly and put down, and the morning after the ball it was taken up again and put in the storehouse until the next affair. This floor was set right over the tops of the orchestra chairs and was as smooth as glass.

These balls meant a lot to me, for Mr. Stanton most generously told me that I could have charge of the dressing-rooms when they were given. He said:

"Miss Seeger, I give this privilege to you free. Do what you like. Hire as many people as you need to help you. You will have complete charge of the costumes."

I supplied a great many dresses, too. I often made from $800 to $1000 from each ball.

High society people gave those balls—the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goulds, the Havens, the Webbs—all those big people. The Met. was really *the* place for entertainment.

SOCIETY dressed very prettily in those days. The women were beginning to have a good deal of *chic*. They went more and more to Paris and brought back wonderful clothes even then, and they had much natural taste and style, and just like today, they wanted the latest and best of everything.

All the great artists went to those balls, too, and they were always gala occasions—very brilliant. That was the time when women wore the big bustles sticking way out in the back, long waists cut very low in the front. The dresses were usually made from the finest satins, and always a great deal of elegant lace was used. Heavy silks, *moiré*, materials so heavy that they "stood alone"—were the fashion. When the famous hobble skirts came in in the early nineties, they were a real sensation, let me tell you.

I was always impressed with the lavishly decorated ladies in the horseshoe—"the Diamond Horseshoe," we used to call it. They sat in their boxes like royalty, and wore so many diamonds and tiaras and such. Why, they looked as queens would in our country. I never saw so many diamonds as in those early days at the Met.

There was one opera-goer, though, who was in great contrast to these sparkling ladies—the famous Hetty Green. Did I know her? No, I didn't know her personally, but I often saw her. She always wore that little old rusty black bonnet with two strings tied under her chin, and always carried a satchel and an old umbrella. She was often at the Metropolitan. You would see her wandering around the lobby in a shabby sort of dress. She sat in the dress circle, and there was generally some woman with her, I don't know who.

She was a strange figure even in those days. She used always to wear half-mitts on her hands. People used to say so that she could feel the money, that nothing slipped through her fingers. She was one of the sights of New York, and much talked about even then, a great character of the town.

The Americans impressed me as a lively, gay people—always doing something, even then. There was a great deal of entertaining in high society, parties and such—great changes were under way. Vast fortunes were being founded by the men whose names are now known the world over, and a very great musical taste was being rapidly developed throughout the country. The opera was in full swing at the Metropolitan and the Academy of Music,

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Stars and Scissors

and the rivalry between the two houses very bitter. The Metropolitan was forging ahead full steam with Lehmann, Brandt, Fischer, Alvary, Robinson, Niemann, with German opera at the helm, while the Academy of Music under the unflagging Mapleson was pushing them hard with its big list of singers.

It was a crowded season—new productions and endless work. My whole life was spent at the opera, and I never thought much of anything else until the season was nearly over that year, and that brings us up to something very important, the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me in that year of miracles—the birth of my first and only child.

Even after these long years, may I tell you how wonderful Mr. Stanton was to me at that time?

"We all know you're expecting a child," he said, "and as you insist upon working right on (which I did) we want to make it as easy as possible for you."

And what do you think he did? My office was up three long, steep flights, and—can you believe it?—there was always, every morning, a big, strong carpenter waiting for me, and he'd then and there pick me up and carry me right to my office door! A delightful bit of gallantry—by Messrs. Stanton &—carpenter? Yes, my dear, I should say so! Everything was done by everybody to make it comfortable and easy for me. How kind they were! Their kindness still survives.

And now we come to something—a great surprise that I'm going to give you. You've always said I was lucky, and one of the high spots of my luck was when the President of the United States quite unexpectedly became godfather to my baby, for a few hours after my child came into the world, by a curious circumstance, your great President, Grover Cleveland, became his godfather! *There's* a story for you, as thrilling as any *prima donna's!* And I'm the heroine this time (for a change), in the climax of a great season. And on that suspense, I see you're going to ring down your curtain and show me the exit. *Bien*, right you are—I go! To the words of fair Juliet (*Ach*, how many costumes I have made for that Juliet!)— "Anon, good Nurse!"

(*To be continued*)

As We Cook in China

(*Continued from page 85*)

and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Serve at once with hot cooked rice. Serves six. One and one-half cupfuls of canned peas may be substituted for the fresh cooked peas and one-half cupful of the canned pea liquor used.

One of the quickest and simplest savory Chinese repasts to prepare is *Chow Tan*, or *Fried Eggs*. Beat six eggs until thick and lemon-colored. Add one cupful of shredded canned or fresh crabmeat, one cupful of canned bamboo shoots and one-half cupful of onions, both finely chopped, two cupfuls of drained, canned bean sprouts, three tablespoonfuls of soy bean sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Drop by tablespoonfuls in a small quantity of hot fat in a frying pan. Brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other. Serve with hot, cooked rice. Serves six.

For *Oriental Fruit Cup*, peel and dice three large oranges. Add two cupfuls of diced fresh or canned pineapple, three cupfuls of diced bananas, two tablespoonfuls of shredded cocoanut, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and one cupful of thinly sliced water chestnuts. Chill thoroughly and serve for dessert. Serves eight.

For *Bean Sprout Salad*, gently toss together two cupfuls of canned bean sprouts, one bunch of cleaned watercress, and one-half cupful of highly seasoned French salad dressing. Chill thoroughly and serve as an accompaniment to Chow Tao or La Si Chi. Serves six.

A City of Sunshine

(*Continued from page 35*)

to serving as a center for the display of pictures and for lectures, concerts, moving pictures and so on, the society also produces illustrated *éditions-de-luxe* of well-known books. There are both men and women among its officers and members; and its president, Senora Elena de Elizalde—as energetic and efficient as she is charming—has succeeded in obtaining a subsidy from the government of 10,000 pesos a year—about 25,000 dollars—which was voted by Congress and which together with the dues and subscriptions has enabled the *Amigos del Arte* to widen its scope unhampered by financial worries. I went to a delightful lecture given in the auditorium by Mr. Waldo Frank, who, sponsored by this and other organizations, had come on from New York expressly to deliver a series of addresses; and the same week two lectures by a well-known architect, and a program of ancient and modern tango music were also given. The variety, number, and high calibre of the entertainments and exhibitions which the *Amigos del Arte* make possible is inspiring; and in the course of a long talk which I was fortunate enough to have with Senora de Elizalde I gleaned many constructive ideas which I shall share later on with all my friends who are interested in fostering and advancing similar activities.

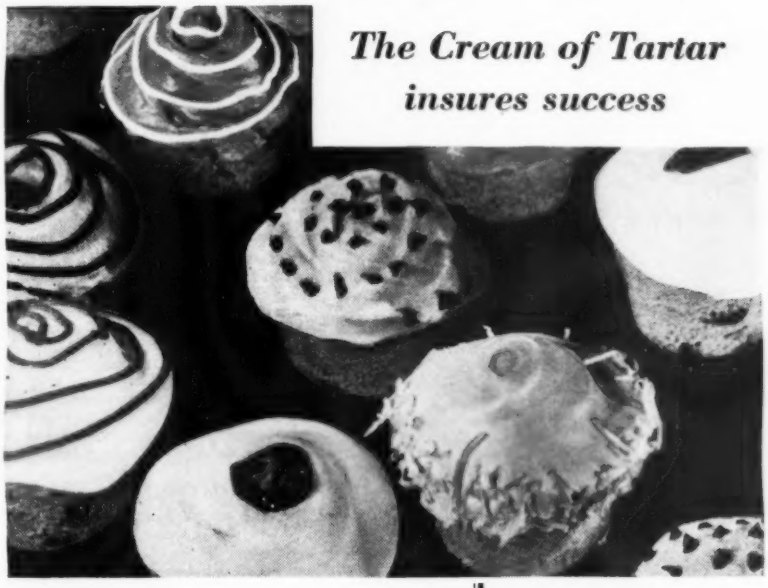
I have been repeatedly told that the Latin races are not hospitable; and though I have disproved this aspersion over and over again, I heard so often, and from such presumably reliable sources, before I went to Buenos Ayres, that I would "never see the inside of an Argentine house" that I began to think this might be true, and prepared to face a long, uninterrupted succession of hotel meals with what philosophy I could. It was therefore something of a shock—and an agreeable one—when within a few hours after our arrival in Buenos Ayres the boys and I were invited out for lunch the following day; and shortly my engagement calendar presented much the same aspect as it does in Washington at the height of the season! My letters went unanswered, my mending went undone, and often my clothes were not picked up, for I changed them too rapidly to put them away! And meanwhile I saw the inside not of one Argentine house, but of so many that I am wondering how, with the limited amount of time and space at my disposal, I can do them any sort of justice in describing them to you.

Argentine Homes

They are beautiful. I doubt if there is any capital in the world where there is more elegance of living than in Buenos Ayres. Draperies, rugs, tapestries, brocades, silver, porcelains, crystals, paintings, marbles, *objets d'art*, carved and polished woods are assembled in settings of spaciousness and splendor. Not in every house, of course; but in a far greater proportion of houses than in those with which I am familiar elsewhere. You draw up before a magnificent marble edifice and leap to the conclusion that your taxi-driver has taken you by mistake to the museum of fine arts, only to discover that he has, after all, conducted you to the address you gave him, and that this is the residence of the family with whom you are to take tea. Or your hostess admits, in reply to your admiring question, that the two superb masterpieces hanging above the sofa—the place of honor for a guest, in a South American home, is always on the sofa—are both Murillos, as casually as you or I might indicate a couple of successful examples of local photography.

But there is nothing solemn or stiff about all this richness of possession. The damask sofa where you have taken your appointed place is deep and soft and comfortable; the needlepoint chairs are disposed in companionable clusters; vases of flowers and family pictures are scattered about, and often toys as well. For here, as in Uruguay, the patriarchal form of existence is predominant, and we join

Anyone can bake these light, tender cup cakes . . . with ROYAL



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In using advertisements see page 6

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a family group more often than we "assist" at an official function. There is usually a baby in the house, occasionally two or three of them, for some of the married daughters almost invariably continue to live at home, and they and their husbands always seem to be in complete harmony with their parents and parents-in-law, their sisters and sisters-in-law, their brothers and brothers-in-law, their nephews, their nieces, and the friends of all these persons.

In one household where we lunched, eleven members of the immediate family were at the table, not including a bride and groom who returned from their honeymoon just in time to join us for dessert, and several children upstairs who were too young to appear at meals! Another house we visited more than once harbored four generations, and the great-grandmother, a sprightly old lady of eighty-six, was more or less occupied, on the occasion of our first visit, with preparations for a dance in honor of her twenty-year-old-great-granddaughter, which was to take place there the following evening! These preparations, however, in no way interfered with the hospitality of the day itself; a score of guests drifted in and out; tables were spread for bridge and other games; the dining-room table groaned under its manifold succulent dishes; you were welcome for as long as you could stay, and you could indulge in almost any form of amusement and refreshment that appealed to you while you were there. And when the dance itself took place, and I joined the boys there about two in the morning—having come on from another party—I found the great-grandmother, the grandmother, and the mother of the débutante all apparently enjoying themselves quite as much as the lovely young girl herself!

Buenos Ayres Is Delightful

I have not a single marring memory of the time that I spent in Buenos Ayres. I found its atmosphere delightful, its public parks and buildings magnificent, its institutions inspiring, and its people cultured, charming, and wholly hospitable. I thrilled, like a girl of eighteen, over the roses that were sent me by the square yard—where, except in Argentina, would they ever be given away in so lavish and gorgeous a fashion? I felt entirely at home in the Senate Chamber, where a battle royal was being waged over the seating of a member! And I exulted in my invitation to visit the Senate cloakroom, a *sanctum sanctorum* to which I certainly never expected to penetrate in any country. I tingled with admiration over the headquarters of the *Prensa*, which enjoys, with reason, the reputation of being the finest newspaper building in the world, and which contains a public library in charge of a cultured and learned Spanish scholar; a conservatory where music is taught free of charge; a beautiful assembly room—a copy of the Hall of Nations at Versailles—where addresses are given once a week by the most famous lecturers available—also free of charge, and a free clinic where fifteen different kinds of medical and surgical treatment are furnished by specialists to the public at large! Indeed, I can not recall that I have ever been to a city where my impressions were more generally favorable, or for a greater variety of reasons; so there is something personal in my regret that in spite of the fact that Argentines *as individuals* often reciprocate the admiration and affection which they inspire in us as individuals, there is, in Argentina *as a nation* greater and more widespread feeling of suspicion and antagonism toward the United States as a nation than in any other country of Latin America which I have so far visited.

This feeling seemed to me so self-evident that I ventured, at my earliest possible opportunity, to ask a group of Argentines if each one of them would be good enough to outline for me, as he saw them, the underlying causes for it. The occasion seemed unusually propitious; a small group had gathered for dinner in one of those lovely Argentine homes which I found so unfailingly hospitable. The hostess and I were

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Bertha M. Becker's new cook book, "101 New Dishes," tells you how easy it is to prepare 101 new dishes—salads, meats, egg dishes, appetizers—even sandwich spreads. And if you're clever, these recipes will whisper new ways to add a delightful flavor to your own special recipes. We'll send you this book, also samples of the wonder cubes free. The coupon awaits your name and address.

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the only women present; the other guests and the host were all men of learning and experience, occupying positions of responsibility and importance, and they were all firm friends of the United States.

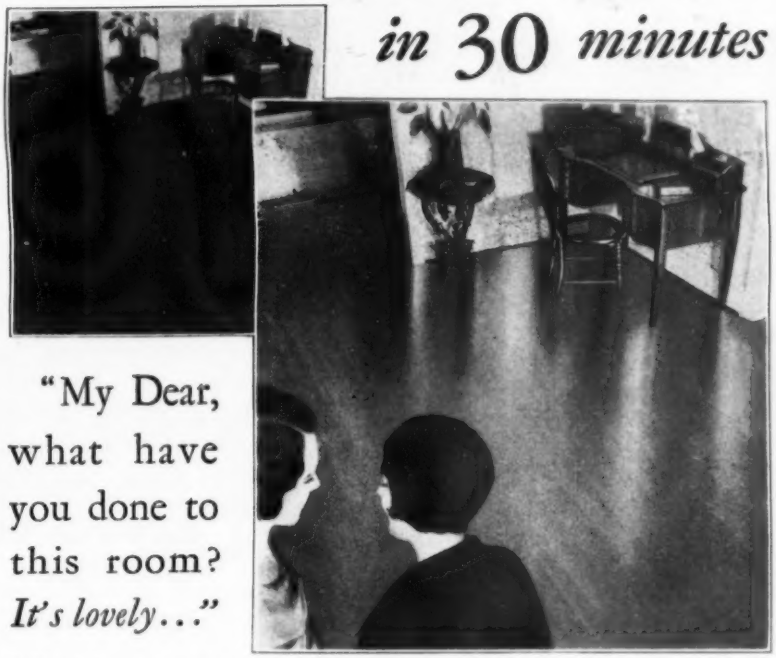
I put my question just as we were beginning to eat our soup; and through the six delicious courses which followed this, and on until the wee small hours of the morning, I listened to the replies. But I must confess that absorbing as I found this conversation, and greatly as I respected the sincerity and earnestness which marked it, I did not find, when I analyzed it afterward, that it had given me the enlightenment I sought. Resentment against the Monroe Doctrine; distrust of a policy of "imperialism"; fundamental differences between Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilizations, the assumption of superiority by North Americans, misconceptions by the average person of limited outlook in each country concerning the true character of the other; insidious and indirect European propaganda against the United States—largely prompted by economic rivalry rather than actual hostility; commercial reactions and political capital; indigenous jealousy toward another country which has preceded it in securing international recognition as a world-power, on the part of a great and growing nation, with a territory of over a million and a half square miles capable of unlimited development; with an almost wholly Caucasian population of ten million which is increasing rapidly; with free and compulsory education; and a representative and democratic form of government—which naturally is not troubled with an inferiority complex!—all these were advanced as probable contributing causes for contention.

The North American Institute

I believe that they are; nevertheless, the same—or similar—obstacles to complete mutual good-feeling exist, to a greater or lesser extent, in many other places with less regrettable results than in this case; and therefore no movement with which I came in contact seemed to me more important than that sponsored by the Argentine North American Institute, the aim of which is to remove or at least minimize these obstacles. This society, whose secretary, Dr. Enrique Gil, was one of the most distinguished men in Buenos Ayres, was founded about two years ago by a group of prominent Argentines, many of whom knew and loved the United States, but who feared that the present friction might lead in time to really strained relations. They decided that an exchange of visits by groups and individuals, and the establishment of scholarships in the two countries, would be mutually helpful; and the definite steps that they have already taken along these lines, have brought forth well-merited praise from many careful observers of conditions, among them Mr. Hoover, who has expressed great interest in the work of the Institute, remarking that he has "known for many years that the fundamental basis of understanding between peoples rests on their cultural relations rather than on the daily friction of business life."

"This Institute"—its constitution states—"does not have as its objectives motives of commerce, of controversy, of proselytism, but proposes simply to spread in the United States and the Argentine Republic a reciprocal knowledge of the culture of the two countries, and to co-operate in the work of the university and cultural extension which the universities and other intellectual centers of the Republics are carrying on. It will be characteristic of this Institute to accept the support and collaboration of women, thus recognizing their valuable contribution to the work of spiritual advancement of the moment. The policy to be followed by the Institute is inspired by the idea that there are neither convergencies nor divergencies between the respective destinies of these two nations, since they proceed along parallel paths, it being understood that the Argentine in the South should aspire, as an exponent of the race, to realize the most noble characteristics of 'Latinity,' the United States in the North being the exponent of Anglo-

Dull floors look *New* *in 30 minutes*



"My Dear, what have you done to this room? *It's lovely...*"

NOW clever women — taking their cue from famous interior decorators — know the wonderful secret that achieves a charming interior with a very small expenditure of time and money.

Every floor — every piece of furniture — glistens with a wonderful sheen, so utterly hard that it is impervious to scratches, heel-marks, and children's rompings.

There's one polish that brings such a perfect surface. That is Old English Wax.

As easy to apply as mere sweeping. When you surface floors and furniture with Old English Wax you adorn your home with a charm and beauty that lasts . . . A slight retouching of the busier spots every two or three weeks keeps this gleaming finish in perfect condition.

And you'll discover to your delight that housecleaning is easier. For dirt and dust slide over a floor waxed with Old English Wax. There's no sticky, dirt-catching grease.

Let Old English Wax bring new beauty to your home. Put it on all floors whether varnished, shellaced or painted; put it on furniture. Demand Old English Wax — for it contains a higher percentage of the finest imported Carnauba Wax which insures satisfactory results.

Remember! Thirty minutes with a small can of Old English Wax will double the beauty of any room in your house. Try it!

You can get Old English Wax at any hardware, paint, drug, grocery or department store. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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THOUSANDS of positions open in restaurants, cafeterias, coffee shops and tea rooms everywhere for trained women as Managers, Assistant Managers, Hostesses, Purchasing Agents, etc. Fascinating work. Splendid salaries. Unlimited opportunities. We train you in your spare time and put you in touch with positions or help you open your own tea room. Age no obstacle. Previous experience unnecessary. Common school training is all you need. FREE Book gives full details. Send for it NOW!

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Pie Crust in Four Minutes

Pie crust made in four minutes, that comes from the oven as flaky and flavory as famous pie makers ever achieve it, that you can eat to the last delicious flake and wish for more, does sound like a miracle. But here it is a fact—FLAKO, with all the ingredients for perfect pie crust blended and put in a convenient blue package, ready for you to merely add water and roll your crust. The very best flour, shortening, baking powder and salt are used in FLAKO and each package makes one nine inch double crust pie. Your first trial of FLAKO will indeed seem like a miracle, both in the making and eating. Ask your grocer for FLAKO PIE CRUST; if he does not have it send 15c for a full sized package.

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A Cleaner Home for less Money" is the title of a free, informative booklet written by Harriet Cavell—write without fail, for your copy today.

"Now I'm POSITIVE my house is clean"

THE Premier Electric Cleaning Unit—two cleaners instead of one—has revolutionized housework by making it easier, speedier and ever so much more efficient.

Two cleaners for about the price of one

Spic-Span *only*

$14.50

Two things make this possible. First, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit does away with ordinary attachments. Second, it provides a large cleaner for the rugs and carpets plus an additional handy cleaner, the Spic-Span, to speed up the time-wasting, little cleaning tasks. *Actually* two electric cleaners for about the price of one!

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds...plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without the use of attachments! Also applies moth repellent.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recommended as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex offer superior cleaning efficiency. But, if you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto ... Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 303, Cleveland, Ohio

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

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Saxon civilization. In addition, the Latin and Anglo-Saxon cultures, revived in America with new vigor, are not antagonistic, but on the contrary must co-operate, on a basis of democratic ideals, in a work of human benefit."

A fine statement this, and one which, if carried out both in letter and in spirit, will have far-reaching results.

If it had been possible for us to embark for our next port whenever we felt inclined, I think the boys and I would have been tempted to remain in Buenos Ayres almost indefinitely; but in the light of the sad discovery that boats left for the Straits of Magellan via the Falkland Islands only once in six months, we had no choice but to tear ourselves away, sailing on a staunch little British steamer that had seen many years of faithful service. Our first day out was one of drifting fog and gray skies and a smooth but sullen sea; then came high-crested waves breaking with a joyous, boisterous impact against the sides of the ship, and that clean, hard blue of sky and ocean which is no less deep than the azure of tropical heavens and waters, but which is as cold and clear in its quality as the other is warm and glowing, and which betokens the approach to frigid zones. Not with the proverbial storm, but with glad, tumultuous clarity, the "roaring forties" greeted us; and through the crisp, frosty atmosphere came another greeting as well, in the form of a wireless message from Port Stanley, the capital of the Falkland Islands.

"His Excellency will be delighted if you will stop with him at Government House during stay please reply Secretary," it ran; and not long after a grateful acceptance to this invitation from Captain Arnold Hodson, the British Governor of the Falklands, had been despatched, a second message arrived:

"His Excellency is delighted you can come. Will arrange to have you met on board and brought to Government House in time for lunch. Please telegraph number of your party Private Secretary."

Port Stanley

We packed our suitcases that evening; and though we were on deck early the following morning, our boat had already anchored in the land-locked harbor not far from the hulk of the *Great Britain*—the first of the iron screw steamships and queen of the seas in her day!

The little town of Port Stanley lay before us—a cluster of unpretentious, red-roofed houses, made of stone or corrugated iron, clinging to bleak and stony ground. Beyond it, on every side, were rocky hillocks and pasture land, dun-colored and gray except where they were touched to rare brightness by the gold of flowering gorse. There was not a tree in sight, and a filmy fog was spread like a veil over a landscape which even under glowing sunshine would have lacked variety and verdure. But it gave an effect of solidity and strength rather than of monotony and sadness; there was something poignantly peaceful about it; and as we stood looking at it and waiting for the launch which was to come and take us ashore—for vessels can not go alongside the wharf—we all agreed that we were glad we had come and that we knew we should be sorry to leave!

It was not long before Mr. Hugh Thomas, the editor of the *Daily Penguin*, appeared and introduced himself to us, saying that he had been sent to fetch us, and adding that he hoped we would not mind walking, as there were no motors on the island—or rather, to be exact, that there was just one! So we set off on foot down the road bordering the waterfront, past the town hall containing the museum and the library and the post office, and the trim red-roofed houses, turning in, after ten minutes or so, at a white gate which led to a fenced path intersecting the golf links; and there, immediately before us, lay Government House; not a huge vice-regal palace like the one in Ottawa; not a dazzling, white-marble mansion like the one in Singapore; not a great, wide-verandahed, cool-corridored manor-house like the one in

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Barbados; but a comfortable, unpretentious English home of medium size, built in rambling and informal fashion partly of brick and partly of wood, short-stemmed, hardy daisies pushing their way through the green grass of the wind-swept lawn, daffodils clustering beneath the shelter of the eaves.

Mr. Thomas flung open the front door and led us down a short corridor to the drawing-room which revealed a glowing fire of peat burning under a white mantel, deep chairs and sofas covered with bright chintz and agreeably arranged, tiger-skins scattered over a huge oriental rug, engravings of British royalty hanging on the walls, flowers, books, family photographs, and small silver ornaments everywhere; a room of infinite comfort and cheerfulness, of quiet charm, of intelligent and selective taste. Toward us came a tall, slender man dressed in tweeds, with a dark, vibrant face and a beautifully modeled head; a man of infinite distinction and culture, of sensitiveness and courage; the fine type of man to which England entrusts the destinies of its Empire and thereby keeps this great; His Excellency, Captain Arnold Hodson, a famous hunter of big game, a versatile and accomplished writer, a member of the British Foreign office, an officer in the World War, a consul for thirteen years in Abyssinia, and now governor of the Falklands and their dependencies—South Georgia, the South Shetlands, the South Orkneys, the South Sandwich and other islands—a territory sparsely inhabited, mostly by the Scotch.

He was sorry—the Governor told us—that his wife was not there to join him in welcoming us, but she was in Scotland. (He did not tell us that critical illness was separating her from him; we learned this afterward). He would show us our rooms. (More deep comfortable chairs, more gay chintzes, more bright peat fires, and, on my dressing-table those yellow roses which I love better than any other flower in the world!) Luncheon would be at one, tea at four—if that was convenient—and dinner, with guests, at half-past eight. And what time would we like our baths? It was necessary to plan a little, on account of the hot-water supply; and, by the way, we must not think the water was dirty—it was dark in color because it flowed through the peat bogs, but it was soft and refreshing. Would we enjoy seeing something of the town during the afternoon, and going to the penguin rookery the next morning? Very well, that would all be arranged. And in the evening there was to be a dance at the town hall in honor of the ship's arrival . . .

The Penguins

I could cover a great many sheets with a description of the delightful visit which followed; I could tell you in detail about our windy walks through the compact and self-reliant little town; about long talks with the pleasant people we met, many of whom had come in from the great sheep ranches where one hundred thousand acres is not considered large for a single farm, and which are reached either on horseback or by small local boats, since there are no roads outside of Port Stanley; about the dinner—with "orders and decorations," where, for the first time in a British house, I heard a toast pledged to the President of the United States with the same solemnity that one is always proposed to the King; about the dance in the town hall, which was for all the world so like a dance in the town hall in Newberry or Haverhill that it made me homesick. But though I shall not try to enlarge upon all these agreeable experiences, I must at least tell you how we went to see the penguins, crossing the harbor to Sparrow Cove by launch, and then going on foot over rough, spongy ground and damp, fragrant peat-bogs almost to Rabbit Cove. It was hard walking, and slow; but it brought us to the secluded rookery where two thousand or more of those strange, rare birds, with their futile, fin-like wings and their shell-like tails, make their home. Their nests of coarsely woven twigs lie close together

View from Union Pacific Grand Canyon Lodge

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save time and gain several days of enjoyment, free from cares and responsibilities. The Overland Route offers many luxurious comforts; particularly to lady travelers. It reaches more of the West than any other line, including 15 national parks.

GRAND CANYON

—Zion and Bryce Canyons where you can ride, hike or rest in the most gorgeously colorful part of the West. See these three national parks, as well as Cedar Breaks and Kaibab National Forest, all in one wonderful five-day motorbus tour. Fine meals and excellent accommodations at new lodges.

LOW FARES — FINE TRAINS

Reduced fares all summer to California, Pacific Northwest and Alaska, Zion—Grand Canyon—Bryce Canyon National Parks, Colorado—Yellowstone-Grand Teton National Parks . . . . at little more than half the usual fares.

For complete information and illustrated booklets about the great National Parks and other Western vacation regions, indicate your preferences on the coupon below and mail to us.

Ask about escorted all-expense tours to the West—the convenient way to travel.

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Please send me complete information and booklets.
I am interested in a vacation trip to_____
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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC

In using advertisements see page 6

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says:

(IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.)

"... But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

(Advertisement)

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!* For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have *style!*"

Fashion Magazine FREE

Find out how the Woman's Institute can teach you to make smart, stylish clothes at half or a third store prices or earn money at home besides. Mail the coupon for interesting booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a *free* copy of the 24-page Spring number of *Fashion Service Magazine*. Contains smartest of Spring designs with suggestions for making.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 8-C, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me—*Free*—the 24-page Spring Issue of FASHION SERVICE and your Booklet, *Making Beautiful Clothes*. Also full details of your home-study course in the subject checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

French Hand Made BABY CLOTHES

Priced Far Less than Importations

For your baby a skilled **brodeuse** (needle-worker) of New Orleans hand-worked this exquisite nainsook dress. Sent postpaid on approval for 98c, a fraction of the price of French importations.

SPRING FASHION GUIDE FREE

New Styles are ready. Write for your copy of De Lis Catalog, picturing baby clothes, styles for girls to 14, clothes for boys to 6. **Sent Free**

98¢ POSTAGE PREPAID

DE LIS, Dept. M10, New Orleans, La.

Cash's Names *for Marking All Clothing*

To prevent loss of laundry, to save arguments as to ownership, to positively identify both clothing and owner, there is nothing like CASH'S NAMES. Woven with fast color thread on fine cambric tape. CASH'S NAMES are neat, permanent, economical. *Order from your dealer or write.*

Trial Offer

Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

J. & J. Cash, Inc
110th St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
or 6404 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Cal. or
10 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

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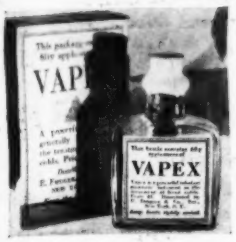
on the trodden ground; and in each of these nests are two eggs, for the season is approaching when the baby penguins will be hatched, and guarded by their mothers until they have ceased to be small puffs of dove-gray down and have grown sleek, black-and-white feathers. Then they will join that peculiar parade that every morning marches solemnly down to the sea for fish, making a path like a sheep-track as it goes, and every afternoon solemnly return, two by two, replete and satisfied. Strangely human these penguins look, all as if they had just dressed for dinner, in black broadcloth and spotless white linen; a little self-important, as if they had achieved this elegance only recently, after being more accustomed to homespun, a little proud and pompous. And they make weird sounds; they gargle and scream and hiss; they are *parvenus* who have studied the fashions before they have studied voice-culture; and yet they have a remote and inborn dignity.

The Famous Battle Shaft

I must tell you also how we went to see the tall granite shaft, surmounted by a bronze ship, adorned on either side with medallions representing peace and war, and bearing this inscription: "In commemoration of the battle of the Falkland Islands fought on the 8th day of December, 1914. In which the British Squadron, Invincible, Inflexible, Carnavon, Kent, Cornwall, Glascow, Bristol, Canopers, Macedonia, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sturdee, K.B.C., C.V.O., C.M.C., destroyed the German squadron under Vice-Admiral Graf Von Spee, saving this colony from capture by the enemy." You have probably forgotten, as I had, that this was a significant battle—probably the most significant fought on this hemisphere during the World War. The German Pacific Fleet had been victorious over the British Pacific Fleet near Coronel, off the coast of Chile, and "the British Admiralty, perhaps shamed by this cruel defeat"—as Isabel Anderson graphically tells the story in her delightful book "Circling South America"—"sent out to the Falkland Island base, in utmost secrecy, two splendid battle cruisers—the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* to join three armored cruisers already stationed there and two light cruisers. Of these last, one was the *Glascow*, which had escaped at Coronel. These were to lie in wait for Von Spee as he rounded into the Atlantic. The two mighty ships of war were just in time, for the following day Von Spee arrived with his fleet. Unfortunately for him he had delayed too long, coaling his own ship from the fuel in the hold of a captured collier. The German Admiral saw smoke rising in clouds over the hidden harbor of the Falklands, and drew near with serene hopes of an easy capture, attributing the smoke to the probability that the islanders were burning up their supplies before the Germans could take possession of them. Suddenly the wind veered and blew away the cloudy fumes, and a warning shot flashed from the flagship *Glascow*. Von Spee recognized the tripod masts of the great cruisers and turned to flee. It was too late—the British ships came hurtling out in relentless pursuit of the scattering German fleet. . . . By nightfall only one German warship was afloat, and a supply ship was in flight. Von Spee and his flagship went down with all hands, colors flying, and fighting gamely to the finish. Very few of the defeated were saved. . . . These waters are the graves of heroes too little sung."

So to the most remote parts of the world Great Britain extends her power; and in her occupation of the Falklands she proves not only her power, but her tenacity. For her right to this possession is one which Argentina hotly disputes, sending a yearly protest against it to the British Government—a protest which is politely but persistently disregarded. It is difficult, of course, for an outsider to pass judgment on the respective merits of these claims, especially as the British presentation



Breathe Vapex for your cold

DISCOMFORT VANISHES WITH JUST A FEW DELIGHTFUL WHIFFS

Put a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief and breathe its fresh, clean vapor. Put a drop at each end of your pillow and sleep with a clear head. Waking or sleeping, you can have relief from your cold with Vapex.

Vapex acts at once . . . opens your nose and checks sniffling in just a few deep whiffs. The Vapex vapor kills the germs of common colds. Keep a bottle always handy to stop a cold before it grips you.

Because it is very concentrated, Vapex keeps its strength. A single drop gives you relief from colds *for at least eight hours.* And Vapex is economical too. A dollar now saves dollars and distress later. The bottle contains fifty applications.

Insist on V-A-P-E-X in the trim, white box with the green triangle, at your druggist's. Don't expect the same results from a cheaper imitation.

If you cannot get Vapex, write, enclosing $1, to E. Fougera & Co., Inc., 41 Maiden Lane, New York, in the United States, or to the Kennedy Manufacturing Company, Montreal, in Canada.

A drop on your handkerchief

*VAPEX

A drop on your pillow

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

of them and the Argentine presentation of them are as different as two arguments possibly could be. But since the occupation of the Islas Malvinas—as they are always called in Argentina—is considered on the South American continent to be of vital importance not only in fact but in principle, I shall outline it for you as well as I can.

It is generally admitted that the islands were discovered by an Englishman, named Davis, in 1594, that they were visited shortly afterward by another Englishman, Sir Richard Hawkins—who first described them in detail—and that in 1690 a third Englishman—Captain Strong—landed on them and gave them their present English name. Early in the eighteenth century, however, some French adventurers stopped at the islands, calling them the "Malouines"—the name by which, in this and its Spanish form—Malvinas—they are known to this day in France, Spain, and Latin South America. The French claimed discovery, though at least one French writer—Frézier—admits that "the islands are without doubt the same as those which Sir Richard Hawkins discovered in 1593." Be this as it may, the Spaniards seem never to have asserted that they discovered the islands, but rather to have favored the claim of France to discovery rather than the claim of England. Both these countries subsequently established outposts there, though the first *permanent* settlement appears to have been made by the English in 1767. This settlement was dispossessed by a Spanish force a few years later, but this act, according to a British authority, "was disallowed by Spain and the territory restored, thereby virtually allowing the British rights to prior discovery, formal possession and actual occupation." And though Great Britain "voluntarily" withdrew her forces from the islands in 1774, she did so, according to the same authority—Admiral Kennedy—"with the understanding that she did not relinquish her right to reoccupation when convenient," and she left her flag flying and "other marks and symbols of possession." The wording of a subsequent treaty between Spain and Great Britain indicates that Spain conceded the sovereignty; but fifty-five years after England withdrew she still had found no "convenient" time to resume occupation. Encouraged, perhaps, by this delay, Argentina issued a decree in 1829—in spite of protests on the part of the British Minister in Buenos Ayres—appointing Don Luis Vernet military and political commandant of the Malvinas, claiming to have succeeded to the "Spanish rights" by virtue of the Revolution of 1810 in which she herself had won independence from Spain.

The Question of Ownership

That England sooner or later would have reasserted her claims seems to admit of little doubt; but strangely enough, before she had done so, the United States unexpectedly asserted herself when some of her sealers were seized and imprisoned in the Falklands (or shall we say the Malvinas?) because Vernet had assumed the prerogative of complete control of the sealing industry, and the Yankees had defied this. Failing to obtain any redress for what she considered an unwarrantable outrage, the American government despatched a man-of-war to the scene of action, "turned out the Governor, destroyed the fort and put the prisoners in irons." Charges and countercharges were exchanged between Argentina and the United States; the American Minister withdrew from Buenos Ayres; and in 1832, when a warship was sent out from England to re-assume possession of the islands—a feat accomplished without apparent difficulty—the United States did not make the slightest objection to the re-occupation—which has lasted ever since—and a strange lapse of memory appears to have occurred on the part of those Americans who up to that time had been zealous in enforcing the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Since the Argentine resentment of this policy of ours, which she does not hesitate to characterize as "an impertinence and a usurpation of power, advanced without the

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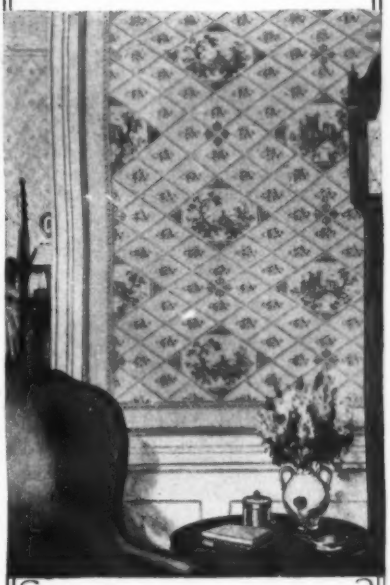

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GH–A

A City of Sunshine

consent or desire of other American nations," is responsible for much, if not most, of the feeling against us in that country today, there seems to be a slight inconsistency in her equally great resentment of our temporary departure from it. "Great Britain," she vociferates, "would never have taken the Islas Malvinas from us if the United States had put the Monroe Doctrine into effect!" And assuming—if only for the sake of argument—that this may be true, is it then not possible that without the general enforcement of this doctrine European flags might be floating today in many more parts of the Western hemisphere than they are at present, and that Argentina, in common with other American countries, might have found this displeasing? We were the first nation on this hemisphere to achieve national independence and national strength; and it was, I believe, owing to a sincere desire to safeguard the independence and develop the strength of our sister republics in both Americas in the face of foreign aggression, because we ourselves had found liberty to be so priceless a possession, that the Monroe Doctrine was conceived and born. That, like most great policies, it has sometimes been perverted and abused since its inception, no unbiased and fair-minded citizen of the United States can deny, and no Argentine should be blamed for claiming; but in spite of perversions and abuses it is—or should be—not a justification for "imperialism," but a bulwark for Americanism in the largest and most comprehensive sense of that great word, both now and in the years to come.

It was, however, not of policies, their merits and their observances, and the lack of these, that I thought as I walked the last time, before rejoining the staunch little ship that was to carry me on to the Straits of Magellan, down the fenced walk that leads from Government House, through the daisy-studded golf course, to the white gate, and the sturdy street beside the gray waterfront of Port Stanley. It was of some lines in one of Rupert Brooke's sonnets, which run:

"If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner in a foreign land
That is forever England—"

Not in death, but in life, this corner of a foreign land seemed to me inherently of England; less the England that has power to win battles and the tenacity to cling to disputed territory than the England which stamps the sterling strength of her character on the most remote and the most barren shore; the England whose spirit no climate can dampen or congeal, no loneliness can appall and no hardships terrify; the England of pioneers and settlers and home-builders; the England of culture and intelligence, of sensitiveness and courage; the England of clean and simple living, of fresh flowers and bright chintzes, and warm fires. The England we are proud to call our mother.

And that, my dear, is why I have written this letter to *you!*

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

The Art of Creating An Atmosphere

(*Continued from page 306*)

The ivy then should be planted in the tubs with the trees, and in oblong boxes which it would quickly conceal.

As to color—decide upon a scheme you like for the flowers, which must suit the colors of the chintz and the furniture, to be right. Yellow flowers were used in the border of this garden, and an effective decorative touch was made by placing yellow cushions of the same shade on the black willow chair.

Lowering the High Cost of Babies

(*Continued from page 23*)

himself forced to adopt a specialty, though he would much prefer general practise, because he finds his patient leaving him to seek the specialist for all sorts of minor ills that he could treat quite as satisfactorily, and at a tithe of the cost, if his patient would only consult him and allow him to render the service required. While it is true that in some of the largest cities, and especially New York City, the general practitioner is being replaced by the specialist to such a degree that it is hard to find a doctor who will "treat anything that comes along," this is not as yet the case with the country at large. And for one case that the average family doctor sends to the specialist, there are probably ten that go in search of this specialist or that without so much as telling their own doctor of their defection.

The medical profession itself is taking serious cognizance of the situation. Only a few months ago, a mixed medical and sociological commission on the high cost of medical care began its deliberations, which will consume the better part of a million dollars and five years' time, and has just rendered a preliminary report on the cost of adequate medical and nursing care to the average individual. One of the most amazing features of the situation is surprising, namely, that the individual physician is not becoming rich as a result of this expensive medical care, nor is the nurse waxing financially fat on the monetary returns of her labors.

It seems hopeless to expect the doctors to run ahead of public opinion in this matter, and supply a demand for generalized service that the public apparently does not want. To many of the most statesmanlike of our medical thinkers this seems impossible. For demand creates supply, here as in every other field; and the type and the expense of medical care are going to depend, not upon what the doctor asks, but upon what the public demands and is prepared to pay for.

Is there no cure, then, for this inordinate mounting of the cost of medical care, and especially for the high cost of babies? What can be done to reduce these costs to a point at which the average young married couple can hope to meet them adequately, and assign them to a place in their budget not out of all proportion to the rest of its items?

Go Back to the Family Doctor

Such a change *is* possible; and it waits, not upon any Utopian change in the whole organization of American life, but upon the decision of any wife and any husband to get back upon a sounder basis as they look at the problem of medical costs and medical care. Any couple who wish may reduce their expected outlay for medical care, if they will do what some of the best heads in the profession have long been advocating. This is to go back to the family doctor as a first resort, and as a last resort, too, whenever they feel the need of counsel in either sickness or health, instead of shopping about, as so many other wise intelligent folk do, and trying to find a specialist for every separate ill to which either of them, or their children, may chance to fall a prey. While this seems altogether too simple a matter to cure such a serious situation as this high cost of babies, it is at least worth looking into—certainly until some one advances something better. For this condition is bringing about the childless family, and the "one-child sterility" which is so common today, and which is causing such serious concern to many of our wisest and best minds.

First of all, is it feasible? Many people in our biggest cities complain that it is next to impossible to find a doctor who is not a specialist; that if you go to one for something that is a bit out of his line, he sends you on to some one else. This has been the experience of many who have really sought a family doctor;

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If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

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Lowering the High Cost of Babies

and unless it can be solved, the solution here offered falls to the ground of its own weight.

Any one who desires to find out a good, reliable family doctor has only to look in the telephone book, or call up Information on the telephone, or ask any physician, specialist or not, for the name of the county medical society in his locality. The whole medical profession of the nation is organized on a basis of county medical societies: and one of the functions of these organizations, which formerly were almost exclusively scientific bodies, is now that of giving information on medical matters to the public whom all doctors are supposed to serve. The local county medical society, if called upon through its secretary, will at any time be glad to give the name, not of one, but of two, three, or half a dozen reputable physicians who do general practise. From among these it should not be difficult to choose one man who by his manner commends himself to the seeking couple as the doctor who shall be their adviser in every matter connected with their health. They do not need to rely upon the word of their neighbors or friends, though obviously such recommendations are frequently of the utmost value. Any one, even though he is an absolute stranger in a strange land, may in this simple and perfectly rational manner get into touch with a reputable general practitioner.

Having secured this family doctor, suppose we analyze the separate counts making up the bill of indictment rendered in the hypothetical case that we have been discussing. Will he be able to reduce the high cost of babies?

First, the obstetrician's fee running high up into the hundreds, with hospital fees, nurses' costs, etc. The family doctor of today is adequately trained to handle the ordinary obstetric case that is brought to him, without calling in the help of an obstetrician at all. True, complications may arise in relatively infrequent instances which may make it seem desirable for him to get special help. But these instances are by no means the rule; and there is always ample time for the family doctor to avail himself of such help, provided that his patient has placed herself under his care long enough in advance for him to become thoroughly familiar with her physical condition. This care previous to the coming of the baby has of late years been elevated to the dignity of a special phase of medicine, under the name of "pre-natal care"; and no man who values his wife, and no woman who values her life, should think of asking a doctor to serve in this important crisis without allowing him to render the inestimable benefits that accompany pre-natal care. Its employment is already beginning to cut down both maternal and infant death-rates; and when it has become universal, instead of, as at present, only occasional, childbirth will have been robbed of its greatest terrors.

A Hospital Is Not Always Necessary

Is the hospital a necessity? No. Is it a desirable luxury? In some instances yes, and in others no. This must depend upon the individual situation. Many mothers prefer the simplification of household responsibilities that they feel comes with leaving home for the hospital at this time. Others, perhaps just as wisely, consider that the hospital offers nothing better than they can get in a well-ordered home at greatly lessened outlay. This can fairly be termed an optional addition to the budget, to be taken on or not as occasion suggests; it can not fairly be called an unavoidable item in the high cost of babies.

Next, what about the inordinate demands upon the family purse levied by the children's specialist, whose constantly changing formulas are considered by so many mothers a necessary evil? His services can largely be dispensed with, so far as *this* part of his activities is

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concerned, by any intelligent prospective mother who will possess herself of the information to be had by addressing her state or city department of health, sending to the Federal Children's Bureau at Washington, or reading any one of a dozen of the little handbooks on the care of the baby during his first year of life.

The most striking fact to be got out of these sources is the cardinal principle underlying all infant care today—that with reasonable care *any mother can successfully nurse her own baby for as long a time as she and her physician desire!* If this is true—and countless instances prove its truth, as can be ascertained from any of the sources mentioned above—then it can readily be seen what an unnecessary expense and nuisance this running to the doctor for changing formulas constitutes. It is worse than this—it is almost criminal; for the slogan, "The Breast-Fed Baby is the Best-Fed Baby," expresses a simple and well-known truth. The chances for both life and health possessed by the naturally fed baby are four or five times as great as those of his artificially fed brother; and no mother who desires these advantages for her baby need be deprived of them; they come at a minimum of cost.

Tonsilectomy Is Debatable

But the tonsil and adenoid operation—what of the cost of that? Don't most children have to have that sooner or later? It will come as an evidence of returning sanity to overburdened parents—even though too late to be of service to some of them—to learn that more and more doctors are beginning to look askance at the wholesale removal of tonsils that has recently been so general. Let me quote from a well-known medical journal:

"A more conservative attitude now prevails regarding the removal of tonsils. In certain studies comparing children who have had the operation with others in whom it had been advised but declined, it appears that diseases supposed to be prevented by the operation occurred about the same in one group as in the other! From this it is quite apparent that the operation is not the safeguard it was formerly considered to be. An increasing number of specialists are refusing to recommend it unless there is incontrovertible evidence that it is necessary."

In other words, the day of the universal tonsil and adenoid operation is mercifully on the wane. If the couple whose fortunes we are following should adopt the sensible slogan, "Let the (family) doctor decide," what a saving of money, blood, and emotional wastage would be effected! Why not go to the family doctor, who knows the child and his history and his environment; instead of to the school nurse, the teacher, the principal, the throat specialist, and the woman next door, before gaily embarking upon this serious and sometimes perilous major operation—which, in addition to its other disadvantages, may chance to be a needless expense, after all!

But the expensive consultation in time of grave illness; it would not be advisable to try to avoid that! Yes, in many instances it may be both safely and profitably avoided, if the family physician is given to understand by the parents of the sick child he is treating, that he has their entire confidence, and that he has no need to bolster this up by suggesting a consultation in order to "square himself" with them. Many an expensive and perhaps confusing, certainly unnecessary, consultation has been asked for by the family doctor for this perfectly good and sufficient reason—that if he does not "get there first" with the suggestion, the suspicious and distrustful family will wonder why he did not, and will in all probability take it upon themselves to demand it—if indeed they do not call in another doctor to replace him!

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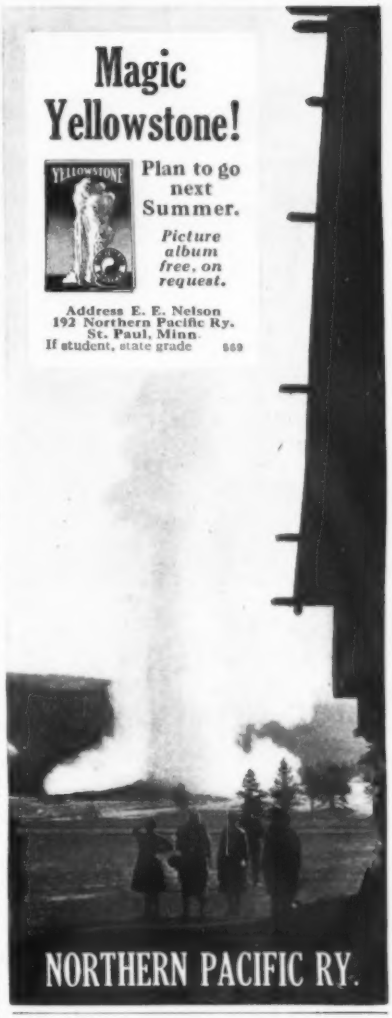

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You will thrill at the matchless beauty of this PORCELAIN washer. You will proudly boast of its marvelous performance for many years to come. 18 inch, square, long lasting, easy-to-keep-clean, PORCELAIN tub. Over-size aluminum agitator, washes soiled clothes or dainty lingerie fast, spotless, safe. Aluminum encased soft roll manual dryer. Single switch control; no levers. Enclosed mechanism, needing no attention.

Now the many thousands of modern housewives, in small, modern homes, can have the healthfulness, comfort, economy and happiness other folks, in larger homes, enjoy with their electric washers.

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Lowering the High Cost of Babies

avoiding consultations that are simply to reassure the family that everything possible is being done for the patient.

Is not "group diagnosis" necessary; and is not "the field of medicine so vast that no single mind can hope to encompass it," as we have so often been told? Yes—and no! A well-known medical authority has gone on record as saying that *85% of all cases can be treated by the general practitioner without any outside help whatsoever!* X-ray assistance can be obtained reasonably, and laboratory work need not be at all burdensome. So-called group diagnosis has by no means superseded the single-handed skill and finesse of the lone fighter of microbes, whether he is city doctor or country practitioner—may the tribe of both increase!

Preventive medicine, too, is constantly lowering the high cost of medical care for infants and children. Wise parents now protect their youngsters against diphtheria by a simple inoculation at the end of the first year of life; smallpox vaccination has become routine in most intelligent communities; and the Great War taught millions of us that typhoid fever is simply and safely preventable by the taking of three typhoid inoculations. School medical inspection, with its early detection of eyestrain, deafness, and other curable and preventable defects, is still further serving to reduce this cost, as well as to put the family doctor back into his rightful place as arbiter of the destiny of the child; for he alone is the one to decide how the defects thus discovered shall be treated.

It is thus no Utopian solution that has been advocated here; nor one that needs wait for any general movement on the part of any portion of the population in order to be practically applied. We have been burdened with a financially impossible situation, the importance of which can not safely be minimized; for it is resulting in childless homes, and unhappy lives, for those who should have been happy parents.

True, there are specialists galore; but that does not mean that the average man and woman have to go to them! The family doctor is not demoded, out-of-date, *passé;* but he can not help us if we do not consult him, and go instead to all sorts of high-priced specialists who may not be at all the right individuals for us to consult. Shall we call him back into effectiveness; or shall we continue to limit the size of the American family, and the happiness of the American home, by continuing sadly to deplore the high cost of babies?

Toto-Twiga

(*Continued from page 59*)

Such a helpless baby—too young even to walk! I wanted to run to him and stroke his coat.

We did not attempt to take pictures of the two giraffes, but merely watched them from a distance for a long time. The mother giraffe stood there gazing at us with an appealing, helpless expression in her puzzled, brown eyes. She couldn't run away and desert the baby, and she was afraid of us two strange beings.

She stood so silently, with her head high in the air, listening for sounds of peril. Now and then she snuggled her nose against the baby at her feet and gently nudged him. Then slowly that great neck would sweep upward. With ears erect, nostrils distended, she stood, watchful, alert, and nervous. We left the mother and her baby when the little fellow was just beginning to struggle to his feet.

It was simple to visualize the life story of Toto-Twiga:

When the little giraffe first stood upon his feet, he felt weak and bewildered. Instinct taught him that mother was his friend. He rubbed his little nose against her neck when she bent down her head to nudge him. He had his first breakfast of warm, rich milk.

Toto-Twiga

Toto-Twiga soon learned to walk, but it was days before mother took him to join a herd of his relatives. Then he was happy and felt quite important. At times he would jump up and down on his stiff, frail, little legs out of sheer joy. The other giraffes looked at him with interest and welcomed him kindly into their midst.

It was at the pool of the feathered flowers that I next saw Toto-Twiga. This pool was nothing more than a water hole in the bed of a dried-up river, but it was beautiful and highly important to the animal life of that section. I called it the pool of the feathered flowers because of the birds which gathered there. From a distance it appeared as if the trees and bushes at the water hole were covered with brilliant, green and yellow blossoms. A close-up view, however, revealed that these colorful objects were little love-birds with green bodies and red heads.

Sometimes thousands of these winged beauties made up the bird bouquet, and often, mingled with the love-birds, would be striking yellow birds, making a lovely picture on the background of faded bush.

I went to this particular pool to fish and was in hopes of hooking a mate to the 50-pound catfish I had taken there a short time previously. The birds began to flutter as I approached, and an ugly old crocodile, fifteen feet long, oozed into the cool depths of the water.

I had taken a perch and was angling for bigger and better fish when I saw the mother giraffe approaching with stealth and caution, Toto-Twiga toddling in her wake. I stood still and watched them. Toto was pouting. His lips stood out, and he kept rubbing against his mother's legs. Evidently he was hungry, but his mother nudged him away with her head. Once she gave him a hard push that nearly knocked him off his feet.

The big giraffe neared the water slowly, looking carefully about in fear that her age-old enemy, the lion, might be lurking near by. A mischievous breeze finally tossed my scent in her direction. She stood still and looked directly at me with an expression of surprise. Then she turned and galloped away, Toto-Twiga following with awkward little jumps, the bunch of hair at the end of his tail bobbing with each leap.

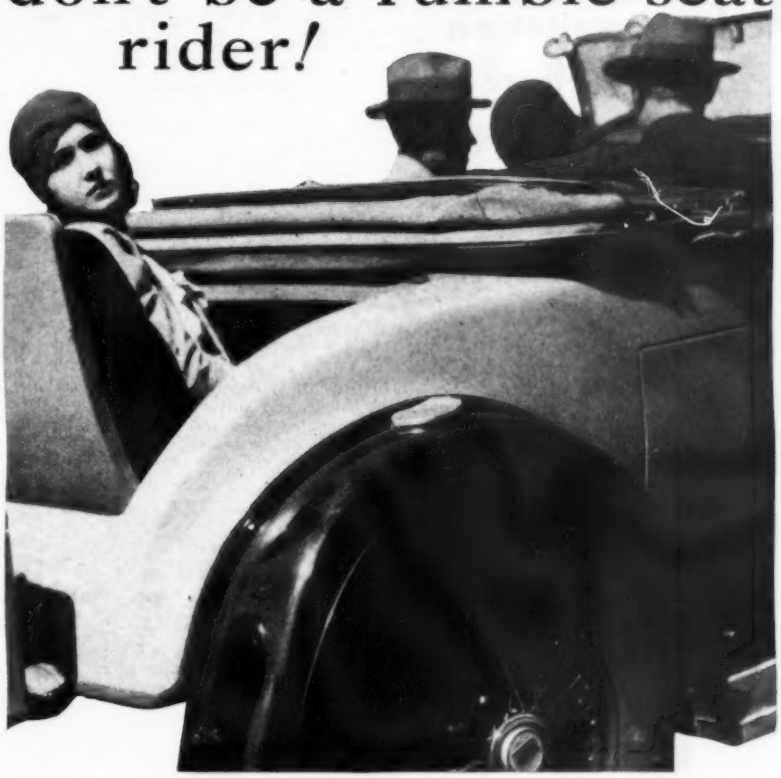
TOTO-TWIGA was still a little fellow, as giraffes go, when he was turned over to the care of a nurse. The nurse was a young giraffe of the baby's own family. She guarded him closely and pushed him away from threatening bushes and trees where danger might lurk. However, the little giraffe didn't care much for nurse, as she kept him away from mother, and he had to eat leaves of bushes and small trees.

Toto-Twiga, like others of his family, was poorly equipped to survive in the savage jungle land. He had no weapons to fight with, nor could he utter the slightest sound. His immense height made it impossible for him to find concealment.

But nevertheless he did survive the dangers that beset him on every side, and grew into a huge bull with an orange-colored body striped with sharp, dark lines. That long neck with which nature had endowed him proved a great help in obtaining food. He could reach his head into the highest trees and nibble at the tender buds. It was amazing, the way he could dip into the thorn trees and graze on luscious shoots without being scratched by the terrible spurs which protect these trees.

Toto-Twiga learned, when he was scarcely more than a baby, that the most trying problem in the life of his kind was obtaining water. There was a powerful bull at the head of the herd which led the way on a memorable trip to the water hole. The youngster trailed along as the tiresome approach was made. Slowly, step by step, the big bull advanced, stopping often to sniff the air and survey the wood growth surrounding the water. Two hours passed before they neared the water's edge.

don't be a rumble-seat rider!



Whiten Teeth quickly

Nobody likes to look at a Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)

TO HAVE dazzling white teeth—free from stain, tartar and decay—you must guard against a condition that is embarrassing to its victim and offensive to others—Bacterial-Mouth. It is caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath.

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Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter!

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that sparkling teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. It multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth. Thus a half-inch is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste. It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that eliminates wetting the brush.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified.

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay—neutralizes acids—washes away ugly, yellow tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for three hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, and gums will be healthy.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums, start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—SENT FREE.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept 3-GH-36
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Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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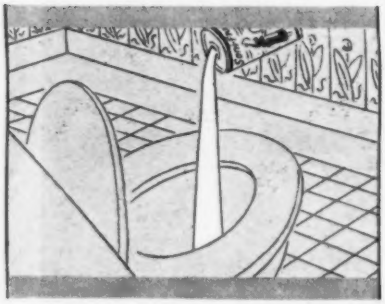
In using advertisements see page 6

Perfect sanitation without effort



AN UNCLEAN toilet bowl is dangerous! But spotless cleanliness is the simplest thing in the world to obtain—without unpleasant scrubbing.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done. The bowl will become snow-white before your eyes. All incrustations will be swept away. All germs will be killed; all odors will vanish. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, will be purified and cleansed.

Try a can of Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

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Toto-Twiga

It is difficult for giraffes to drink. Despite their long necks, it is hard for them to bend over and reach the water, and it is necessary for them to spread their legs apart, like the tripod of a camera. This lowers them so that their heads can reach the water, but places them in an awkward and defenseless position in case of attack.

Toto-Twiga did not get a mouthful of water on that trip. Two of the big giraffes were drinking when suddenly the old bull wheeled about and galloped away. The others followed him, running madly in a frenzy of fear.

Toto-Twiga knew the reason for this terror—his nostrils had caught a strange and sinister odor. It was the scent of a lion, that vicious creature which lurks near the water holes and loves the tender flesh of the giraffe so well.

The giraffe family ran for miles, stumbling in their efforts to escape the lion. When the leader halted them, they stood silent for a long time, trembling with fear and exhaustion. After that Toto-Twiga, wandering about for weeks alone, learned that he must never go near a water hole carelessly, for fear of his arch-enemies, the big cats.

The giraffe's long neck again proved of great value when he could not find water. There was moisture in the tender buds on the thorn trees and dew-laden leaves of the mimosa which he ate.

IT WAS an innocent oryx that separated Toto-Twiga from his family when he became a full-grown bull. He was leading a straggling group to the water when the oryx, standing at the brink, reared and shook his head, threatening with his two sharp horns. This was enough to throw the group into a panic, and away they ran. When Toto-Twiga stopped, he was far from the rest of the herd.

He wandered for many days alone, and it was with the courage of desperation that next he approached the drinking place. An ostrich stood there, dipping lazily into the water. The giraffe hesitated a long time and finally walked to the water, thinking the bird-like creature would not harm him. The ostrich, however, was in a surly mood and kicked Toto-Twiga a painful blow with its powerful foot. Again the giraffe took to its heels and ran far into the plains.

Toto-Twiga was now really suffering with thirst. His throat was dry, and his nostrils were parched. There was no relief in the thorn-tree buds or the mimosa leaves. He had to have water.

Once more he stole slowly and cautiously to the water. A rhinoceros and her baby were there. When the giraffe approached, these ugly creatures charged upon him, and Toto-Twiga was lucky to escape with only a slight cut on his leg inflicted by the horn of the mother rhino.

Three days of wandering followed in the parching jungle. Toto-Twiga wandered for miles, seeking a place to drink. At last he came upon a small puddle of water surrounded by sparse vegetation. Perhaps the longing for water was so intense that he neglected his usual caution.

On reaching the water's edge, Toto-Twiga spread his legs far apart and sank his head into the cooling drink. He drew the water into his throat in huge gulps, gratefully, as if he would never get enough.

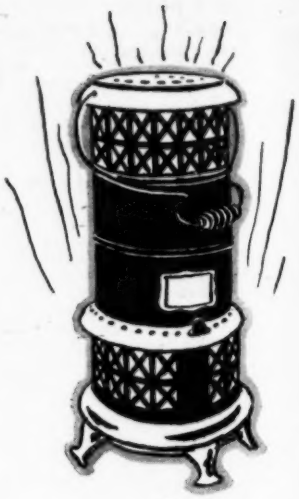
Suddenly a message of danger reached the big giraffe. He jerked his head from the water and stood still. The lion. He could feel it.

He lifted one hoof from the water to turn and flee for his life—.

Just in time. A yellow figure sailed out from the grass—four great yellow claws outspread—

But Toto-Twiga was not there. The cool drink of water had given him strength and speed. He was off—fast as he could lope on his long, slender legs.

And the lion had to go without his dinner.



As long as you have fires in the house, keep Unguentine on hand *always*...

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FOR Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection which every burn invites. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, cut and bruise for months to come.

(Advertisement)

(*See page 276*)

Bartons Double-fold Bias Trimmings are responsible for the charm of this room

CURTAINS, cushions, table covers, lunch sets, lamp shades, and all the other homey things that every woman loves, may be made up-to-date, colorful and artistic with Bartons "Everfast" Double-fold Bias Trimmings. Guaranteed never to run nor fade, they are made in all colors ready to use. The most inexperienced person can put them on easily without basting. Send 10 cents for booklet and free samples.

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The only question is: *which* antiseptic shall it be?

She who chooses *Zonite* will have the satisfaction of having chosen a safe antiseptic and at the same time a powerfully effective antiseptic.

★ Zonite is safe to use on the body because it is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. Also, if actually swallowed it will not prove fatal—a great source of comfort especially with little children around the house. And when it comes to strength, the power of Zonite is actually greater than that of any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Get Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada; in bottles, 30c, 60c, and $1.00. Also send coupon below for free, scientific booklet on this subject. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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100 Engraved Announcements $10.50. Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Write for free samples—calling cards, invitations, announcements.
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GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME
Many women earn fine income in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factory"—begin Home Spare Time, make BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies—show you how to make and sell large line PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Nothing else like it. Booklet FREE.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 60 East Orange, N. J.

Any Woman Can Wear Pink

(*Continued from page 63*)

hoping the single coupon wrapped around her bar would bear the winning number. "The more coupons you hold, the greater your chance of winning," the coupon read.

Then the insidious habit started. Minnie Mae bought her second bar of Golden Glow. And her third. And more and more and more. The lovely pink dress had become a rosy symbol of the future. If she won it, she had a good chance of winning John Bentley's attention. If she did not achieve the dress, John would continue to think her a dull little drudge. And Anita Shane would go off in the maroon car for a honeymoon.

At the thought of Anita's going off on a honeymoon with John Bentley, Minnie Mae's eyes filled with tears. After the honeymoon Anita wouldn't make John the right sort of wife. She had never stayed true to one boy in her life. She couldn't even make biscuits.

Minnie Mae cheated the Baby out of two new pairs of rompers. With the money she bought Golden Glow.

Now she was so bold in her dreams that she planned to wear the pink taffeta at the Grand Beauty Ball to be given at the Castle Gardens on the Saturday night after the drawing of the Lucky Number coupons. It would be a gala affair with a five-hundred-dollar award for the winning beauty. Minnie Mae did not aspire to the Beauty Contest. All she wanted was to go there in the glowing pink silk, to laugh out of her eyes at John, and curl her hand in his hand as they danced.

SHE was cleaning Allie's room one morning, when she found a stack of familiar, green-colored coupons.

"Where did you get these?" she demanded.

"I've been selling Golden Glow," Alice answered. "I want to win that bicycle. Buddie's doing the same. He's trying for the baseball outfits."

"What's Papa trying for?" Minnie Mae asked.

Alice shook her head. "He don't like these kind of contests. It's brains, not luck, that interests him."

Minnie Mae sought a bargain with Alice.

"If I let you off on all the housework this summer, will you give me your coupons?"

"I'd rather have a bicycle."

"I'll let you off on all the dishwashing, too."

"Till school opens?"

Minnie Mae agreed. She let Buddie off on his work in the yard, too, because he gave her the coupons he'd been saving for the baseball outfit. Minnie Mae certainly worked for that pink taffeta. She cooked and cleaned and sewed from the time she rose until she was so tired she couldn't see another stitch. She cleaned the basement, the porch, cut the grass, and trimmed the hedge. She had one hundred and thirty-two coupons.

Mrs. Hatch, around the corner, had one hundred and sixty-four coupons. Fat Carola Dade had two hundred. Minnie Mae just couldn't spend another cent for Golden Glow. Every one in the neighborhood had so much laundry soap it was impossible to sell another bar.

On the day of the Lucky Drawing Minnie Mae was so nervous she could hardly do the housework. The Baby had a rash and had to be coddled all day and washed with boric acid solution. In the evening, when Minnie Mae had on her blue crêpe and felt hat to start out for the Lucky Drawing, the Baby was running a temperature. He cried so piteously when he saw Minnie Mae with her hat on, that she stayed home.

"Now, don't hang around after it's over, but run right home and tell me," she cautioned Allie and Bud, as they took her treasured green coupons.

A little while later her father went down to Jordan's Store, too. Minnie Mae sat beside

Ends CORNS

THEY NEVER RETURN

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only insure instant relief from pain: they remove the cause — friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns can never come back if Zino-pads are applied at the first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

No other method does this for you. Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh liquids and plasters expose the toes to acid burn. Zino-pads are thin, cushioning, soothing, healing, safe, sure.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

Dr Scholl's ★ Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

For Decorators

VUL-COT Waste Receptacles

"Right" Every Way

Decoratable Vul-Cots now add to the fascinating possibilities open to professional and amateur decorators. They come in the twelve basic background colors, round, oval, square; at Stationers, Art and Department Stores.

To harmonize them perfectly with any scheme of decoration; for drawing room, living room, library, den, bedroom, kitchen or bath; you can touch them up or cover all over with tints, enamel, prints, silhouettes, stencil, net, gold, or any other way.

Re-decorating too is easy, as often as you like, or when a Vul-Cot is moved to another room.

Or you can "live with" your new Vul-Cot, using it while you wait for a decorative inspiration that will make it perfect.

Professional decorators choose Vul-Cot to work on, and receive very high prices.

Every real Vul-Cot bears the VUL-COT name. Look for it to make sure. There are many imitations.

A product of National Vulcanized Fibre Company, Wilmington, Del. Write for "Decorative Ideas."

In using advertisements see page 6

Just a little velvet bow

BUT how enormously important it becomes on the toe of this new bridge slipper by Daniel Green. Really, it makes a foot look sizes smaller. It's a feminine fashion that was started by one of New York's smartest shops, where all the lovely mannequins wear bows on their toes.

Dozens of other enchanting slipper fashions by Daniel Green are ready in your favorite shop to tempt you. And you'll sigh to possess them in all the colors found in the exotic metal brocades, soft velvets, satins, bright kids, and silk crepes with the glow of pearls. They come in every conceivable cut . . . from formal pajama boots straight down to comfys for feet that are really weary. Ask to see the new styles for men and children, too.

. . .

THE BRIDGE in satin with a velvet bow on the toe is formal enough to wear with afternoon gowns. The lounging lady above wears it with satin pajamas in yellow green with a coat of purple velvet from Wanamaker, New York.

. . .

THE PAJAMA BOOT, inspired by the boudoir slipper of a naughty queen, comes in many shades of crepe de chine with marabou fluffs to match.

. . .

A PAINTED D'ORSAY—these softly blended patterns on crepe de chine are gay and smart. Sketched with this slipper you'll see the newest in chemises . . . a wisp of white ninon and suntan lace cut on Princess lines—from Stern Bros., New York.

. . .

MONTE CARLO CLING STRAP sandals are of eggshell kid with bright kid cross straps. You'll wear them with these swagger pajamas of red and black crepe satin—from Loeser's, Brooklyn.

DANIEL GREEN

Leisure Footwear

LOOK AT THE SOLE FOR THE DANIEL GREEN SEAL

THE DANIEL GREEN COMPANY · DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

Any Woman Can Wear Pink

the Baby's bed while the evening dragged by. She heard the clock strike eight and eight-thirty and nine. Nine-thirty. The contest should have been over. Why didn't Alice come? Where was Bud?

She sat on a low rocker, listening to the rhythmic breathing of the tired Baby. But she was not Minnie Mae Bradley nursing her little brother. She was Millicent, and she had gone to the Beauty Ball, and she danced every time with John.

At ten o'clock Alice came tearing up the stairs. "Oh, Min!" she called, and Minnie Mae did not mind the nickname. "Oh, Min, you've won," cried Allie, all out of breath. "Papa's bringing it home."

Mr. Bradley glowed with delight as he set the big box on the dining-room table. Inside was another box of shining mahogany. "Now," said Mr. Bradley, "we can have the boss for dinner."

In the box were seventy-two pieces of table silver. Minnie Mae Bradley had won first prize.

Carola Dade won the pink silk dress outfit. A silly prize it was for her. She could not have worn it any more than an elephant can wear dancing slippers. Every one talked of Minnie Mae's luck. She tried not to hear their congratulations. She could not go to the Beauty Ball wearing a chest of silver.

She was determined to go to the ball. She had passed the point where hope could be crushed out of her. She was determined to go on Saturday night, to dance with John Bentley, to charm him with her young loveliness.

THE most difficult thing in the world was to approach Miss Dade. The spinster did not like being reminded of her figure. Minnie Mae's knees quivered, as she walked up the steps of the Dade house. After she rang the bell, she was almost ready to turn and run.

Miss Dade opened the screen door. "Hello, Minnie Mae," she said. "I've had no chance to congratulate you for winning that wonderful chest of silver. Ain't you a lucky girl?"

The talk touched on many things, weather and ice-box cake and the price of calves' liver now that the doctors were recommending it. Miss Dade brought out cookies and pie. She looked like a balloon with another balloon resting on top of it. Poor Minnie Mae nearly died, putting her request into words.

Miss Dade was indignant. "You got more nerve than any one I ever seen," she exclaimed. "Winning first prize yourself and wanting to borrow my pink silk."

Minnie Mae said nothing. She looked at her feet.

"I know what you're thinking," Miss Dade continued. "You're thinking I can't wear the pink silk. You're just a young fool. Any woman can wear pink."

"No, no," Minnie Mae protested.

The color rose from her breast. She was ashamed of thinking such thoughts about Miss Dade. She was glad she was Minnie Mae Bradley. It was better not to have a pink taffeta dress than not to be able to wear one. She rose to go.

Miss Dade took another slice of pie. "I'll tell you what, Minnie Mae. If you're so set on that pink dress, why don't you trade it with me for the chest?"

Minnie Mae was so grateful she wanted to paste kisses on Miss Dade's perspiring face. She did not stop to compute the relative value of silver service and pink taffeta. She did not remember the dinner invitation given her father's boss. All she thought of was the pink dress.

She said nothing to the family. The silver was hers. She had won it by working and scrimping. She carried the heavy chest to Miss Dade and brought home the lovely costume.

On Saturday night she gave the family a

Any Woman Can Wear Pink

cold supper and stacked the dishes. She had washed her hair that afternoon, and it was soft and fluffy. Her eyes glowed like jewels, and her cheeks were as softly pink as the dress. She felt like a picture actress, like a débutante, like a famous dancer called Millicent.

She did not pause in the checkroom, but went right up the marble staircase of the Castle Gardens, the rosy shawl drawn over one shoulder as she had seen shawls worn in style books. She knew people turned to look at her. She saw the manager turn to another man in a dinner coat and nod in her direction. Her heart danced an accompaniment to the incomparable jazz.

An older woman with an air of authority told Minnie Mae to step in line with some other girls. Evidently she was one of the hostesses, and she wanted to know about new girls who came to Castle Gardens before she introduced them to young men. Minnie Mae obeyed, but she was impatient, standing in line. She wanted adventure. She wanted to dance. She wanted to see John Bentley.

PRESENTLY she turned and saw him standing beside one of the girls in the ever-growing line. The girl was Anita Shane. She was in black tulle with stars shining from the folds of a full skirt. She seemed very sophisticated and calm.

"Just look," Minnie Mae heard her exclaim, "there's a girl in the pink taffeta they gave away with that laundry soap!" She said it as if she were saying, "Just look, there's a leper."

Minnie Mae tried to escape, but Anita's eyes were sharp.

"Why, Minnie Mae Bradley!" she shrieked. "Imagine finding you here. Of all people! And in that dress. I thought you won the silver chest."

John smiled. "I think it's a very nice dress," he said.

Minnie Mae turned her head away. She didn't want John Bentley's pity.

Anita talked on. "I'm going into the beauty contest. Isn't it a panic? I'm not conceited enough to think I belong, but my friends just insist. There's a five-hundred-dollar prize for the winner. You'll give me your applause, won't you, Minnie Mae?"

"She won't be applauding," John said quietly. "She'll be listening to the applause herself."

"What?" cried Anita. "Minnie Mae! In the beauty contest?"

John Bentley said something, but Minnie Mae did not hear. She was trying to break through the crowds. She was conscious now of the men's eyes following her. She knew why they stared. Every one was familiar with the pink taffeta that had been displayed in Jordan's window. Every one was laughing because Minnie Mae Bradley had dared come to the Beauty Ball in a frock won with soap coupons. She wanted to die.

Every one was laughing. But the cruelest laughter of all had been John Bentley's. To amuse Anita he had taunted Minnie Mae, pretended he expected to see her in the Beauty Contest.

A bell rang. "This way, girlie," the hostess said and pivoted Minnie Mae by the elbow.

She found herself in line again. The line moved forward.

The girls were crowded into a little, airless room while the manager and the other man who wore a dinner coat looked them over. All the girls were afraid. Even Anita was afraid. There were dark shadows about her mouth.

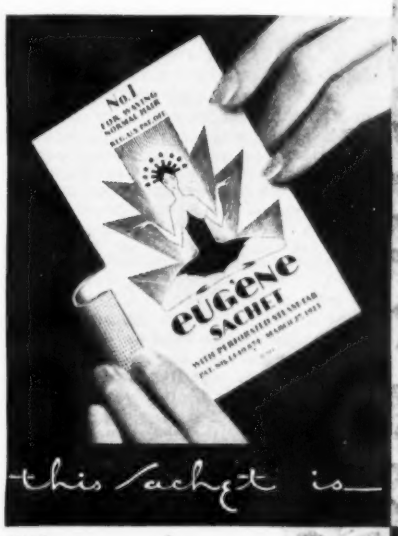
Minnie Mae saw the two men looking at her. One pointed with his thumb. The other nodded. She started toward the door.

"This way, sister," said the taller man.

"I want to go home," Minnie Mae protested.

"Don't get cold feet now. The contest's just about to start."

"Please let me go," she pleaded.



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For your information, convenience and protection a Eugene Sachet, a booklet, "The Eugene Beauty Book", and a list of nearby Eugene Permanists, will be sent you free of charge.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Crysteel ★

Stainproof Porcelain Enamel Table Tops

on your kitchen tables, kitchen cabinets and breakfast sets. For your present table your dealer will supply you with a glistening white Crysteel Stainproof Table Top, 25 x 40 in., for $6.00. If you do not find them in stock, send your dealer's name and $6.00 to us.

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THE NATIONAL IMPORTING CO.
569 Broadway, Dept. B-49, New York

Any Woman Can Wear Pink

"Let you go!" exclaimed the man. "Why, sister, you're the only real beauty here tonight. Don't you want five hundred dollars?"

"Please don't kid me," begged Minnie Mae.

"Kid you! I haven't time for that now. This contest means money to me. I can't waste time arguing with silly flappers. Will you or won't you?"

"If you're serious," she hesitated.

"Get in line," he ordered.

NONE of the dreams she had made as she sewed under the copper beech was as unreal to Minnie Mae as the experience of the next half-hour. She had no hope of winning the five hundred dollars, although she could not keep her mind from dwelling on the sweetness of the moment when she would hand the sum to her father who had been so angry about the chest of silver. And all the children could have new winter coats!

She heard music, she felt her feet carry her across the stage, she heard applause, she heard the manager saying words. Before her walked Anita, moving with a mincing gait like a dress model. Minnie Mae came out simply, smiled at the manager and the people, and walked toward the exit. She was almost at the end when she saw John Bentley looking up at her, grinning. Grinning!

For Minnie Mae the music stopped. The applause was like approaching thunder. As soon as she was safely off the stage, she pulled the rosy shawl about her shoulders and ran away. She did not wait to see who won. She had to escape. She thought she had been hurt so badly before that she was immune to pain, but all the other pain was trivial compared with the aching that tore her body. John had been laughing at her. He had been overcome with mirth at the spectacle of Minnie Mae Bradley walking across the stage in a beauty contest. She was as ridiculous as Miss Carola Dade would have been in that shimmering pink gown. She saw now why the manager had asked her to go into the contest. He had wanted something to make the people laugh.

The pink shoes hurt her toes. The tears rolled down her cheeks and on to the bodice of the pink taffeta. She ran and ran until she was at the corner of her street.

The house was blazing with light. Mr. Bradley looked reproachful. Alice hurried down in her nightgown. From upstairs came the Baby's pathetic wailing.

"Gee, he's been cross," Alice said. "The rash has been bothering him something awful. He yelled and yelled for you."

Up the stairs dashed Minnie Mae. Into the bathroom for the boric acid powder and some soft cloths. Forgetting the pink taffeta, she gathered the sleeping child to her. His warm arm slipped around her neck. He lay peaceful in her arms.

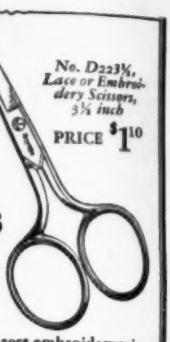
Mr. Bradley went to bed. Alice escaped to her room. Minnie Mae sat in the low rocker, the Baby curled in her lap. The thoughts frolicked through her head, taunting and painful. She saw now how futile it was to make dreams to solace her lonely days.

She heard the neighbors' feet on the pavement. She heard cars rolling down the street. She heard the grinding of brakes as a car stopped. She knew the people next door had come home. And tomorrow she would have to face them and their knowledge of her humiliation.

The bell rang twice. She heard her father's soft slippers on the stairs. She sat there, holding the Baby. She heard her father calling. Slowly she rose and went downstairs. At the screen door stood the man in the dinner coat, the one who had been talking to the manager of the Castle Gardens.

"What's the idea, running away?" he demanded. "You'd have lost your prize if one of the boys hadn't got sassy about it. Come back to the Gardens and get your money."

Cutting Remarks



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You will find these patterns where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name with the price, and the numbers you want will be forwarded at once. Address Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

No. D58, Bent Shears, 8 inch
PRICE $1.80

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Minnie Mae nodded sadly. "I can't. The Baby'll start crying if I go. He bothers my father."

"Don't be a fool," barked the man. "If you can't park the kid, bring him along."

He took the pink shawl trailing over Minnie Mae's shoulder and wrapped it around the Baby. He led Minnie Mae down the steps to a car that was waiting.

"After all," she told herself, "they wouldn't take so much trouble just over a joke."

The man helped her into the car and crowded in beside her. As the car moved forward, the driver said:

"I knew you'd win. Did you see me clapping for you, Minnie Mae?"

As he said it, Minnie Mae realized she had the most beautiful name in the world.

Minnie Mae felt like a silly fool because she could not think of a single sensible word. But the manager's friend talked so much there were few spaces in the conversation. He said he considered Minnie Mae the most foolish flapper he had ever met, to run away when people were applauding her.

"A pretty girl like you shouldn't keep herself in the background. Why haven't you been dancing at Castle Gardens before?"

"Minnie Mae's pretty busy taking care of her brothers and sister," John's voice said, as if he knew all about Minnie Mae and was proud.

"Don't be foolish," said the man. "Your girl friend's too beautiful to be wasting herself on brothers and sisters."

John Bentley swerved the car skilfully around a corner. "If you think she's beautiful now, you ought to see her in a green dress she's got. And with her hair hanging down. Maybe I sound like a fool myself, but in that dress she always reminded me of the princesses in fairy books."

"Princesses in fairy books are O. K., but a girl can have a lot of fun at Castle Gardens," the man observed. "She can come every night of the week if she wants. As my guest. I own the place."

The car stopped before the brilliantly lighted door. John held the Baby while Minnie Mae stepped out. As he took the sleeping child, his fingers touched Minnie Mae's fingers lightly.

"Thank you very much for saying all those nice things about me," said Minnie Mae to the man who owned Castle Gardens. "But I simply couldn't come up and dance every night. I've got to stay home a lot and take care of the children."

Through her dark lashes she slanted her eyes up at the sunburned, slender face of John Bentley.

A WISH

By
Pollie Westcott Branham

I WISH *my soul might be a pool*
Of water still and pure,
Fed by some far-off hidden spring,
Exhaustless, steady, sure;
I wish it might reflect always,
A blue unclouded sky,
The tender green of new young leaves,
A yellow butterfly,
An iris on her straight, strong stem
Who bends her head to see
Another purple iris there
Deep in the heart of me.
I wish that you might some day come
To stand upon the brink
Of this, my soul; I wish you'd kneel
To cup your hands, and drink.

my Mother always uses
WRIGHT'S
BIAS FOLD TAPE

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Send for folder: "Nature's Greatest Health Drink."

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THE SUN-RAYED CO., Frankfort, Ind.

Ship case your tomato juice (24 4-oz., 15c bottles) prepaid express at introductory price, $3.50, which I enclose. ($4.00 west of Denver.) GH-30

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.....*Crepe Paper Costumes 10c.* .....*Crepe Paper Curtains (Free)*
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Dennison-craft

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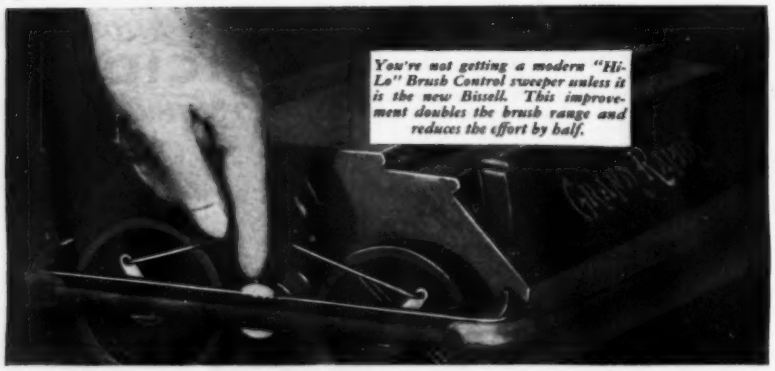
You're not getting a modern "Hi-Lo" Brush Control sweeper unless it is the new Bissell. This improvement doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

This makes the new Bissell sweep any surface—*easier!*

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BOTH FOR $2.

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Send your name and that of your grocer today! The two-pound can of Golden West and Coffee Maker complete, packed in strong cardboard carton, will be sent through your grocer or direct, by return mail on receipt of price. Or, if you prefer, we will send C.O.D. and you can pay the postman a few cents additional. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Try a bowl of crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast. Serve with milk or cream—and sweeten with honey or top with preserved fruit. Just what you'd been wanting! You bet it tastes good! Order a red-and-green package from the grocer today. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Whole Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag Coffee—the caffeine-free coffee.

When a Mother Tests a Book

(*Continued from page 47*)

caused the unhappiness and failure is revealed. There is passion and a murder. But that one led to the other is made plain. And beyond all else there are displayed the different kinds of love and the rewards and penalties of each. It may seem strange to recommend a book about an older woman for a girl, but "Fugitive's Return" is a book for the young, for the forward-looking, for the hopeful. And besides, Irma Lee is that character beloved of the young, the ever-young older woman, virgin in soul and spirit.

But youth is not immune to romance. On the contrary, it adores it. The youth of today, however, demands that even romance take cognizance of the world it sees. What it can not endure is that the ugly facts should be ignored. A book must recognize them. Having done that, its tale may be ever so fantastic. Fantasy and mysticism may even have a special appeal to the young so lately fed on fairy-tales. They, I fancy, rather than their elders, will respond to that mixture of fable, love-story, and historical romance, "The Love of the Foolish Angel," by Helen Beauclerk (Cosmopolitan, $2.50). That is, unless its subtlety proves too much for them. Yet it tells so good a story that it may win even the obvious-minded, once the fallen angel Tamael and the beautiful girl Basilea have roused their sympathies. They deserve it, for it was foolishness, not wickedness, that landed poor Tamael in Hell with Lucifer (whom he had admired for his beauty without comprehending his evil intentions). And his sufferings were only greater because of his innocence. He found no pleasure in torturing the damned. Indeed, he did it so poorly that Satan sent him upon earth to do the sorcerers' bidding. And there, in the Syria of the early Christian era, he was no happier, for, ordered to bring about the downfall of the beautiful Basilea, he fell in love with her and thereafter desired only that he might save her. How he does so in spite of Satan and all his minions the author tells us in prose that some one has likened to the rising and falling but unchanging song of a fountain interposing a delicate silver mist between the spectator and that which he witnesses. To me it is more like a rainbow, with its evanescent colors shading into each other. Those who like this book at all will love it. Others may be bored.

Romance

Pure romance of the kind that moved their parents, the young will read sometimes. But only if it deals with a different day and country. Although slightly supercilious toward their quaint restraints and skeptical about the archaic codes, they can accept them as true for another age and clime, especially if the story carries them along as it does in H. C. Bailey's tale of the Wars of the Roses, "The Merchant Prince" (Dutton, $2.50). And the modernity of its hero, Hugh Camoys, a benevolent opportunist who prefers money-making to swashbuckling, will add to its acceptability.

Whether or not they will like the panoramic treatment of the same period in the historical novel "Crouchback," by Carola Oman (Holt, $2.50), I am not so sure. The central figure, Anne of Warwick, has little in common with the girl of today. Even the book's swift movement making it read like a story, its economy of words and description, may fail to interest these readers, for the period must seem remote, its values archaic, its motives childish to them. The very fact that I liked it so tremendously makes me doubt their reaction to it. For I was bred on Bulwer-Lytton's "The Last of the Barons," which gave me for all time a sensitiveness to the romance of the fated young Prince of Lancaster, the villainy of Richard the Third, and his timid, faithless little Anne. And though "Crouchback" is terse where Bulwer-Lytton's version of the

When a Mother Tests a Book

tale was verbose, realistic where it was sentimental, frank where it was discreetly silent, the new version did not antagonize my established sympathies, but rather justified them, as a sharp pencil brings out the lines of a cloudy sketch. I must recognize, as we parents find it so hard to do, that tastes springing out of my own tutelage can not be the same as those of a generation founded on a different education, new sciences, new methods. There is a chasm between the two generations. Our children do not often look back at us and, even when they do, can never guess the way through which we came. And even though we have watched their every move, even the leap across the chasm, we understand only a little of them.

Biography

Yet enough, probably, to guess that they will like Katharine Anthony's "Queen Elizabeth" (Knopf, $4.00), and this even if they have read Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." For the character of Elizabeth is one of those enigmas of history which tantalize us ever for solution, the young as well as the old. In addition, she epitomized a great epoch, and greatness teases the young for explanation. Thus Golden Ages have the lure of the mirage. They are related to the enigma of life and history. Beyond all, her life, her character, her accomplishments have the seed of the myth. They involve the eternally true for all ages, all times. All this Katharine Anthony makes us feel in this new biography. And she does it in the modern manner evident not only in the swift, illuminating phrase of the text, but in the selection of data chosen for their meaning rather than for their drama. Not that the book lacks drama. But drama is made subservient to motive—the character's motive, not the author's. The honesty of this author is what will appeal to the young. Here is the earnest searcher for truth, not the retailer of detail, nor the protagonist. They will feel that they are not being taught, led, or coerced, but merely shown the facts and left to draw their own conclusions. And this is what they want in a book of biography.

For they are searchers, these young readers. It is this searching that makes them so preoccupied with their own souls. They suspect everything and everybody, themselves most of all. The inner motive is their prey. Youth is a period of introspection. Every one must realize this who has ever listened to the discussions of college boys and girls which take place in the still, small hours. When they read of others they want confirmation of what they find, or if not that, clues from the lives of others that will help them to understand themselves. This is why they prefer these books that so worry their parents, the so-called "morbid" books of self-revelation. Naturally the parent fears these books lest the child accept the morbid viewpoint as his own. Yet he will not accept it unless he is himself morbid. For healthy young minds have in themselves an anti-toxin. The combative spirit is strong in them. They weigh the author's findings by their own experiences and reject them as often as accept them.

They take a book, for instance, like Graham Greene's "The Man Within" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The title attracts them. The story of the coward who fought his cowardice step by step until he sacrificed himself in expiation causes them to turn within themselves asking, "Am I, too, a coward?" Fortunately, the majority can answer, as one did to me, "No, I can not understand any man being such a coward." But even if they must answer, "Yes, I fear it," they remember how the Man Within lifted Andrews at one supreme moment above his cowardice. Then they know themselves saved just as Andrews himself was. But this is when they have just finished it. For as they read they are carried

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SEND 25c today for this sample combination and folder illustrated in colors. This will give you a very complete idea as to just what Sanozone is—Sanozone air perfumes and Sanozone exquisite and classic urns. They fill the room with fragrance of flowers, eliminating undesirable odors such as the smell of cooking, etc. This 25c miniature sample is a decorative little plaque suitable for dressing table, bureau drawers, etc., etc., and shows you what the larger urns (illustrated) are like. Sanozone is sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

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It is easy to bleach

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When a Mother Tests a Book

out of themselves by the power of the writer to make them identify themselves with the characters, to thrust before them scenes of beauty, rouse in them emotions of tensity, and hurry them towards the *dénouement*. Afterward, thinking and pondering the book, they will discover that they have added to their store of memories treasure trove which will yield pleasure in idle moments of reverie, as does the remembrance of some landscape whose beauty has been limned forever on the mind's eye by the intensity of the emotion it once evoked. And this although there is one scene which every parent would prefer to withhold from his child.

This story of a young smuggler who informed against his companions, fled from retribution, met a girl who saved him and whom he failed, depicting his fear of his comrades, of the mob, of his own weak character, and his remorse over his degradation may seem to parents too realistically described. But its writer, a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, was only twenty-three. A book by the young must naturally interest the young, not from foolish pride in the author's youth, but because eyes of the same age focus somewhat alike on the phenomenal world, and their minds are similarly employed on the task of comprehending what they see. Books by young authors are likely to be extensions or reflections of the conversations and discussions so recently engaged in at college. How much wiser it would be, therefore, if parents read such books themselves in order to know what their children are thinking, instead of excoriating them. And this even though they do contain scenes which the older generation with its different standards must consider in poor taste, and do reveal philosophies which the older generation with its different codes must regard as bad morals.

Morals—Or the Lack of Them

There are two terrible books to which this might apply—"Look Homeward, Angel" by Thomas Wolfe (Scribners, $2.50), and "The Maurizius Case" by Jacob Wassermann (Liveright, $3.00).

"Look Homeward, Angel" has been acclaimed by critics generally. The reasons for this admiration are easily discerned. First of all, it has originality, and this, to the novel taster, is a supreme joy. Second, it has sincerity. We know it is an authentic reaction to life as the author felt it. Third, it stirs emotion. The reader, like the author, is torn between revulsion and pity. Fourth, it has color. It is never dull or dreary. Fifth, it has vigor. It can not be ignored. Last and most important of all, perhaps, it has width. The immensity of life as an experience, the variety of human nature, the size of the stage on which it is set, are conveyed to its reader. And all this by telling the story of an unimportant family in an insignificant town. The book is dominated by one character, Oliver Gant, who set out from Gettysburg after the Civil War and settled in Altamont, in the region of South Carolina. There he married land-mad Eliza Pentland, of mountaineer stock, as opposed to him in all her ideas and purposes as it was possible to be. Ten children were born to them. This book deals with their lives. But over them all broods the colossal figure of this lusty, drunken, half-mad father, with his gusto for sensuous experience, fighting with his vision of the angel before his tombstone shop. Inevitably he reminds one of Peter the Great as Stephen Graham draws him in his new biography, "Peter the Great" (Simon & Schuster, $3.00), which, although it contains more beautiful writing, is not such easy reading as "Peter the Great" by Georges Oudard (Payson & Clarke, $3.50) of the same vintage. I can imagine Peter set down in Altamont in the nineteenth century becoming Oliver Gant. At least their vices, as described in detail, are the same. One surmises

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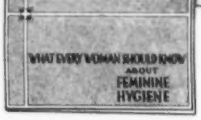

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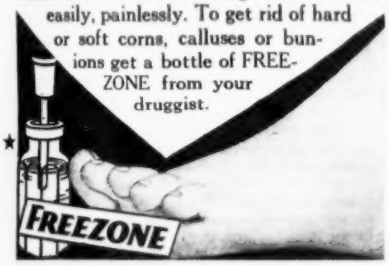
Fall Off While Bathing—*No Pain*

Imagine her surprise when that corn dropped right off while she was in the bathtub! FREEZONE succeeds where other methods fail. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Then corn loosens and falls right off, or lifts off easily, painlessly. To get rid of hard or soft corns, calluses or bunions get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.



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10 cents each and worth every cent!

WEST ELECTRIC Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. *If one does, we'll replace it free.* They're made of round aluminum tubing—light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel piano wire gives proper tension for *any* thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At Department and 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, send 60c in stamps for a set of 6 and we will ship direct.

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that this book is autobiographical, at least so far as the author's material and bitterness go. These things he has seen and so they look to him, Rabelaisian as his viewpoint is. Since Thomas Wolfe was born in 1900 and received his Master's degree in 1923, he is close enough in years and experience to those still in college for his report on life to be taken as a reflection of their own viewpoint—or at least to interest them, even though parents would prefer that it did not.

Jacob Wassermann is a much older man than Thomas Wolfe, but in "The Maurizius Case" he gives us so sympathetic a study of the revulsion of youth against the ethics of the elders that we are justified in assuming that youth will respond to it. Etzel Andergast, aghast at discovering that a man has been committed to imprisonment for life on circumstantial evidence which is to him inconclusive, sets out to discover the evidence which he believes will free the wrongly convicted man. That his reserved and distant father was the prosecutor does not deter him. It simply widens the distance between the two. A pure Sir Galahad himself, in his quest Etzel encounters evil in almost every form. He reads the record of the crime resulting from vile passions. He finds the degenerate who compassed his victim's downfall, forces from him the story of the murder, and listens to an exposition of the philosophy that governed him. But the story is not unfolded from Etzel's viewpoint alone. After he leaves home, his father, beginning to doubt the justice of the sentence, rereads the transcript of the case and visits the prisoner. So we are shown prison life, how it treats its convicts, and what it does to an innocent man, with a power that makes the experience of Jean Valjean in "*Les Miserables*" seem by comparison mild. The book is nothing less than an attack on our whole criminal system which reaches its climax with Etzel's horror when he discovers that his father and the state agree that the only reparation which the state can offer the innocent man is to pardon him for a crime he did not commit.

The wider significance of the book, however, lies not in this crusade against our idea of justice, but in the revulsion of youth against the code they are expected to accept as the best efforts of the ages toward the protection of society. This is why young people will read it sympathetically.

Character and Atmosphere

Another book about the young and their clash with their elders is "River House" by Stark Young (Scribners, $2.50), which is in a different key. With one exception there is nothing in it to offend even the old-fashioned standards of the maiden aunts in the book. And this thing, which seems to me thrown in needlessly as if with intent to shock, is handled by implication instead of description. River House is an old mansion in Mississippi in which lives Major Dandridge, a gentleman of the old school, with the two aunts, his friend Mr. Bobo, dated Third Empire, and Cousin Tom, a relic of the Old South. To it comes John, late a graduate of Princeton and later a bank clerk in St. Louis, with his bride Evelyn, the daughter of a moth-eaten politician of Memphis. The father wishes his son to remain and take on the management of the estate. The old home, whose atmosphere permeates the book and story, appeals to John. He appreciates the beauty of the life that has been lived there. He likes the thought of family continuity which it stimulates. But he and his father disagree over a matter of ethics involving the rights of a disinherited cousin. The dignity, the ease, the lethargy of River House appeal also to Evelyn. But John appeals to her more. And so when the break comes she follows her husband.

By means of this situation Mr. Young brings into contrast the standards of the two generations about property, about marriage, using the method of antiphony. It is a beautiful method, and when there is added to it his mastery of words to convey atmosphere, the

He uses

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Handles Like Putty—Hardens Into Wood

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Ready to Build?

Then you'll certainly want to see the new Bennett homes. Send for book of 90 modern home designs.

Bennett Homes

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Please send me your new book of 90 homes. FREE only in Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England. *Elsewhere $1.00.*

Name .....
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Am interested in house ☐
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In using advertisements see page 6

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee of Wyoming is a busy housewife with five children to care for. Yet she found time to earn $150.00 in a single month with our pleasant money-making plan.

Do You Want to Increase the Family Budget?

Are you one of the many women to whom an outside income would help to make possible those little "extras" that every woman desires for her home, her family, and herself?

Mrs. Florence Caffee Solved Her Problem This Way

In a small Wyoming village lives a woman, who, like you perhaps, sets aside a certain weekly sum to "run the house." Sometimes this budget simply refuses to stretch enough to cover those little niceties that every woman wants. Should she deny herself?

Mrs. Caffee doesn't think so, and says: "I am very grateful for the advertisement that called my attention to this work, for it has earned me several hundred dollars. Nothing would induce me to give up my magazine work. It is such a nice way for a mother to get the little luxuries that mean so much for both the kiddies and herself, aside from the feeling of confidence and independence which is a very comfortable one to have."

In Spare Time — Without Experience

Scores of other busy women like Mrs. Caffee earn extra money in this pleasant, easy way—entirely in their spare time and right in their own neighborhood. Surely you'll want the full details of our interesting money-making plan. The coupon will bring them promptly.

MAIL THIS NOW

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57th Street at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once full details of your remarkable Spare-time, Money-making Plan. I understand that I am under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

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Coal Windows
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If you are interested in your home . . . if you are planning to build or remodel —you should have full information about Majestic Quality Products for the home. Write for catalog.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
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—and see that smooth, safe edge

Gone is an irksome kitchen task! Opening cans is now made as easy as slicing bread by this amazing new-type opener. A turn of the fingers and out comes the top of any can—round, square or oval. And best of all, the Edlund Jr. leaves the can with a velvet-smooth, rounded edge. There's ease, satisfaction and safety in this modern kitchen utensil. Attractive, and sturdily built for lifetime service. 75c at all dealers.

There's a new Edlund Egg Beater, too—75c. If your dealer is not supplied, we will mail either or both, postpaid, with our guarantee of satisfaction.

EDLUND CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Edlund Jr. Can Opener

When a Mother Tests a Book

result gives pleasure, a pleasure intensified by an appreciation of his fairness. For there is no antagonism in him. He sees the values each generation holds. He assesses them. And leaves us even with a note of sadness that youth can not abandon what is false in the one without sacrificing much that is beautiful, nor assume what is good in itself, such as sincerity and frankness, without an accompaniment of discord and crudity.

The appeal of such books for the young reader is, I take it, their evident sincerity. This does not mean that youth accepts what they have to say as necessarily the truth. The young reader does not demand that. He knows truth to be elusive. But he does insist that a book contain what the writer believes to be truth. If a book does that, it commands his respect. The sophisticated youth of today have an aversion to what they consider pretense. And they have an uncanny sense for discovering it. That is why they scorn, sometimes unfairly, the so-called "wholesome books" their parents would prefer that they should read.

Favorite Authors

By far the greater number of young people, however, are not sophisticated. And they, of course, are not attracted to such books as I have discussed. But it is the ones who are that constitute the parents' problem. When children prefer Galsworthy or Walpole, Gibbs or Kathleen Norris, Temple Bailey or Joseph Lincoln, as they themselves do, there is no conflict between the tastes of the two generations, no need for explanation from me.

It is only natural that the rebels should command the public's attention. They always do so—in life, in politics, in finance, and most of all in art. For they are the ones who will write the books of the future, which is one of the reasons why their tastes are worthy of consideration. And besides, the others do not ask for guidance. Their favorite authors turn out a new book each year—"Darkened Rooms" by Sir Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), an attempt to expose spiritualism that is fascinating and sensational if not convincing; "Red Silence" by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), an ingenuous, lively, and cheerful love story against a background of a happy home life; "Burning Beauty" by Temple Bailey (Penn, $2.00), romantic young love at its best; "Blair's Attic" by Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln (Coward-McCann, $2.00), an exciting detective tale in the usual Cape Cod setting. The names of the authors are sufficient recommendation to their admirers.

Perhaps, however, the younger readers of these books are those who do not go to college. For I have been told by college girls and boys that the readers among them are divided, for the most part, between those who read the kind of books I have discussed and those who read nothing but detective tales. E. Phillips Oppenheim, I understand, is their favorite, and his latest book, "The Million Pound Deposit" (Little, Brown, $2.00), measures up to standard. A book that should appeal to them is Anthony Berkeley's "The Poisoned Chocolates Case" (Crime Club, $2.00), not only because its characters have the same elegance of background and titled names as Oppenheim's, but also because the method of presentation is a new one. Why college students should turn to the detective tale is understandable and need not, I think, worry parents. Fed up with the printed word in textbooks and collateral reading, they turn to something that will divert them by means of plot and suspended interest. But perhaps the vogue of the detective tale among both old and young is worth an article of its own.

Write Mrs. Blair, at Joplin, Missouri, for suggestions on books to buy. She will be glad to give you the benefit of her experience. Always enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply

The Doll

(*Continued from page 46*)

waist, and it opened its lips, actually opened its roseleaf lips, and said "Ma-ma."

Anne gave a shiver of sheer ecstasy, then grew stiff again. One couldn't, just couldn't, give in to a thing like that. Her mother might go on to say good-night to the others, or wait until the adored Hugo came in from his play with the other boys, and say,

"Anne's just wild about the doll I brought her."

She would not mean any harm, but she might do it. Grown-ups did not always know.

"You don't care for it? It's a very pretty doll."

It seemed to Anne as though all the front of her arms, her hard little chest, were aching to take the doll to herself and rock it and hug it. But not before any one— Never, never, before any one, not even her mother.

"But dolls are pretty silly things anyway, aren't they?" she said painfully.

Her mother laid the doll down on the table at the bedside and began smoothing out and folding up the tissue-paper with meticulous care. Then she rose to her feet, and Anne, lying straight and flat in her bed, with her hands tight clenched at her sides, was in a panic lest she might be going to take the doll away with her.

But she didn't. She only stooped and kissed Anne, with a gentle "I'm sorry you don't like it, dear," and went out of the room.

When she got downstairs, her husband glanced up at her. But she only shook her head, shrugged her shoulders. He knew that she had been trying that young limb with a doll, but he didn't know everything. Why, he didn't know one-half, and it would have been too dreadful to burst into tears there over a doll in front of a man. For sometimes, much as she loved her husband, he seemed no more than that—just a man.

If only there was another woman about the place! If only she had a daughter!

"But I have," she thought and was appalled at herself.

ANNE was the only one of the family to have a room to herself. She had always looked upon this as yet another species of ostracism, another penalty for this business of being a girl. For the boys were forever talking and laughing and pillow-fighting in their two rooms, which opened out of each other. But Anne was in her cell alone.

Now, however, it was different. She was safe; no one could come near her, anyhow until next morning.

She caught up the doll and hugged it rapturously, covered its face with kisses, sleeked its long hair with her cheek. Then she jumped out of bed for her own comb and smoothed the curls round her little finger; examined its clothes, found to her rapture that it would dress and undress.

She slept with it in her arms, but she did not sleep well. Every time she went to sleep, she dreamed that one of the boys—usually Hugo, who laughed at her more than any of the others, though he was often kinder—had come in and found her with the doll; or she was out in the open carrying it; or it popped up out of a rabbit-hole and called to her "Ma-ma—Ma-ma—" in that thin, light voice.

Apart from this she was terrified of one of the boys coming in and finding her with it; terrified lest she should oversleep herself and not be up at dawn in time to hide it away at the bottom of the bottom drawer, under her winter clothing.

Any other child might have looked pale and heavy-eyed next morning, but Anne was pinker than ever.

There was a pile of birthday presents at the side of her plate, presents from all the boys—things they would have liked themselves—and an envelope with five shillings in it from her mother.

"So that you can buy what you like, dear,"

A Food *for* Expectant Mothers . .

Malted Nuts, *50c and $1.00.* **Psylla** *and* **Lacto-Dextrin**, *$1.00 each. Sold by all Health Food Centers, and by leading grocery and department stores.*

LYING-IN establishments for years have used Malted Nuts as a food for expectant and nursing mothers. Its remarkable nutritive qualities cause an increased flow of high quality milk. In the Journal of American Medical Association of August 11, 1917, it was reported that when the diet of nursing mothers was enriched by Malted Nuts their milk contained 28% more food for the infant than the average of nine other dietaries.

Malted Nuts is a "building food," with a rich, pleasant, nutty flavor. It is nutritious, easily assimilated, and is rich in food iron and other tissue-forming elements. It is highly concentrated, resembles dried milk in composition, and is valuable in the treatment and prevention of anemia. Malted Nuts is also valuable in weight-building diets.

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Every physician recognizes the importance of regular habits of elimination. It is vastly important during pregnancy and motherhood. From Battle Creek comes a new, drugless way to regular habits that is not stomach disturbing. It consists of two products: Psylla (pronounced Silla) to painlessly absorb and carry away intestinal poisons and establish normal elimination; and Lacto-Dextrin, to change the intestinal flora to the beneficial Acidophilus B. germs. Both are auxiliary foods, not habit-forming medicines!

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Free Advice on Healthful Living The Battle Creek Food Co. manufactures the dietetic discoveries of a Great Sanitarium. The Company's profits endow the non-sectarian, co-educational institution—Battle Creek College. The Company also maintains a staff of Medical Dieticians, Sanitarium trained, who give FREE carefully considered scientific answers to your questions on diet. The famous book, "Healthful Living," is sent free upon request. Address THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Dept. 223, Battle Creek, Michigan.

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SIFTING MACHINE

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"Just Squeeze the Handle"

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Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment, boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money *1st week.* Profits double the fee or money back! Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE.*

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Three leading

ESTABLISHED RITZ SINCE 1870 Cleaning Aids

The RITZ WINDOW CLOTH
Cleans windows, windshields, etc. *Sells at 50c.*
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In the red box. *Sells at 30c.*
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For dry polishing car, furniture, shoes, etc. *Sells at 75c.*

For sale at your department, hardware or house-furnishing store or send stamps with name of dealer. Our booklet on all "Ritz" Specialties for the asking.

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Genuine Texas CHILE TAMALES BEANS and MEXENE CHILE POWDER SEASONING

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Learn how to make Chile, and put new tang and flavor in Meats, Gravies and Salads with "Red Devil" Mexene Chile Powder.

Walker Properties Association
Dept. C3 Austin, Texas

"A Can's a Meal for Two"

In using advertisements see page 6

Keeps radiators and all metal furniture spotless and new looking

You wouldn't shine a greasy pan— Why polish over dirt?

YET, that's what you do when you use ordinary wax and furniture polish that merely polish on top of the dirt.

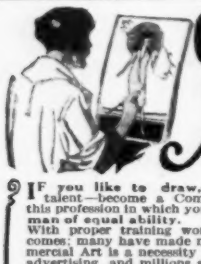
But when you use the New Liquid Veneer, you *clean* as you polish. This modern cleaner-polish for *all* finishes removes the ingrained dirt and soil that hide beauty, restores the original lustre, polishes the original clean surface.

Use it on your dust cloth, too. It gathers the dust instead of spreading it, making frequent polishing unnecessary. No greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE — Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, 103 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

The NEW LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because it Cleans*



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The Travel Guild, Inc., Dept. 365, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Write today for FREE BOOKLET

The Doll

she said as she kissed her little daughter, kissing her kindly, but not straining her to her.

She had given that up; it was no good trying, she thought. The boys were far more affectionate. But then she had always heard that it was like this. "Girls don't really care for any one but themselves." Her own best friend had said it. And now the words seemed to settle down like a heavy tombstone on the top of all she remembered of her own childhood.

For four days and nights it went on. On the afternoon of the fourth day Anne was tremendously busy making herself useful.

There was going to be an opossum hunt. Any day or every day the boys could go off into the woods after opossum, but this was to be a great affair. They were all going, two neighboring boys as well; even Noel, the youngest, was going.

It was impossible—oh, impossible—that they should leave Anne behind if they took that silly little Noel, who had cried—openly cried!—because she had knocked out two of his front teeth, which had to come out anyhow.

But the boys would not say. That was it. They just would not say. With the mingled cruelty and carelessness of their kind, they kept her hanging on.

When she begged and prayed Jerry—the eldest, and master of them all—just to say, only to say "Yes or no," he said it jeeringly:

"Yes or no, yes or no, yes or no! There you have it. Are you satisfied now?"

THEY were going to take a tent and camp out, and light a fire and boil a kettle and cook their own food. There was an immense amount of preparation going on.

Anne stitched—with enormous, straggling stitches—an immense pocket inside Hugo's coat to hold the game they killed, and made a bag for their flour. A bag round which her mother ran a second seam, for as Anne had stitched it, it snowed flour. It was like the stitching of a boy.

"But then she's only really happy doing boys' things," thought her mother. "After all, she's like that, and it's no good bothering the poor little thing."

Anne fetched and carried and packed and ran errands. Twice she toiled off in all the heat of the day down to the village and back; once for a packing needle, and once for some bull's-eyes for which Hugo had a sudden hankering.

And when, running blindly, with the perspiration streaming down her face, she got into the way, all they said was,

"That's the worst of you darnation girls."

Even young Noel ventured on a scornful: "Pheugh! Girls don't come hunting."

But she boxed his ears for that.

She cleaned Hugo's gun for him. And then, in an excess of spirits, he and Frankie rolled her over on the floor, and Frankie sat on her chest, while Hugo stuffed the oily tow into her mouth. But she did not mind that. She did not mind anything so long as they treated her as one of themselves.

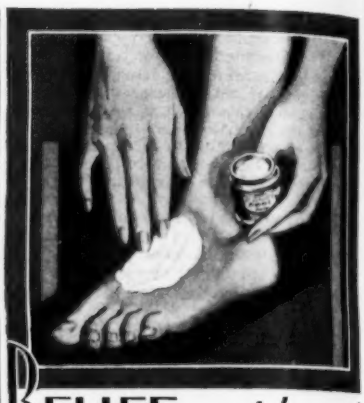
Then early next morning Hugo—Hugo of all people, but it would be like that!—came into her room to rout her up to look for the new packing needle, which was already missing, and found her asleep—still asleep, for she had been utterly exhausted the day before—with the doll in her arms.

If she lived to be a hundred, she would never forget the scene—never, never—not if she lived to be a thousand—all it meant to her, all she suffered over it.

Only a moment before, as it seemed, she had gone to sleep in the darkness. Now it was broad daylight, and she was jerked violently into that dreadful day.

At a wild whoop of triumph from Hugo: a—"Look here, you fellows, just you look here! By Jingo! What do you think I've got here? Whoop! a'hoo-y!" the four other boys tumbled into her room in their crumpled pajamas, with their hair erect.

Shamus alone had wet hair and a towel about



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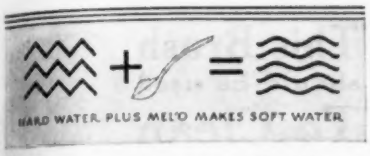

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his middle, for he had jumped straight from his bath at the sound of Hugo's cry,

"Whoop—tally-ho—gone away, gone away!"

He snatched at the doll and held it high and did a war dance with it, leaping round the room and over Anne's bed with all the others after him.

Then he hooked one foot of the doll into a crevice of the hanging lamp, so that its lovely, pink, flower-like silk skirts and lace petticoats fell down over its dark curls, and it showed its drawers, and its boots—which were out of fashion and not real, merely painted upon it, and altogether unworthy of the rest: feet of clay which Anne had strenuously endeavored to be blind to—and did another dance beneath it.

After that Shamus got it. He had bolted back into his room and caught up the new hunting knife his mother had brought him, and snatching the doll from its ignominious height, was leaping round the room with it, making passes at it as he leaped.

"A doll, a doll—a she-doll—Sissie—Sissie. I say, look here, you chaps, let's have an operation."

"An execution—an execution!" yelled another.

"The darling little popsy-wopsy and her doll . . . Y-a-ah, milksop!"

"Sissie—Sissie!"

ANNE had flung herself out of bed: sat upright on the edge of it, swinging her legs, grinning a fixed and painful grin. It seemed as though some one had a hand round her heart. But everything would be at an end if she showed it, showed any sort of feeling.

Jerry had seated himself cross-legged on a chair, his arms folded over the back, his chin resting upon them. "It comes to this," he said, "if she's the sort of girl to play with a doll—pheugh, it makes me sick—she's not the sort to mix up with us chaps. As if it wasn't bad enough to be a girl at all without wanting to play with a doll!"

"I didn't want to play. I hate—hate—hate dolls," broke in Anne passionately.

"Silence, prisoner at the bar. Come, now, fellows of the jury, I put it to you. It's out of the question for a thing like that—a thing like that"—and it was not the doll he meant, but Anne herself—"a *thing* like that to come out hunting with us boys."

"Hear, hear!"

The other boys grouped themselves about him. Hugo, balanced upon one toe at the back of the group, was holding the doll high in one hand, waggling it at her.

Suddenly he gave a shriek of delight. By some chance or other he had pressed the spring in its middle, and the doll cried "Ma-ma."

The others heard it, too. There were roars of delight as it was passed from hand to hand.

"By Jove! I thought you were a bit above that sort of thing, or I wouldn't have let you shoot off my gun," remarked Hugo witheringly.

"Silly old doll," cried Anne, a flaming patch of color on either cheek. "I hate it!"

"Oh, I like that— Hear that? An' had it in bed with her— Lord, it makes me sick! An' we fellows treating her like a he-man, trying to forget she was nothing but a girl."

"I'm not, I'm not!" screamed Anne.

There was a candlestick by her bed, and she took it up and hurled it at the doll, which one of them had stuck up against her handkerchief box on the table.

For some mysterious reason or other—for she could never throw straight—the aim was true, and the doll toppled over, lay sideways.

"Y-a-ah, got her there," she said.

Somehow the ruthlessness of the act impressed them. All the same:

"Of course, after this, it's perfectly impossible to take her out hunting with us to-night," went on Jerry judicially. "Little girls with dolls—"

"But I hate it, I tell you. And I must come—I must—I must! Oh, Jerry, you must let me come. I'll kiss your big toe or anything, but I must come," wailed Anne. "You can't be so

★

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The Doll

mean, just at the last: you can't—you can't!"

She went over to his side and tugged at his pajama sleeve.

"You must, you must let me come. I won't be any trouble. I don't want to shoot."

"Shoot! I ask you! A girl with a doll!"

"Well, I don't want to, I tell you," she repeated sullenly, while to her infinite shame two slow tears forced their way out of her eyes, rolled down her cheek.

"I don't want the old doll," she said and brushed one tear away with the back of her hand, licked off the other with her tongue.

There was a single shout of "Cry-baby!" but that was all. For Jerry was speaking, and Jerry was the eldest. He had taken the doll from Shamus, was waggling it toward Anne over the back of the chair. Every time he waggled it, he squeezed it so that it said "Ma-ma."

"Now, look here, you fellows, what I suggest is this. We'll have an operation. We take out that squeak—weugh, listen to it now!—to see what it's made of. And when we've finished, we'll bury the corpse with full military honors. After that, if the woman remains calm, she shall be absolved, and we'll take her out hunting with us—we'll cut the thing open from there to there. But if the prisoner at the bar makes one single sound—"

With one finger he drew a line down the very center of the doll's fine pink-silk bodice, poked at her, shook her, put her first to one ear, then to the other, holding his head sideways.

ANNE was still sitting bolt upright on her bed, her arms straight on either side of her, her hands pressed palm downward on the mattress. Her face was still fixed in that silly sort of grin, her cheeks so red that they looked as though they had been varnished.

At the same time her eyes were so strained with the tears which she was forcing back that the whole scene had a sort of shimmer over it. It was like a picture covered with glass—or reflected in a glass. It was not real at all.

She herself was not real. All the middle of her, where the doll kept her voice, was perfectly hollow. There was nothing there whatever. She felt nothing. And yet the nothingness hurt. That was the queer part of it.

Five pairs of eyes were fixed upon her. All the same, she went on grinning, though her lips felt like two stiff, dry sticks pressed together.

"Well?" inquired Jerry. "What has the prisoner at the bar to say?"

The mode of torture had somehow altered. It was no longer an operation, but an execution.

She had known them all so well, ever since she could remember anything, that she had never seemed to see them. But she saw them now quite clearly: would never admire them again in quite the same way.

Bright-eyed, flushed, eager, restless and cruel, all messed up in their crumpled pajamas: Jerry just old enough to be growing thin and lean-jawed; Hugo, the handsome one of the family with his red lips and dark eyes; Shamus, little and queer and sharp as a rat; Frankie and Noel.

They were like boys in a film; they had nothing whatever to do with her.

All the same she heard her own voice speaking to them out of that queer, stiff hollow that was not really herself. And that was the queerest part of it all. In general she was "me" to herself, but what were they to themselves?

Why, they weren't even real. Nothing was real apart from the doll—Melinda, as Anne had named her.

Jerry had tipped her back again and her eyes were half closed, as though she were fainting. Then he tipped her forward—he really was not noticing her at all—and she opened them, fixed them upon Anne in a long gaze of deep reproach.

Jerry's grasp tightened upon her, and she cried out to Anne—piteously—"Ma-ma!"

All Anne wanted, and she actually seemed to be doing it, was to clap both hands to her ears

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and shriek and shriek. But all she said, sitting there as still as though she had been stuffed, was, "I don't care what you do to the silly thing."

They cleared a little table in the middle of the room and laid the doll upon it. There was the beginning of a great ceremony of basin and towels. Then some one cried out,

"I say, do you chaps know it's close upon eight?"

And some one else, glancing from the window, cried out that Obadiah, the pony, had jumped the rails, got out of the near paddock—

"The blighter! I can never get him to jump it when I'm on him," cried Jerry, and somehow the whole thing was hurried through.

"Pheugh! nothing but sawdust. Don't think much of your doll, Anne."

She was well stuffed, and the sawdust literally burst out of her, over everything.

"Now, if only that was blood!" some one said, but some one else was whistling.

Jerry, bending over the doll, hastily prized up the contraption which had said "Ma-ma"—glazed muslin and tin, wire and glue—with the tip of his knife, and more sawdust flew out over his face, into his hair.

In another moment, Hugo, the only one who ever dared dispute anything with Jerry, was upon him.

"Look here, it's mine, it's mine, I tell you," he cried furiously. "I found the beastly thing first. If it hadn't been for me, no one would have known that Anne had a doll."

They rolled together on the floor, fighting for the doll's voice. The thick pile of the pale blue-gray carpet—and Anne's room was the only one with a carpet—was covered with sawdust. The doll lay half on the edge of the table, its head and arms hanging, its pink dress all slashed, the sawdust pouring out of it.

Anne broke into a sudden squeal of laughter. The struggling boys rolled close against her feet. The back of Hugo's neck was crimson. There was an ugly, red spot on Jerry's back, and it was all greasy.

"They smell!" said Anne to herself—the sacred boys!

Of course, she had always known that boys smelled; as cows smell of cows, sheep of sheep, horses of horse, so boys smelled of boy. In the bottom of their pockets, with all the other rubbish they had there—string, nails, cobbler's wax, dirty handkerchiefs, toffee—was a sort of woolly dust that they themselves called "pocket-fug." And in that lay the essence of the smell of boy.

Something was running like a fly down Anne's cheek. It was one tear, and she caught it upon her tongue.

Then she looked up and saw her mother standing in the doorway, cool and shadowy and starry-eyed. And pointing at the mutilated corpse on the table, Anne giggled out:

"They've cut it up! They've taken out the squeak. Oh—oh! How funny!"

But her mother had turned away. She didn't scold her; she did not even tell her to stop laughing and make haste to get dressed for breakfast or she would be late. She did not even speak to the boys. She just turned and went away.

She did not shut the door, but it was as if some door had been shut forever.

IT WAS late that morning before Anne found time to bury what was left of her doll. Claro, the housemaid, made her sweep up all the sawdust first.

"Such a mess as never was, all over that there nice blue carpet that Missus bought for you. You don't deserve to 'ave nice things, that you don't, Miss Anne. Why, you ain't no better than a boy."

And somehow or other this cut home to Anne, though she had heard it dozens of times before and gloried in it.

"No better than a boy." Was it true that boys were not so very wonderful after all?

There was a tree-shaded path running along one side of the orchard, and at the end of this there was a wood, for some reason or other

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The Doll

known as "the Little Wood." The grass beneath the larch trees was soft and mossy, thick with bluebells, and here Anne buried her doll in an old shoebox, folded round in four of her best handkerchiefs; choosing her time when the boys were all in the woodshed cutting spears for their hunt.

At least, they had seemed to be all there. But they couldn't have been, for just as Anne had finished digging the hole with a broken dinner knife, for she had not dared to take a trowel, Hugo came sauntering by with his catapult.

The tears were raining down Anne's face; the shining white lid of the box was all spotted with tears. But Hugo did not seem to notice them. He helped her heap back the earth and lay moss over the grave. At least, she got it, and he arranged it and made a border of tiny pine-cones.

"Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll cut you a cross for it when I've got time. But for the Lord's sake don't go on blubbing like that. Look here, haven't you got a wipe?"

Anne shook her head. How kindly he spoke! But then they were all like that when one got them alone.

There had been a time when Jerry had made her kiss his big toe as if he were the Pope when she wanted anything out of him. This was not Jerry, only Hugo, but she would have kissed his dirty boots, she was so grateful for his kindness—clinging round his feet and weeping like the women in the Bible, only she knew that he'd hate it.

The tears streamed down her face. Some she licked away with her tongue, and some fell down inside the front of her dress. They felt like flies running over her chest.

But Hugo did not laugh. He took out his own handkerchief and thrust it upon her.

"I'm afraid it's a bit mucky," he said.

And it was, for he had been carrying worms for fishing in it. There was a morsel of a worm in one corner, fragments of grass all over it, and it was horribly slimy. But all the same Anne wiped her eyes on it, and with gratitude.

Only as she followed Hugo out of the wood, walking behind him as she always did walk behind the boys, she blurted out,

"You won't tell."

He threw one withering glance at her over his shoulder.

"What do you take me for?" he said. "Do you think I'm a blooming girl!"

IT WAS a great hunt. They camped out all night, cooking their own supper. Then they got up in the middle of the night and cooked another supper, so that there was nothing but warmed-over coffee and biscuits left for breakfast.

But they killed fifteen opossums, and Anne helped to skin them. They let her shoot off the gun twice, and she did not shut her eyes. She wore no skirt; nothing but breeches and a shirt, just like the boys.

She ought to have been happy—the boys were all decent enough to her, when they remembered her. Once, when she got left behind and thought she was lost, Jerry himself came back for her.

"The Mater 'ud be in no end of a wax if you'd been lost," he said. "Though the lord only knows why. Goodness knows there are girls enough in the world!"

"I'm not a girl," protested Anne, stoutly tearing her way through the brambles the boys would have stamped aside. "At least, I'm not *like* a girl, am I—am I, Jerry? I'm not like a girl."

"Oh, well, you're not a bad kid—for a girl. That's when you don't go making a bloomin' nuisance of yourself getting lost an' all that," said Jerry.

It was a great admission. But though Anne was conscious of it, it did not really touch her.

She felt stiff all over, heavy, tired. That emptied-out feeling had gone, but in its place

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she really felt like the sort of girl the boys so often said she was—stuffed. Only there was a lump in her throat which fought without ceasing to break into a sob.

She did not want to cry. She asked herself fiercely what on earth there was to cry about. But for all that, there was the lump.

She trailed behind so, on the way back, that now that they were in well-known country, the boys left her to it.

THEIR mother saw them coming, a dilapidated sun-baked lot—Hugo and Jerry first, then the other three, their heads close together.

They all had knapsacks on their shoulders and had split up the tent equipment, such as it was, among them. Jerry and Hugo carried the two guns and the bunch of opossum skins.

All the boys waved and shouted directly they saw their mother. Then they broke into a sort of gallop, laden as they were; hurtled up the veranda steps to where she stood; hung about her, pouring out the story of their adventures.

They were almost incredibly dirty and hot; her fresh dress was pawed all over. Shamus had spiked his leg on a fence, and the handkerchief round it was dark with blood, but she did not mind that.

Hugo had been oiling his gun, and wiped his hands on his mop of dark hair. As he rubbed his head, dog-like, against his mother's face, it left a long, dark smear, but she did not mind that either.

Frankie had a young rabbit with a broken leg and was demanding rags and splints.

It was amazing what trouble those boys would take to cure a thing they had half killed; sitting up nights on end with all sorts of queer beasts. There had been a hedgehog with a wounded head. For three nights Frankie and Shamus had taken it in turns to keep on stroking the unstrokable thing, because if they stopped stroking it, it rolled itself up in a ball and the bandage came off.

But Anne? Anne's mother smiled and said, "Yes, dear, splendid"—but she was thinking of Anne.

"Anne? Where's Anne?" she said, but they did not hear.

At last she saw her daughter a long way off, trailing along, dragging her knapsack beside her in the dust.

One leg of her boyish breeches was down round her ankle, one brace off her shoulder. She had tied her fuzz of hair tight with a bit of string.

She seemed to be moving slowly. And yet not so slowly but that by the time her mother was half-way down the steps to go and meet her, she had turned away round to the back of the house.

She could not have said why she did it. But the fact of the matter was that she was at an end of everything. She could not be jolly and rowdy and hard and self-assertive any more. She could not be a boy. She did not even want to be a boy.

What she wanted was to pull down the blinds in her room and lay her head on the cool pillow in the darkness, and cry and cry and cry, and not to have to try to stop; not to have to pretend that it was a cold. She had an idea that if she could only cry enough, that horrible, tight, stuffed-up feeling would go away. The boys had always said she was stuffed. And now she was really stuffed, and it was horrible.

But she couldn't cry, because Clara was in her room, counting out her clean clothes, and insisted upon her having a bath; scrubbed her herself, putting her into what she called "decent dra-a-ers a' all"—and a fresh, pink print which stuck out in front. She brushed and combed Anne's hair and tore out the goose grass and burdocks remorselessly.

"Whoever saw the like o' that?" said Clara.

Then the bell rang for schoolroom tea, and Anne had to go downstairs. She drank a great deal of milk, but when she tried to eat the food got all mixed up with the lump in her throat, and she could not swallow.

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5 tablespoons Minute Tapioca, uncooked
1 cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt . . . Dash of Cayenne
½ tablespoon parsley, finely cut
2¼ cups cooked white fish, finely flaked

Combine Minute Tapioca, milk, salt, Cayenne, parsley, and white fish. Let stand until mixture thickens slightly (5 minutes). Turn into greased ramekins or custard cups. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Unmold and garnish with parsley. Serve with or without caper sauce. Serves 6.

COFFEE SOUFFLÉ

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon ground coffee
4½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca
Dash of salt
⅓ cup sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Scald milk with coffee and strain immediately. Add Minute Tapioca and salt, and cook 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Cool. Add egg yolks and fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (325°F.) 60 minutes. Serve with custard sauce. Serves 6.

TOMATO RABBIT

2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of paprika
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup canned tomato soup
1 cup grated cheese

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and paprika to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add tomato soup and cheese. Cook until cheese is melted. Serve on crackers or toast. Serves 4.

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The Dessert and "Precision Ingredient"

March 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Doll

Her mother was not there, because there were people to tea in the drawing-room. But later on Clara told her:

"Seems to me, Marm, as Miss Anne ain't got no good from all that there stravaging about with them boys. She ain't not touched nothing for tea."

But Anne was not to be got at. When her mother felt her head and pulse to see if she was feverish, drew her to her and raising her chin with one hand looked into her eyes, and said, "Are you sure there's nothing wrong, darling?" Anne only grinned.

"I skinned a 'possum all by myself," she said hoarsely. "It was awful bloody. It was all over blood—just 'xactly like a butcher's shop."

Her face was redder than ever. But she had no fever.

There could not be, there never had been, anything the matter with Anne. If only she were ill, one might get at her, nursing her.

"She does not even hug me now," thought her mother sadly. "It's been worse than ever since I made that blunder about the doll."

When she went into her daughter's room to kiss her good-night, Anne all but shrugged herself away from her.

But the lump in her throat was growing and growing. If she had once felt her mother's arms about her, she would have burst out crying, and cried, and cried, and cried. And that would have been the end of everything. But how was her mother to know that?

Oddly enough, Anne's father had noticed something wrong: "What's happened to that kid? Have the boys been bullying her?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Why?"

"She sort of looks as if she'd got the pip. But I suppose she's all right. We'd hear of it if she wasn't."

"But would we—would we? Look here, George, I'd give the eyes out of my head for Anne, and I don't know the least thing about her," cried Anne's mother.

It was the first time she had ever spoken about Anne to her husband like that, and he was amazed.

"Oh, well, there she is," he said. And for the life of him he could not think of anything better to say.

ANNE'S mother peeped in at her the last thing that night. But the child was turned round with her face to the wall and seemed to be asleep. A small, solid figure beneath the bedclothes.

But all the same her mother was not happy, could not sleep. She told herself that this Anne business was getting to be an obsession with her, and she ought to check it. She had never felt like that about the boys, and it must stop. It was not fair to them. But all the same she could not sleep.

Anne was not sleeping either—at least, not sleeping properly—had been wide awake when her mother looked in upon her. The amazing thing to her mind was that her mother had not heard her heart beating, it pumped so hard.

She did not know why she pretended to be asleep. But there it was, and she could not help herself. She was stuffed.

The night seemed unbearably hot. She slept a little, and then awoke and tossed about. She might have slept again, but she did not know whether she did or not. Her dreams ran into her waking thoughts, her dreams of the doll.

No, not exactly dreams, but the seeing of it all. The boys' flushed, mischievous, cruel faces.

Jerry feeling for Melinda's voice with the point of his hunting knife. Sawdust everywhere, red sawdust like blood: like the blood of the opossum she had forced herself to skin.

Melinda on the table with her voice cut out of her; half over the edge, head downward, her arms hanging.

Melinda fainting with half-closed eyes, which opened to glance at Anne, reproaching her.

The Doll

Anne tossed to and fro, turning and thumping the pillow. She did not dare put her feet down because of something at the bottom of the bed; she did not know what. Overtired and overstrained, her head ached and burned; the darkness seemed to be full of all sorts of queer yellow and red spots.

She thought of Judas. Judas had betrayed Christ, pretended not to know him. And she had betrayed Melinda. Not for silver, but just to go shooting. To go shooting like a boy, a stupid, smelly boy.

But supposing, supposing it was, after all, only a sort of a dream. It seemed that one could never know. Supposing Melinda could be sewed up again.

Anyhow, there was the bottle of scent that Clara had given her for her birthday. She would go down to the wood, and dig Melinda up, and if she was really dead, she would put scent on her graveclothes. All the scent, every drop of it. It was the least that she could do.

EVEN as she got out of bed, she could not be sure that she was not dreaming. The floor felt funny, and every step of the stairs immeasurably far away from the other.

She was not afraid of the darkness. But she did wish that it would not come so close, press so hotly against her, make such a noise breathing.

The bolts of the front door were stiff. They seemed to be fighting against her, and as she pushed them back they shrieked just as her doll might have shrieked before her voice was taken out of her:

"Melinda—Melinda, I'm coming. All right, Melinda."

As Anne stooped to the lower bolts of the door, she dropped the bottle of scent, and the top was broken off, so she had to walk carefully, carrying it in front of her.

Her mother, who had heard the bolts shrieking, jumped out of bed; saw Anne cross the lawn in the brilliant moonlight, holding something carefully in front of her.

It was so light that her head shone like old silver gilt. You would never have thought that Anne could look mystic, but she did.

Her mother caught up a dressing-gown, raced down the stairs, and followed some way behind her, sure that she was walking in her sleep.

Anne turned off at the top of the lawn by the cedar and went down the long walk. Here the air was heavy with the scent of mock-orange, and there were great bushes of lilac. The York and Lancaster roses were already out.

The mystery of the moonlight, the scents, flooded through and through Anne's mother. There seemed to be some sort of thread—and it must be silver—between herself and the child, moving so quickly and steadily along in front of her; her head a little bent over whatever it was that she was carrying.

"The Holy Grail!" Yes, that was what it might be on such a night— "On such a night" there were other words to that. And then again—"On such a night"—what was it that the Holy Women carried to the tomb?

And what was it Anne was carrying? Anne —Anne!— That hard young tomboy, Anne. But there, everything, everything was changed— "On such a night."

At the end of the long walk, Anne turned into the Little Wood. Here the moss was soaking with dew. The stems of the bluebells felt smooth and chill and wet, like fish against one's bare ankles. The scent of the young larches was like youth at its best, so fresh and clean.

Anne was kneeling down on the ground. She had got an old knife from somewhere, had pulled aside the moss and was digging. The bottle—yes, it was a sort of little flagon she'd been carrying—was carefully propped up on the ground at her side.

Anne's mother—and it was queer how often her husband spoke of her as "the boys' mother," forgetting Anne—crept nearer and

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The Doll

nearer. How strange it must have all looked, there in the wood at night: the peeping woman in white, and the child with her head all silvered over by the moonlight.

But after all, Anne was not walking in her sleep. Her eyes were wide open, her face was tender and very grave, but she was not asleep. What on earth could she be up to?

She laid aside the knife and, putting down her hands, scratched more earth aside, like a little dog. Then she took out a box from the hole.

For one dreadful moment her mother was afraid that she had hidden something she wanted to eat, something that she wanted to hide from the others, and she could not have borne that.

But no. Anne opened the box and took out something folded in white. Then she laid the box aside.

She squatted back flat on her heels and, making a sort of lap, unfolded what seemed to be four pocket handkerchiefs; not taking them off, but laying them back from what she had on her lap.

HER mother moved another step forward and looked over her shoulder. It was the doll —the doll she had brought back for Anne, and which Anne had seemed to hate. The doll!

The bluebells were the color of pewter in the moonlight, and Anne's hair silver gilt. But the doll's rose-colored dress caught no sort of color, was just drab. There was a slashing cut down the front of it.

Anne's tears were falling like dew.

It was the most wonderful, the most beautiful thing. But that is what children are like. So spiritual, so altogether lovely and then such little brutes. Such hard, cruel young limbs!

Once, when Anne's mother had been ill, early in the morning, before it was light, Hugo had come to her with a bunch of lilies of the valley, which he had been out in the little wood to gather. Both he and the lilies smelled of dew. He was wearing a dressing-gown of white toweling and looked like every saint who had ever lived. And now Anne! Anne of all people!

But perhaps this was it. Perhaps it was this that she had been trying to get at—the real Anne! But what—what, after all, is the real in these creatures of stone and moonbeams?

Anne had taken up the broken bottle and was pouring scent over the wrappings. A horrible scent, poisoning the night. All the servants were crazy about it.

Anne bent down her head and laid first one cheek and then the other against the doll's, smoothed back its curls. Yearning over it—Yes, that was the word: yearning. Anne!

Then gently she wrapped it up again, put it back in its box and laid it back in its grave; pushed the earth over it with her fingers, covered it with moss, rearranging a border of small fir cones about it.

It was then that her mother dropped to her knees at her side and took her in her arms.

"I'm all earthy," choked Anne. Then, "Look out for the knife."

But that was the last defence. She broke down at that and clung to her mother, sobbing as though her heart would break.

They were both crying. Tears ran down the inside of Anne's mother's nightdress, and Anne's pajamas. They were both soaked with tears; smeared with mold and fragments of moss. But still they cried, and cried, and for what?

Well, anyhow they were women. There was no doubt about that. They were women, and they were crying together, having found each other.

"Never mind, darling, darling. I'll buy you another."

"There isn't never no 'nother," said Anne. "An' I don't want 'nother. But—oh, Mummy, Mummy, I do ache with being a boy. If you wouldn't mind just one little girl!"

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[See Page 220]

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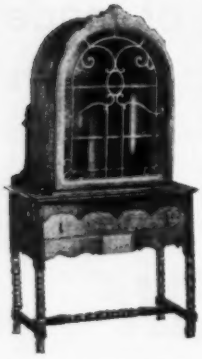

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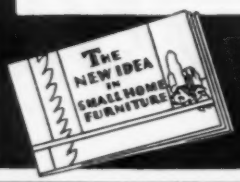

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The Flirt Hat

(*Continued from page 50*)

"But I don't care," thought Pat Cecil fiercely, and she didn't. She walked down Market Street as if she were treading on air. Half-Pint and the flirt hat made a combination that was as heady as wine. Too heady, it seemed, during the half-hour that followed.

Just what started things happening, Pat Cecil never knew. One moment and Half-Pint was nestling contentedly in the hollow of her arm. The next, and he had given a little wriggle, taken a beautiful nose dive into space, landed tipsily on one white ear, righted himself, and—even as Pat Cecil made a dart in his direction—turned on his little mop tail as if it were a pivot and bounced out into the street.

Pat Cecil stared after him, her heart in her throat. She whistled and she called, but that small bit of dog flesh trotted steadily onward, as if weaving his way through traffic meant nothing at all in his young life. Then, with a roar, a big truck missed him by inches, and Pat Cecil sprang to the rescue. From that moment on, things grew confused for her. She heard somebody yell at her, and she sidestepped a delivery wagon with more agility than grace. She felt a fender graze her ankle, and she whispered a faint curse as a little finger of pain zigzagged up and down her leg. She heard a ripping sound and wondered frantically what she'd torn. And all the time, as she dodged cars and tried to catch that small white scrap of defiance, she was wondering who'd be killed first, herself or that idiotic little pup.

And then, with the explosiveness of a bomb, it seemed to Pat Cecil that everybody in San Francisco was shouting at her. She heard a scream—the shrieking of brakes frantically applied—and out of nowhere something big and yellow whanged right into her. The next she knew, there she was, sitting in the street, with people crowding all about her, and that little fool pup, who hadn't come when she called him, leaping all over her, barking in a frenzy of recognition, and trying to lick any part of her face that he could reach!

Pat Cecil looked down at herself and saw that she was streaked with dust from head to foot. She saw a jagged tear in her new dress and a hole in her silk stockings. She lifted hands that were skinned and grimy, and she eyed them blackly. Then she reached up and found the flirt hat tilted over one eye like a tipsy bird. That, said Pat Cecil to herself, was the last straw.

BLIND rage swept over Pat Cecil. She wanted somebody to murder, and she wanted him quick. She looked up to find that some one, and there he stood, smiling down at her with gray eyes that held a hint of all the romance and adventure in the world; the kind of man that flirt hats were created for! He had that same interesting look that her Dad had, as if he were charming and didn't bother about it, and so was just that much more charming. And because he was as he was, and stood there smiling at the sight of Pat Cecil, sitting in the middle of the street with her small, white poodle plunging joyously all over her, Pat Cecil hated him more than she'd ever dreamed she could hate any one!

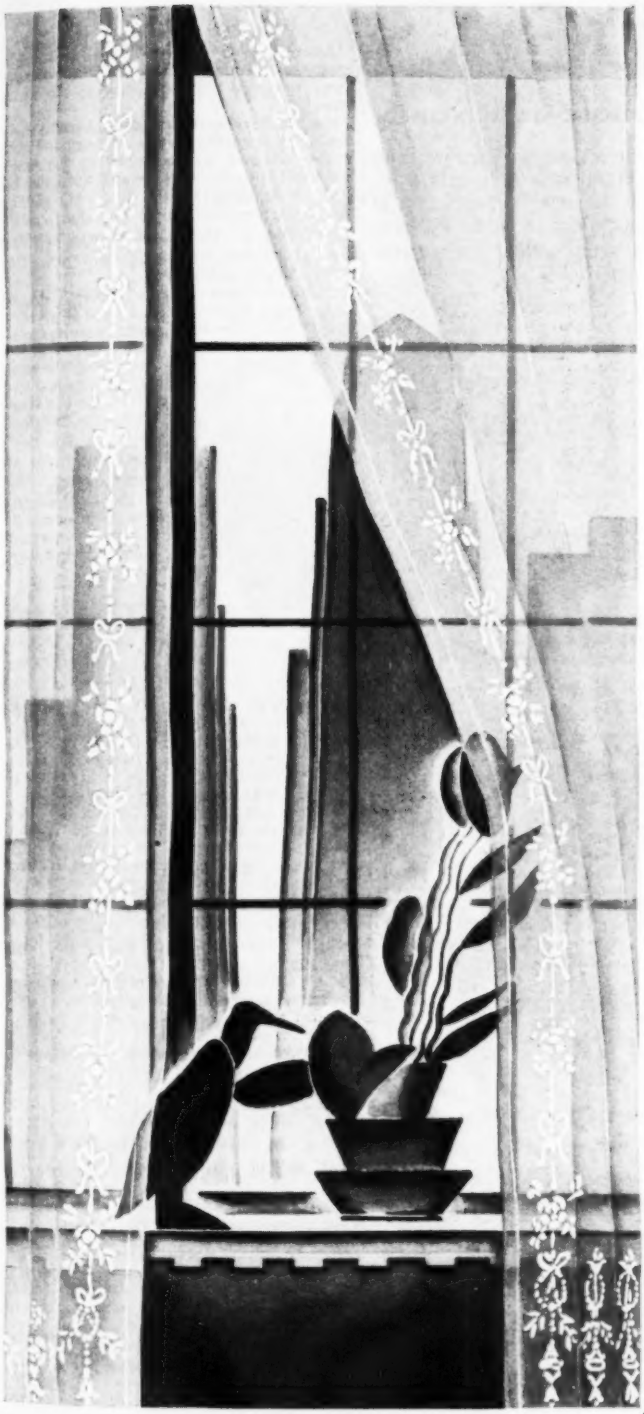
With the manner of owning the whole street, not to mention the city of San Francisco, the man with the gray eyes leaned over to help Pat Cecil to her feet.

Pat Cecil glared at him blackly. She lifted her nose in the best Farridon manner. She scowled with the famous Farridon scowl.

"Thank you, I don't want yo' help!" said Pat Cecil fiercely. "Ah can pick m'self up, thank yo'. If you'll just go away—"

She had to stop, for the irrepressible Half-Pint made another dive for her face, and Pat Cecil was forced to swallow the rest of a dignified speech.

But the interesting-looking young man with the adventurous manner didn't go away.



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(Advertisement)

(*See page 244*)

The Flirt Hat

Instead, he stood there with a twinkle in his gray eyes. And he said politely: "I can't go away, you see. You happen to be—in my way."

Pat Cecil screwed around and found a fender resting on her left shoulder. A vicious-looking yellow roadster was attached to the fender. Pat Cecil blazed. So *that* was the car that had sent her skidding into the dust! She gave the demonstrative Half-Pint a cuff that sent him scrambling into the gutter, whence he looked back at her with reproachful pink eyes. Then stiffly she got to her feet.

"So it was you—blockin' m'way!" she said hotly. "Yo' ought to be ashamed of yo' self—racin' through streets—knockin' down people—nearly killin' little white pup dogs!"

She thought he chuckled, but she wasn't quite sure. She thought he tried to apologize, but she didn't wait to see. With what dignity she could muster, she made for the curb, while the strange young man turned back to the traffic officer who, now that everything was over, had put in his appearance. Then, marching to the sidewalk, Pat Cecil caught a glimpse of herself in a show window, and she knew that the young man with the gray eyes had chuckled. What man wouldn't have! thought Pat Cecil savagely.

PAT CECIL looked wildly around for some dark hole into which she could crawl. A smudge on her nose had Pat Cecil, not to mention the torn frock and the hat all screwgee. Then she saw a sign, "Vanity Box Beauty Salon," and into its open doorway she dived. The next moment she was asking for soap and water and a needle and thread and a facial. A general First Aid treatment was what Pat Cecil needed, after having mixed up with Half-Pint and the yellow roadster.

It was a solid hour before Pat Cecil Farridon, duly repaired and looking somewhat like herself again, stepped out on to Market Street once more. And during that hour she'd done little but think of how much she hated men who drove yellow roadsters and knocked down people in the street. Now, with a start, she thought of something else. Half-Pint! Where had he gone?

Pat Cecil felt a wave of remorse sweep over her. How could she have forgotten her little dog, just because a window told her she had a black smudge on her nose! "He's probably dead by this time," she told herself fearfully. "An' killed by m' wicked vanity!"

She scuttled back to the spot where she'd sent him rolling into the gutter. And as she looked wildly about for him, she prayed: "O God, let him be sittin' somewhere about, lookin' fo' me with his mournful little pink eyes! I can't be happy if I've killed that fool little dog, God, and goodness knows, what with Willie James and everything, I need a little happiness!"

Was Half-Pint really dead? Not he! Though the moment she set eyes on him again, Pat Cecil almost wished he were! For there he sat, on the lap of the man who had tried to kill his mistress, stuffing himself on sugar cookies and looking for all the world as if a yellow roadster was his idea of a happy home.

With murder in her eyes Pat Cecil marched up to the yellow roadster parked by the curb and looked squarely into the face of the young man with the gray eyes. This time, as well she knew, her hat was on straight, and her nose was powdered.

"Excuse me," she said stiffly, "but would yo' mind lettin' me have m' little dog befo' you make him sick on cookies?"

The strange young man looked considerably fussed. He unwound his long legs, got himself out of his car, and said contritely: "He yapped every time I stopped feeding him, you see. And I thought, since I'd got you into this mess, I'd better wait and keep your dog from running away again. I knew you'd forgotten all about him."

Of course, she'd forgotten! But she wasn't

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DAVENPORT, IOWA

The Flirt Hat

going to admit it. Not to this young man! Pat Cecil lifted her chin and said sternly:

"I didn't fo'get him at all! I always leave him outside places, though I thank you fo' yo' kind concern!"

And taking Half-Pint, stuffed and satiated, in her arms once more, she trotted off down the street without a single backward glance.

As Pat Cecil walked, she told Half-Pint what she thought of the whole proceeding. "You Half-Pint!" she said fiercely. "I'm goin' to lose you mighty quick if you go about mixin' up with traffic and gettin' me whammed by yella roadsters, and then show no breedin' at all, but go about strikin' up friendships with men who haven't sense enough to stop lookin' at a person when her hat's on one eye!"

Half-Pint blinked and gave a stuffed sort of a grunt.

"Grunt if yo' want to, but remembah, mind yo' step! Don't go stirrin' up any mo' trouble. And don't—" Pat Cecil emphasized this with a shake—"don't go encouragin' any mo' young men to get friendly with you!"

Half-Pint gurgled gently.

Pat Cecil should have known, from the sound of that gurgle, that Half-Pint hadn't finished promoting trouble. Not Half-Pint! He was merely resting on his oars, as it were; digesting his cookies the while he was hatching up new methods for getting her into difficulties. Nor did he waste much time. He waited only until Pat Cecil, ruefully eyeing her wordly wealth (that trip to the Vanity Box Salon had cost her a pretty penny), began to think of going somewhere and spending her last silver dollar for something to eat.

What bothered Pat Cecil was whether she should go to some swanky place, spend her whole dollar, and proceed back to Willie James, or whether she should eat discreetly, spread her dollar out over two meals, and have the rest of the day in which to seek adventure.

She took her dollar out and looked at it. Being a Farridon, Pat Cecil wasn't used to deciding things for herself. She'd always let a flipped coin, or a little black boy, or a new moon do the deciding for her. So now she took her coin, tossed it neatly into the air, and murmured as she did so,

"Tails for frills and heads for two meals!"

It was certainly Pat Cecil's business to catch that falling coin. But it seemed equally Half-Pint's business to keep her from doing so. For he gave a little yip, cocked his floppy ears, and for the second time that day made a dive from Pat Cecil's arms.

For half a second Pat Cecil tried to hold him and catch the coin at the same time. Holding Half-Pint proved enough. Even as she clutched him, her dollar went clanking to the sidewalk where it bounced sideways, skimmed the curb, and rolled neatly into a drain hole and out of sight.

FOR a moment Pat Cecil said never a word. Words were far too mild to express her feelings at that moment. For she'd started out looking for adventure, and perhaps hoping for something a little romantic on the side, and all she'd got was a spill in the street, a hungry feeling, and a little white poodle dog who seemed determined to spoil her day. Slamming him down on the sidewalk at her feet, she said savagely:

"There now, if yoah so bound to run things around heah, go to it! I'm through! But I can tell you, yo'd bettah go like yo' was walkin' on eggs! Fo' I'm ready right now to give you to the first person that takes a likin' fo' yo' silly little self!"

And she looked as if she meant every word of it.

For a minute Half-Pint sat there, cocking his little white head on one side and deciding what he'd do next. Then, lifting his pink nose and taking a couple of sniffs, he perked up his ears and started off at a trot, heading up a street that looked to Pat Cecil as steep as the

The Flirt Hat

Golden Stairs. Pat Cecil followed. Not because she had any particular faith in Half-Pint, but because she, too, had caught a whiff of the same thing he'd smelled—a queer, foreign sort of odor that was like incense and distant lands and mystery. She wanted to see where it came from and what it meant. She'd never smelled anything like it before—certainly not down in Arcadia, on Peace River, in Florida.

Pat Cecil wasn't long in finding out what that smell meant, though Heaven knew the nearer she got to it the less like incense and mystery it smelled. For this was San Francisco's Chinatown, and Pat Cecil, who hailed from a place where black and brown gave the local color, felt her interest lifting.

Now Willie James, in his more persuasive moments, had written Pat Cecil a little about San Francisco's Chinatown. Not to be equaled anywhere in the world, according to Willie James, not even in China. And to do Willie James justice, Pat Cecil began to think he knew what he was talking about. The Farridon scowl lifted from her gypsy eyebrows, and her red mouth curved eagerly. Now this was something like an adventure!

IT WAS all very queer and fascinating to Pat Cecil, the quaint-looking shops with their painted balconies overhead, the narrow streets, the slant-eyed, yellow babies wobbling all over the place. She followed after Half-Pint and poked her investigative nose into dark doorways where the air was blue with incense and the shelves were crowded with carved ivories and brown jugs of ginger and bits of brilliant embroidery and pieces of jade. In fact, she wandered on until she became a bit light-headed with so much color and vividness, as Sammy always did when he saw a horse prancing behind the starting tape, until at last she left the streets where people like herself were wandering, and went deeper into this queer, transplanted slice of a foreign country. As for Half-Pint, smells and still more smells were his objective, so he yipped contentedly when Pat Cecil picked him up and struck off down the other side of that district of steep, narrow streets, going into alleyways that looked still more curious and strange.

"Now, this," thought Pat Cecil triumphantly, "is the real things. That back there—pokin' around with lots of otha tourists in Chinese shops run like American ones—was only make-believe. This is Willie James' real Chinatown!"

The streets grew narrower, over the top of the hill, and were filled with little yellow men who kept darting their funny, beady, black eyes at the vivid girl strolling along with a ball of white fluff in her arms. From somewhere ahead of Pat Cecil came sounds—throbbing, pulsing sounds mixed in with jangling, rasping noises and the wailing of strange, stringed instruments.

"A Chinese theater!" thought Pat Cecil. "Willie James wrote about them! He said they lasted a week and sounded like all the dish-pans in the world being kicked at the same time!"

Pat Cecil thrilled. How Sammy would have loved this! But Half-Pint roused himself and gave a whimpering whine.

"No yo' don't," said Pat Cecil firmly, taking a stronger grip on the poodle in her arms. "Yo' asked fo' this, Half-Pint, and yo're going to have it. Anyway, it may be creepy, but it's safe. This is America, pup dog, not China. An' you and I are goin' to that funny theater."

Perhaps it was that whine, subdued and reluctant, that gave Pat Cecil her first premonition that everything wasn't quite as it should be. Or perhaps it was that, as she pushed her way in and out between groups of chattering Chinese, the sun suddenly seemed to stop shining and the narrow streets to grow more strange and shadowy-looking. A little flutter quickened her pulse beats; a queer

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The Flirt Hat

feeling of panic touched her with a chill finger. And then suddenly, just like that, Pat Cecil was afraid.

It was a curious feeling, that fear, because she'd never in her life before been afraid of anything. It was a suffocating feeling, and it swooped down upon her as suddenly as a hawk. One moment, and she'd been wandering along, looking for that Chinese theater from which came all those funny noises and never giving a thought to fear. The next, and her heart was pounding in her breast, her blood was turning cold, and she was sick with fright. She turned and looked behind her. The streets were filled, crowded with little yellow men, all looking alike and all, it seemed to Pat Cecil looking at her. Not another white face did she see, and the shops where the tourists and visitors had been seemed far away. A slant-eyed man, his face like an ivory mask, brushed against her, and at that contact Pat Cecil felt the blood drain from her face.

Pat Cecil clutched Half-Pint until he yelped. She turned and tried to run back to those friendly American streets, but everywhere, blocking her way, were scurrying yellow men. They didn't touch her—they didn't speak to her—they were just there, a solid wall of yellow men between her and security. And it seemed as if every moment brought out a new stream of them from dark doorways and narrow alleys.

Pat Cecil tried to keep her head and tell herself that it was nothing but her silly imagination that was frightening her, but she felt panic getting the best of her. She wanted to run and couldn't. Her legs felt weighted with lead. It was like a horrible dream, when one tries to run away from danger and can't move an inch. It was like being threatened by something you couldn't see or hear or touch, but only feel.

Pat Cecil reached a brick wall and pressed up against it, clutching Half-Pint and praying that somebody with a white face would come along and get her out of there. Even Willie James would do. Pat Cecil knew that if Willie James miraculously appeared from nowhere, she would throw herself into his arms. And marry him down the next block, if he wanted her to. But no Willie James came, and the little yellow men kept pouring out of doorways, and now they were less careful about crowding up against her as she stood flattened against the brick building.

And then, close beside her, standing in a door so dark and narrow that Pat Cecil hadn't noticed it before, she felt some one pause. An expressionless, lemon-tinted face was close to hers. A hand, a yellow hand, reached out and touched her.

PANIC, sheer desperate panic, kept Pat Cecil from fainting then and there. Instead she screamed, a scream that might have been heard across the bay. And as she screamed, it seemed to her that chaos burst forth. The mutterings of those little yellow men rose to a burst of shrill staccatoes. She heard a shot—then another shot—and following, a pandemonium of howls and chatterings. She felt her knees giving way beneath her; felt herself falling into a well of blackness.

She never reached the bottom of that black well, for even as she tottered on its brink some one grabbed and caught her. Some one with two lean arms that lifted her, and a face—white, with two gray eyes that did not twinkle now—bent over hers. With a sob of relief Pat Cecil threw her arms about the neck of the young man of the yellow roadster!

"Get me out of heah!" sobbed Pat Cecil wildly. "Oh—get me out of heah!"

The strange young man, whose name happened to be Hugh Matteson, promptly caught her up. "Hold tight—I'm going to make a run for it," he said quietly.

Pat Cecil held tight and felt something wriggle beneath her feet. Half-Pint! "M'little dog!" she wailed. "Oh, save m'little dog!"

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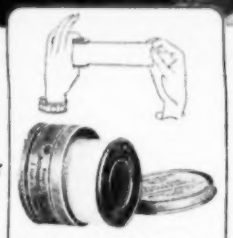

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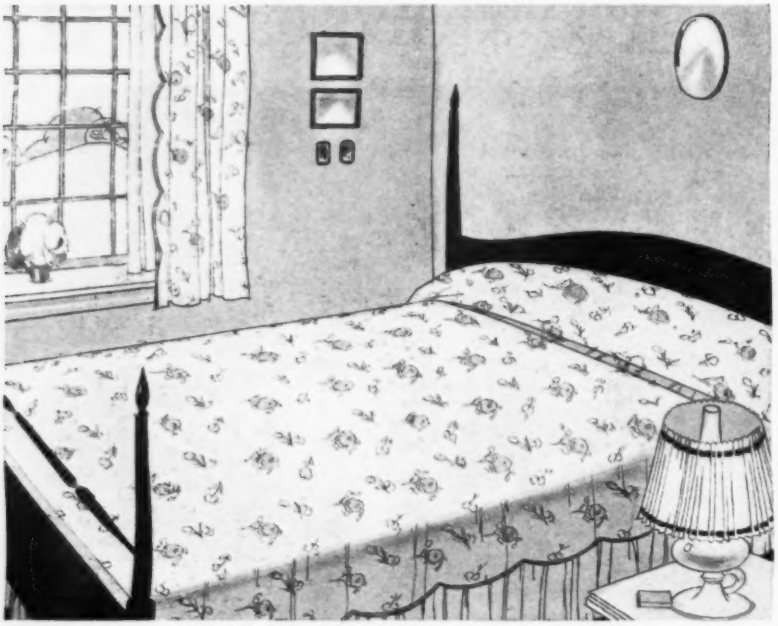
In using advertisements see page 6

The ensemble theme has coaxed the bed into the color scheme. Here bedspread and draperies match. The flounce glimpsed beneath the scallops is tied to the springs or mattress so that the spread may be removed and the flounce remain to dress the bed. The pattern used is the Puritan Doulton Cretonne "Garden."



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The Flirt Hat

"Drat your dog!" muttered Hugh Matteson, but he managed to gather Half-Pint into the same arms that held Pat Cecil. Then he ran, carrying the two of them as if they were bundles of straw. And at the sight of him, white-faced and determined-looking, a lane opened between the rows of scurrying Chinese.

It seemed incredible that in such a short time they could reach the top of that narrow little street, but they did—and as quickly as that it was all over. There, far below, Market Street lay in a welter of sunshine, and all about were quiet little shops filled with casual, curious visitors. Pat Cecil felt as if she'd wakened from an ugly dream, but she knew it hadn't been a dream. The look on Hugh Matteson's face told her that.

He put her into the seat of the same yellow roadster that, earlier in the day, had given Pat Cecil a torn frock and a tumble, but now the yellow roadster looked like a chariot from Heaven to her. And rather unceremoniously he dumped Half-Pint, entirely subdued by the events of the afternoon, into her lap. Then he slid in behind the wheel and looked at Pat Cecil.

PAT CECIL tried to laugh, a rather shaky laugh. "Was it—a joke?" she asked.

Hugh Matteson looked at her curiously. "A tong war isn't usually a joke," he said grimly.

Pat Cecil stared at him. "Tong war!" she stammered. "Why, I thought it was a Chinese theater! I was trying to find it!"

Hugh Matteson mopped his face with his handkerchief. "That was headquarters, probably, for their little shindig. They usually start out with a bit of martial music. But, good Lord, anything might have happened to you! And here I sat, letting you wander into such a mess!"

Pat Cecil was to learn, the next day, that four Chinamen had been killed in that tong outburst, but the important thing at that moment was the tone of this man's voice.

"Let me!" she said bewilderedly. "How did yo' have anything to do with it?"

Hugh Matteson flushed. "I was trailing you, you see. But I never dreamed of any danger. Outsiders hardly ever wander over into the real Chinatown. And besides, these tongs only break out every year or two. But there you went, streaking over the top of the hill before I could stop you. And then—before I could get to you—you screamed—"

He looked at her queerly, and all the charming, interesting lights in his eyes had turned to a dark gleam. He finished slowly,

"I nearly lost my head then."

Pat Cecil sat there and felt like seven different kinds of an idiot. What did this man think of her, wandering into traffic jams and then taking in a tong war on the side? She looked straight ahead of her, and a hot flush stained her cheeks.

Hugh Matteson sent her a slanting glance.

"I say," he said uneasily, "I suppose you think I had my nerve, following you like that."

Pat Cecil couldn't say a word. Of course, she ought to go on hating this man and being icily polite, but all she could think of was that yellow hand reaching out for her, and then this man's arms snatching her from danger. And because she was still shaken, and hungry, and knew that there was still Willie James to be faced, she suddenly began to cry. Between her sobs she poured out everything—all about Arcadia, on Peace River, in Florida, and Aunt Bursey, and Sammy, and her darling Dad and the Wilkins woman. And, finally, about Willie James.

Hugh Matteson listened to her quietly, and when she had finished he sat there with the same look on his face that Sammy wore when he'd lost on another horse. Then he said slowly:

"Of course, if you say so, I'll take you right back to this other chap. But—look here—if

The Flirt Hat

you're not sure you want to marry him, please don't. Oh, I know—" at the expression on her face— "that you think I'm crazy. I'm not so sure myself that I'm not, but nothing like this ever happened to me before. You see, whether you think I'm mad or not, I want you to know that when I set eyes on you this morning, I knew it was all up with me. It happened just like that. I don't, as a general rule, go following women about. But when I saw you sitting there in the middle of the street, with your cute little hat on one eye and a smudge on your nose and a scowl like a thunderstorm on your face, something woke up inside me and said: 'Hugh Matteson, that's the girl you are going to marry. That girl or none.'"

Now what, thought Pat Cecil wildly, did one say to a man who talked like that? She gasped, blinked, and murmured weakly, "Oh—is that yo' name?"

Hugh Matteson shouted. "You infant! And to think of you wandering around alone, getting into tong wars and marriage mix-ups. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take you to my sister's—or to a hotel, if you prefer. And tomorrow I'm going to put you on the train for Florida. And I'll follow you there—and—"

But that was going a little too fast for Pat Cecil. She stopped him firmly.

"I couldn't do that," she said determinedly. "I've got to go back to Willie James. Oh—" at the look on his face— "don't yo' see, I've treated Willie James right shabbily, and I have to apologize to him, I have! But I don't expect he'll want to ma'ry me now, because I've slighted him today, and he'll never fo'give me fo' that. And he won't like it about Half-Pint at all! Or about you!"

"Then—" his eyes captured hers, and Pat Cecil knew that she'd never want any other man to look at her in just that same way—"you will go back home—and let me follow you—"

"You wouldn't," cried Pat Cecil incredulously, "go clean across the continent just to see a girl!"

"How can I marry you if I don't?" asked Hugh Matteson logically. And that, to judge from his tone, settled that.

Pat Cecil sighed ecstatically. So it had happened—the wonderful, thrilling adventure she'd always dreamed about. She said, politely:

"We'd be most pleased to have you visit us at Farridon Hall, Mr. Matteson. And Sammy —Sammy will adore yo' yella car. Sammy loves anything that goes fast. And now will you take me back to Willie James?"

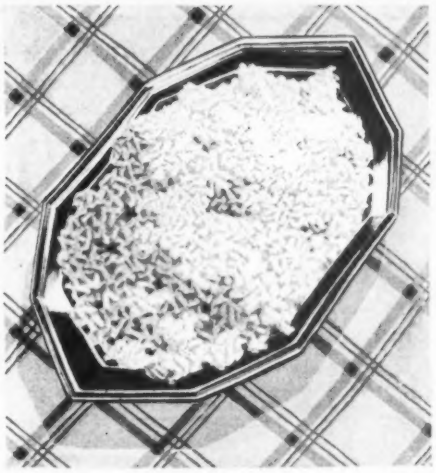
So they traveled in the big yellow roadster back to the house where Willie James lived, and Pat Cecil, with the flirt hat on her head and Half-Pint snuggled peacefully in her arms, looked as if life had become very interesting indeed. But Hugh Matteson looked as if he'd discovered the moon, sun, and all the stars for the first time, and had them all caught fast in his hands.

IT WAS then, when Pat Cecil was bracing herself to meet the cold disapproval of Willie James, that she got the biggest shock of that day. For there, sitting on Willie James' front porch, was Willie James. And there, ranged on each side of him and looking volumes, were Sammy and her Dad! Her darling Dad with his whimsical head cocked on one side, and Sammy scowling in a futile attempt to hide his jubilation at seeing Pat Cecil again.

Pat Cecil gave one shriek, sent Half-Pint tumbling helter-skelter, tore out of the yellow roadster, and raced madly up the steps. And bedlam followed. Pat Cecil and Willie James and Pat Cecil's family all talked at the same time, while Half-Pint dashed in and out between their legs, barking his silly little head off.

Pat Cecil wept on her father's shoulder, and was told between sobs that the Wilkins woman was out of luck, and that they'd found her wire and had followed her to San Francisco,

Adds energy to every meal...



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CEREAL-VEGETABLE-MEAT SUBSTITUTE-SOUP-SALAD-ENTREE-DESSERT

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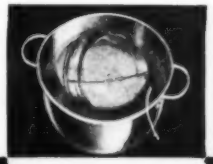

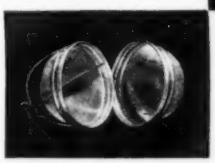

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In using advertisements see page 6

BLUE MONDAY INDEED . . . *when water from rust-clogged pipes streaks and stains your best lingerie*

NO MORE TROUBLE . . . . *now that tubes of shining copper replace those worn-out, rust-clogged pipes*

Ruined by rusty water pipes or Protected *by copper tubing*

IT'S bad enough to have your family irritated by slow-running water from clogged-up pipes. But when fine lingerie and linens come out of the wash rust spotted, and perhaps ruined, then something *has* to be done about it!

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This new method does away entirely with cutting and threading short lengths of rigid pipe. In fact, no rigid pipe is used. Instead, your plumber works a long, flexible Chase Copper Water Tube through a small opening, down back of walls and under floors, usually without the expense and damage of removing the old worn-out pipe.

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CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

What this cost will be depends entirely on the amount of tubing and time—something your plumber will gladly estimate.

Why not call him in for the complete story of making your home water system trouble-proof with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings?

CHASE

The mark that identifies good brass and copper products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

The Flirt Hat

and that she didn't have to marry anybody, because Aunt Bursey had washed her hands of the Farridon family and had packed her five trunks and gone off in high dudgeon.

And Sammy, blinking his dark eyes and scowling more fiercely than ever, thumped Pat Cecil on the back and muttered something about,

"You Pat Cecil—scarin' us to fits!"

But Willie James remained cold and distant no matter how contritely Pat Cecil tried to tell him that he'd be a lot better off without her. As for Hugh Matteson, he simply stood in the background, saying nothing, and making a great hit with Sammy, and never once taking his cool, gray eyes off Pat Cecil's vivid little face.

Nor did he do any more wild talking about marrying. He just accepted Mr. Farridon's heartfelt thanks for rescuing Pat Cecil from a tong war, and Sammy's half-shy invitation to "drop in on us down home."

But when he left them all, still standing there and asking about the first train out for Florida, he said to Pat Cecil, so softly that no one else could hear,

"Thank God for that flirt hat, Pat Cecil!"

And Pat Cecil knew that her adventure had just begun.

Outcasts

(*Continued from page 27*)

the polished surface of the anvil while waiting for the horseshoe to heat.

"There was a young man who knew how to play the fiddle to this," he said. "I'd tap with the hammer while he played. People danced to that. It makes good dance music. Come on, who's the fiddler here? Let the women dance while we are shoeing the horses."

The chief watched his people. They were fascinated by the stranger. George was already tuning his violin, and the women were tightening their red head kerchiefs in preparation for the dance. They did what Stan wanted them to do. Mira sat unmoved, as if she had no one to dance with while Stan was plying the hammer upon the anvil.

It was a gay morning. George played. The women danced. The men sang as they worked. Stan talked gaily and told humorously grim stories that made them all laugh from their full throats.

Petru looked at Stan and at Mira. Why was Mira not dancing? Her eyes were on the newcomer, who made believe he had forgotten her existence and spoke to everybody but to her. For the first time in all the years of gathering stray gypsies, Petru was curious to know the cause for the banishment of that man he had adopted into his caravan. So young, so handsome, so strong, so willing, so able and winning, what had he done to deserve such punishment from his people? The chances of the man ever reaching shore, with tied wrists and ankles, had been slim. They had not beaten him. There was not a mark on his body. What had he done?

Petru turned his mind away from such thoughts. He had strictly forbidden any one to inquire into anybody else's life. Why was he breaking the rule now? He looked long at Mira. He was breaking the rule for her. He loved her. He had no other child. She was his only one. That man was a total stranger. He had encouraged that fiddler's friendship for Mira because George had been born in the caravan twenty years before. He knew him. George was not an outcast; he was the son of one. She was Mira: his daughter. He had shielded her against other outcasts. And now Mira was looking, with unmistakable love and admiration in her eyes, to this stranger whom his own people had intended to kill. He wished he had not driven by that shore point when the two sails appeared on the horizon.

Along toward noon, when the horses had all been shod, Stan threw his hammer in the air

Outcasts

and grabbed George's fiddle. "I want to play a livelier tune! A tune for quicker and younger feet. A tune for a dance like this!"

And he played as he danced, whirling about in short steps, pirouetting in the air, twisting his body and playing his fiddle under his arm or over his head, turning it this way and that.

The gypsies sat down on their haunches to laugh and scream, while they watched him dance and play and make grotesque faces at them, at the horses, at the snow, the wind and the fire.

"And so the fire said to the wind, 'Why do you blow so hard?' 'I,' said the wind, 'I blow hard! Ptiu, liar . . .' and the fire was blown out."

Suddenly he threw the fiddle in the air, caught it in his hands, and called aloud as he came to a stop, legs spread wide apart, his body bending forward:

"Ha, and now you all want to know why I am here? It was because—"

"Nobody has asked you," Petru thundered.

"I merely wanted to say it was because women forgot to prepare food for their men while I danced," Stan explained facetiously.

They all laughed, even Petru smiled, as the women scrambled to put the kettle back on the fire while their men chided them for having forgotten to prepare their meals. What a man, Stan! He had brought some life in the caravan.

Petru did not leave Mira and Stan out of his eyes for one moment. He had never seen his people so chatty, so merry, so happy. They had never done so much work. And that stranger! He had an unmistakable feeling that Stan was to cause him great suffering—Stan and Mira. They were already one in his mind. What had come over Mira? Yesterday she was his daughter, his own Mira; now she already belonged to another man—to another world. Father and daughter were worlds apart. He could hardly recognize her. She was a stranger—an enemy.

It was late in the night when the chief gave the signal for everybody to retire, after ordering one last supply of wood to be put on the fire.

A HOWLING storm awoke Petru toward dawn. The canvas of his wagon and of the tarpaulin overhead flapped like sails in a seastorm, and strained at the wheels. The wagons creaked and groaned.

In an instant he was on his feet and into the canvas square. Stan was there, tying up the legs of the horses with short pieces of rope.

"What are you doing there?" the old gypsy shouted.

"Too many wolves around. And the horses were ready to stray," Stan answered, his voice rising over the noise of the wind.

"Wolves?" Petru questioned, coming nearer.

"Wolves, yes, wolves," Stan repeated.

As Mira's father turned around, it seemed to him he saw some one clamber rapidly into the wagon occupied by his wife and daughter.

A moment later more gypsies had been awakened. The storm was blowing furiously and lifting the wheels from the ground. They were all out in the square, men, women, and children—all but Mira. And so Petru knew. She was the one he had seen clamber back into the wagon.

His hand went out to the pistol he carried in his wide, leather belt. Stan had turned his back on the chief and was bending over to fasten a rope to the spoke of a wheel. The chief let his hand fall at his side. He could not shoot at a man who was working so hard for the benefit of the caravan. What had he against this young man? He was handsomer and stronger than George, and abler than he. The fiddler stood helplessly near his wagon and rubbed his sleepy eyes, while the other worked so hard and so intelligently. There were wolves around. They could hear the howl of the pack. What had he against Stan? It was his Mira. This man had only come yesterday! And under what circumstances! What did he know about him!

Toward morning the storm abated, and the gypsies scooped out the snow that had been blown inside the square. The kettle was set boiling. Stan was talking all the time of the events of the night. Indirectly he was giving to Petru an account of every minute he had spent away from under his eyes that night.

"And you people slept, eh? I thought the wind was going to raise us up into the skies, like a kite, and drop us into the sea. I tied the horses to the wheels so as to make the kite heavier." He laughed. "We might all have been floating in the air now. And that gray mare there! To whom does she belong? A mean mare, she kicks with her hind legs. When the wolves howled she wanted to go to them—to give herself as a meal to them. Some horses love to feed themselves to wolves. Ha, and you slept! All of you slept. I could hear you snore between two trumpet calls of the wind."

Petru caught the rapid glance exchanged between Stan and his daughter.

"You, Petru, were the first to come out. Weren't you? Was it the wind that woke you or the cold?" he questioned banteringly.

The gypsies raised their eyes to the chief. Nobody had ever used such a tone of voice when speaking to him. That young man had been of great assistance, had perhaps saved their horses, their lives, but to speak to Petru like that! What would Petru do?

They patted Stan on the shoulders.

"Well, it's well you did not sleep. What kept you awake?"

"We'd better move on," Stan said, "for I know what the winds and the storms here can do when they begin. We'll be buried by them, and the Tartars in Kaila won't sell you either food or fodder."

"Who's giving orders here?" Petru bellowed.

"I was not giving orders," Stan explained light-heartedly. "I was giving advice."

"He was not giving orders," the other gypsies assured the chief. "He was giving advice, Petru. If the wind is like that, and the people are as he says they are, we had better move on."

"You will move when I tell you to move," Petru replied and clambered into the wagon.

Yet at midday, when the skies had darkened, predicting another storm for the night, Petru asked his people to roll up the tarpaulin. They were to start immediately after the midday meal to reach a village before nightfall.

Stan winked at Mira as if to say,

"He does as I want him to do."

The gypsies were soon on their way, but each one was conscious that Stan had really ordered the move, Stan and not Petru.

THAT night the gypsy caravan took up quarters in the fisher huts of a Tartar village. Stan occupied a hut with some other man. The chief had a hut to himself.

"Keep an eye on your daughter," Petru admonished his wife before lying down on his straw bed.

He was tired. They had had to harness themselves beside their horses to pull their wagons out from tall mounds of snow. They were all tired. Stan should be the most tired of all, Petru reasoned. He had worked harder than the other gypsies. He must be fast asleep now. Yet Mira's father lay awake, unable to keep his mind off the young man.

Why had Stan been punished by his tribe? Could it be that he had committed the worst of all crimes, treason? That he had betrayed his own people to the Gorgios, to the white men? No other crime would have been punished so severely. But the boy did not look like one who would do such a thing. He was so gypsy! There was not a drop of white blood in him.

And he and Mira! Why had Mira changed so the moment she had seen him? Why could

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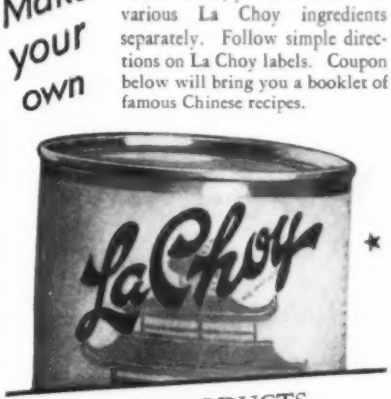

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(Right) Bread Pudding . . . Just one of the countless desserts that are delicious, prepared and served in the Open Baking Dish. You will find this dish ideal for puddings, custards and soufflés. It also makes a splendid mold and serving dish for gelatin desserts.

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Outcasts

he, Petru, not think of each of them separately? They were one—already one—and they were against him. He had always picked up strangers without inquiring into their lives, but he had never thought that his daughter, his Mira, would trust herself to one of them.

Petru tried not to think of him. He must not. He had forbidden his men to question one another. What right had he to do that? What did he know about the others? Nothing. He had never cared to inquire. They were outcasts, banished by their tribes. That was enough. Why was he himself not abiding by the law he had made? He could not sleep; he could not bid his mind into other channels.

Driven by an irresistible impulse, he rose and went to his wife's hut. The woman was fast asleep. Mira's couch was empty.

Wild with anger, the father rushed out of the hut and called at the top of his voice, "Mira!"

There was no answer.

"Mira!" he called again.

He heard soft whispers not far away, whisperings of a woman trying to hold a man back. And when the chief called out again his daughter's name, Stan's voice answered:

"She is coming now, Petru. Don't yell so loud. She is coming."

"Is she dumb that she can not answer?" Petru called, as the two emerged from behind a snow mound.

"Here we are," Stan said, walking a little ahead of the girl. "What do you want of us?"

MIRA'S father lurched toward the girl, only to find Stan's body interposed between them.

In an instant the two men came to grips. Stan's arms wound themselves like steel bands about the older man's body.

"What has happened was bound to happen," Stan said.

The chief tried to free himself, but the grip of the younger man was like an unbreakable vice around him. He strained, tore, and twisted himself, and threw his heavier body upon the young man. The hold was unbreakable.

And then Mira began to scream. Sleepy gypsies and Tartars came out to watch the giant chief wrestle with the younger man, both standing up to their knees in the snow of the road, under the leaden moon that was shedding a soft light over them. Wolves howled. Petru was unable to free himself and knew that Stan could throw him to the ground if he so wanted.

But Stan was satisfied to show his strength without fully using it; and even as they were tugging at each other, he spoke to the gypsies:

"Because he saw me talking to his daughter, he threw himself at me. What are beautiful young girls for if not for unmarried men to speak to them? Would any of you have acted like that if I had talked to his daughter?"

Petru made a last effort to free himself. The vice of flesh and bone tightened. And then Mira's voice called out to Stan,

"Let go of my father."

At her command Stan broke his hold.

A tiny voice of a woman had done what his strength had not been able to accomplish, and that woman was his daughter, his Mira. There she stood, gloating, happy, that her voice had more power than had the arms of her father. She had vanquished him and Stan in one moment. Her voice had had a more commanding ring than his own had ever had.

She was standing now beside the stranger, stronger than either of them. She was not his daughter. She was a woman near her mate. She had vanquished the two of them in the presence of all. And she was proud of her deed.

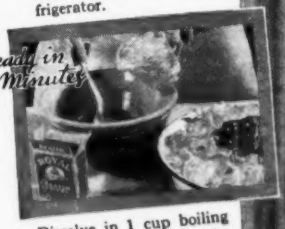
"Who are you?" Petru cried, turning to Stan, tearing the words out of his heart and soul, "and why have they driven you away?"

Stan threw his head back, laughed, and was about to answer when Mira put her hand over his mouth.

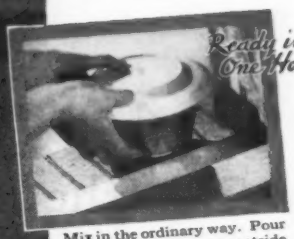
"Before he answers your question, will you answer mine?" she asked her father. "Who

A New Food Invention... *Quick Setting* Gelatin

Mix as directed on package. Chill in tray of electric refrigerator.



Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup finely crushed ice. Stir until ice melts. Pour in mould, set in pan of cracked ice.



Mix in the ordinary way. Pour in mould, cover, set outside window on cold day.

Mix as directed on package. Set mould on bottom of electric refrigerator. Ordinary ice box takes about 2 hours.

Ready to unmould in HALF *the usual time . . and the flavors are much more delicious*

TODAY'S food news is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—and it's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

You can see from the photographs above how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins made the usual way take a number of hours to set, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

With Royal, you prepare your gelatin dessert in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery.

This new Royal is not only quicker—it's more delicious. The flavors are true-to-the-fruit. And always fresh . . . for Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf.

It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Inc.

DOCTORS recommend gelatin, especially for children. It aids digestion, and it's rich in a valuable growth-promoting element. So let the youngsters have all they want.

There are dozens of ways to include this health food in your family's daily diet. Combine it with vegetables, or fruits . . . it makes attractive, wholesome salads.

Serve it tonight. Plain, if you wish, or garnished with whipped cream, fruit or nuts.

But remember, when you buy—all gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick setting kind—the kind that tastes like real fruit—ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. It's made by the makers of the famous Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

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March 1930 Good Housekeeping

Outcasts

are *you*, and why have *you* been banished by *your* tribe? Tell me that."

It seemed to Petru that the leash at which a thousand dogs had been straining all the time had slipped from between his fingers, for suddenly each gypsy turned to another one and asked at the top of his voice:

"Who are *you*? And why have *you* been banished by *your* tribe? Tell me. Tell me. I want to know."

Men questioned women. Women questioned men. Men questioned one another. Women questioned one another.

"Who are you? Who are you?"

The question rang through the cold-moon night and echoed against the rocks of the bleak shore.

"Who are you? Who are you?"

They were barking at each other. They were tearing at each other.

"Yes, who are you, who are you?"

Each one suspected the other of having once been banished for more demeaning crimes that he himself had been.

While the men were quarreling and fighting, the chief called to Naye and to his wife. Silently they harnessed his horses. Dawn was beginning to creep from under the slow, heavy, floating mountains of snow clouds. What silence had held so well together a question had broken up.

Mira was leaning against Stan, whose protecting arm was about her.

"You take the other wagon," Petru said to Stan. "You and Mira. I banish myself for having asked the question which I had forbidden others to ask."

He knew it would come! God help Mira! The moment he had laid his eyes on that stranger he had known. May Stan be good to her! Her father will never see her again. And she will always think of him as she had seen him the last minute, in the grip of that stranger —that stronger man, her husband.

One by one the gypsies harnessed their horses. Free and uncontrolled after many years, they took each one a different direction without turning around to look whither their former friends were going. Each one resented having been questioned. Each one believed he only had had the right to ask the others:

"Who are you? Why have you been banished?"

When they were all gone, Stan picked Mira up in his arms as if she were a toy, and, carrying her into a hut, he whispered passionately:

"Now that they have all gone, we can stay here until spring if you promise never to ask—"

She did not answer. She did not promise. She sealed his mouth with her lips.

Canned Foods With a New Appeal

(*Continued from page 87*)

tender. Then add 3 tablespoonfuls of flour and 1½ tablespoonfuls of curry powder, stir until smooth, and then add 1¼ cupfuls of milk and 1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. When smooth and thickened, add the dried beef and serve on toast or with baked potatoes. Serves 6.

Grilled Sardines: Carefully remove the sardines from 2 large cans about 1½ hours before mealtime. Let them stand for one hour in ⅓ cupful of well-seasoned French dressing to which a cut clove of garlic has been added. Then drain the sardines, dip them in buttered crumbs, and sauté in a small quantity of hot fat until brown on all sides. Serve plain, or arrange on slices of buttered toast with 1½ cupfuls of medium white sauce, to which 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley have been added, poured over all. This recipe will serve six persons.

Melody in A Minor

(*Continued from page 32*)

good-looking fellow," admitted the old man. "Women were attracted by me. Once in a restaurant—it was about the time I played an obligato for Tetrazzini—I looked at a pretty woman quite carelessly, and she went as pale as death, and her eyes were burning, and she followed me out afterward. She was a patrician type, wearing very fine furs, and amazingly beautiful. She spoke to me and said she had heard me play at the Queen's Hall. She invited me to take tea with her."

"And you went?" asked Joan.

"Rashly," said the old man. "She was unhappily married. I was desperately sorry for her. But the husband was a good fellow. I felt sorry for him, too . . . She committed suicide, poor soul!"

"How frightfully tragic!" cried Joan.

She pondered over that story and then said something rather startling. "Love is terrible, really. One believes at first that it is rather a joke. One sentimentalizes and has silly daydreams about the thing. And then it catches hold of one by the throat or cuts one like a sharp sword. Half the crimes in the world have been done for love. Women have lost their souls for it. It isn't a joke at all, really. ... Sometimes I'm afraid of it—coming to me, I mean!"

That conversation was in the early days of their friendship, and Mr. Ferrari leaned forward in his chair and patted the girl's hand.

"Don't be afraid of it, my dear young lady. Love is the music of life. Sometimes it is terrible, I admit, so that it makes one weep tears of blood, and one cries out with the heartbreak of one of Chopin's reveries. Sometimes it is sublime, and sometimes, alas! it is abominable. But that is the risk of life itself—the dark tragedy that lurks for some of us in secret chambers. But without love, even with its great risks, its terrible temptations, life is unmelodious, without color, without passion, without spiritual ecstasy. One day you will meet your lover, and then you will forget your friendship with an old man who will always cherish the memory of your graciousness."

THAT was the kind of conversation which they had together, though they discussed all sorts of things, and sometimes she simply came into this room to read a book, or to cook him a bit of toasted cheese after his evening at the picture palace, or to chat with him for a while about the trivial happenings of her own life in the hat shop near Sloane Street. And once, just a little while ago, she had come into his room with a strange light in her eyes, and a smile playing about her lips, and rose-colored cheeks.

"Do you see anything the matter with me?" she asked, standing in front of him.

"Only that you are looking more beautiful than usual, my dear young lady!"

"Don't you see that I have changed?" she asked, coming close to him and putting her hands on his shoulders. "Don't you see that I am utterly different?"

"No," he answered, "you're exactly the same, and very kind to a shabby old villain who has made a failure of life."

"Something has come to me," she told him gravely, and yet with that smile about her lips. "I have the honor to tell you, Signor Alberto Ferrari, that a very decent kind of bloke has fallen head over heels in love with me, and I with him, and we're going to be married when he can afford to keep a girl with a big appetite, which won't be just yet."

"I hate the fellow," said Mr. Ferrari. "I detest the thought of him. You will never come into my room again and toast a bit of cheese for me."

Then he took her hand and raised it to his lips in his Italian way. "I hope you will be very happy, my dear. I shall buy a new hat for your wedding. Truly love has changed

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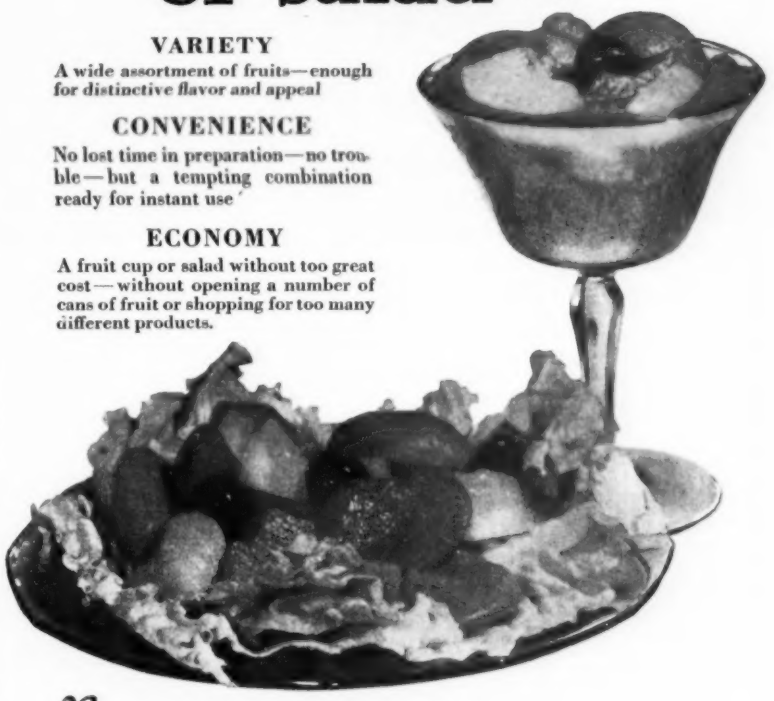

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Melody in A Minor

you. I see that now. You have a new kind of music in your soul."

"Play the 'Melody in A minor'," she pleaded. "I think I shall like it to-night."

He played it to her then, as she sat in his armchair with her long legs outstretched, and her hands behind her head, and her eyes half closed, and a little smile about her lips.

"It is good, that," she said, when he swept his bow through the last chord. "You ought to have made a fortune with it, Mr. Ferrari. One doesn't get tired of it."

"I have never tried to publish it," he told her. "I wrote it for a girl who loved me—until she ran away from me. I could not bear to hear it on the piano organs. It came to me at Venice, in a gondola, on our honeymoon. All my love was in it, when I was a boy with a dream in his heart—before I became a dirty old scamp . . . Look here, my dear. I have never shown you."

He went across to a writing table and opened a drawer at the back and took out a photograph which had faded after many years.

"That was my wife," he said gravely. "Sometimes you remind me of her. She had wonderfully blue eyes and a smile like yours."

JOAN looked at the photograph. The girls' face there did not seem to be a bit like her own. And she was wearing strange and frightful clothes, with a wasp waist, and a straw hat perched on a bunch of hair, and puffed sleeves big at the shoulders. It was the grotesque costume of Victorian days which had made her laugh in old pages of *Punch*. But she spoke tenderly to the old man.

"She must have been lovely! Why did she run away from you?"

"I was a brute to her," he confessed. "I played about with other women. I was unfaithful to her, although those others meant nothing to me really. It was she who had the worship of my soul. When she left me, I went to pieces. Drink, the devil, all wickedness and weakness. Now I play in a picture palace next to a saxophone which murders my ears."

"Never mind!" said Joan. "Everybody thinks you're a great musician, and I am very fond of you. And you can't have been really wicked—not bad, I mean—because you have beautiful ideas and like kittens!"

Yes, he liked kittens. There was one playing with a violin string on the table. But his beautiful ideas came to him mostly when he was fuddled with drink. Or at least they were besmirched by memories which were best forgotten.

"I shall have to save up to buy you a wedding present," he said. "Some little trinket, eh?"

In his own mind he decided to buy her an old Italian miniature which he had seen in an antique shop down the King's Road. It cost twelve pounds, which was a lot of money for a poorly paid musician. But it was a beautiful piece of work, and he had set his heart on it as a gift to a girl who had been very kind and gracious to him in his old age. It was a pity that he had lost his job now at that picture palace, before Joan's wedding. He had no more than thirty pounds to tide him over an awkward time when he was waiting for another engagement. Still he was known to the agents. They knew that he had once played an obligato accompaniment to Tetrazzini. They knew his record all the way down from the Queen's Hall to a picture palace in the Edgeware Road. They were old friends of his.

He hummed a bar of music to himself that night, as he walked down Oakley Street and let himself in with his latchkey. He was not at all anxious. The world could never do without music. Not that canned stuff! They would soon revolt against that . . .

Mrs. Kenderdine met him in the dimly-lit hall.

"Good evening, dear lady!" he said, taking off his big slouch hat before raising her hand to his lips. That was a habit of his, and ladies liked it.

She smiled at him and took the violin from under his left arm and put it on the hall stand.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked. "Playing all that time in a stuffy atmosphere! It must be dreadful."

He smiled and told her the news, which he had meant to keep to himself until he had another engagement. It slipped out.

"It *was* dreadful, I admit. It is dreadful no longer. It belongs to the past. A dark memory, dear lady. The orchestra has been given a week's wages in lieu of notice. Talking pictures will take the place of the silent screen, and mechanical music has ousted the musician. We move with the times. It is what they call progress."

He spoke cheerfully, with a touch of irony but no bitterness.

An anxious look crept into the eyes of Mrs. Kenderdine. "Oh, but what will you do?" she asked, with a hint of pity in her voice.

He shrugged his shoulders. "People know me. I am not without some fame. My agents will obtain another engagement."

"Oh, I hope so!" said Mrs. Kenderdine.

She was silent for a moment, with that anxious look in her eyes.

"I am rather worried myself," she confessed. "Miss Chew has given notice. That will make my best rooms vacant, and there's not much chance of a good let at this time of year. As it is, I find it difficult to make both ends meet, and now that Joan is getting married there are various little things—"

She broke off and smiled. It was unfair, she thought, to inflict her own troubles on Mr. Ferrari, who had lost his job and was getting rather too old, perhaps, to get another one so easily as he seemed to think.

"Joan is upstairs waiting for you," she told him. "She has brought her future husband round and wants to introduce him."

He went upstairs, two steps at a time, and found Joan in his room with a tall young man with a pleasant face and shy eyes, who called him "Sir" and was very polite. He laughed good-humoredly when Mr. Ferrari struck him a light blow on the shoulder and spoke with mock anger.

"I hate you, young man. Taking away my little comrade here! I can't forgive you."

THE very next morning he went to that antique shop in the King's Road, Chelsea, and bought the Italian miniature for twelve pounds as a wedding present for Joan, who was overwhelmed by its beauty.

"It's too generous of you!" she cried. "And mother tells me you have lost your job in the Edgeware Road. Oh, Mr. Ferrari, I really don't think you ought to give it to me!"

But he told her that he would get another engagement easily enough and that he would be much honored if she would wear this miniature now and then with a kindly thought of him.

How could she refuse? She flung her arms round him—this old failure in life—and kissed him on the cheek.

That expenditure of twelve pounds made a hole in his small reserves. And three weeks later, when he was still out of an engagement, he had a letter from Miss Peerless who played the piano so atrociously, poor dear, telling him that she was having a hard fight because she hadn't earned a penny since she had left the picture palace, and her brother was very ill again so that she had had to send for a doctor. She was desperately worried. If by any chance, and without the slightest inconvenience to himself, he could oblige her with the loan of five pounds, she would be eternally grateful and would pay him back at the earliest possible moment. Of course, she knew it was a shame to ask him.

Not at all. Was there not a bond of spiritual loyalty between brother and sister musicians? Alberto Ferrari had been rich, and he had been

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poor, but never had he refused to help a fellow musician in time of trouble. When that musician happened to be a lady—for whom he had a very great admiration and affection—then there was only one thing to do. He sent the five pounds to a girl whom once he had wanted to strangle because of her lack of rhythm.

It was only some weeks later, shortly before Joan's marriage, that he became somewhat anxious, and then distressed and furtive because of a sharp-edged fear. The agents had failed to find him an engagement. They kept him waiting in their anterooms. One of them addressed him disrespectfully.

"Nothing doing, old bird. Hopeless, at your age. There's a crowd of youngsters on our books, and no jobs for them. Better push off and not waste my time."

"Sir," said Mr. Ferrari with angry dignity, "you forget the reverence due to genius and old age. Did I not play an obligato to Tetrazzini at the height of her fame? Have I not composed melodies which will echo down the ages when you and I are dead? Is there any one except Kreisler—and perhaps a few others—who play the violin with such mastery?"

"Tell it to the Talkies!" said the agent brutally.

IT WAS humiliating to ask Mrs. Kenderdine to allow him to postpone payment of his weekly bill.

"Next week I hope to have an engagement," he said hopefully.

"Oh, I hope so," said Mrs. Kenderdine. "Don't worry."

She could not disguise from him that she was worried about her vacant rooms, now that Miss Chew had gone. She had put a card in the window, but there had been no inquiries. Her rates and taxes were due on the twenty-fifth.

"I will settle my account next week," said Mr. Ferrari.

But when seven weeks had gone, he found himself avoiding Mrs. Kenderdine, creeping past her room when he let himself in with his latchkey, not looking her in the eyes when he met her on the stairs, though never once did she press him for that settlement of accounts. He was robbing her—this dear lady who had been so kind to him. He was a fraud and a thief, living in her rooms, eating her food, when she was hard pressed to make both ends meet. There was not a chance of getting another engagement. He had known it all the time, deceiving himself and others.

He was at the end of his tether. The Talkies had killed his last chance.

The truth of this came to the old man blindingly in his room at the top of that lodging house in Oakley Street, Chelsea, where over the mantelpiece hung the photographs of some of the women he had loved, and one from Tetrazzini across which she had written,

"To my dear Alberto Ferrari, with affectionate greetings."

He had been playing a little to keep his fingers from stiffening, but he let his bow drop and sat with his chin on his violin, staring at that terrible truth. He would never get another engagement. Never! He was robbing these dear people who had given him a home. He was a drunken old fraud, and the gutter was waiting for him. All his dreams would end in the gutter. Soon he would have no roof above his head. They would find him dead in some foul doss-house, the man who had given a little melody to the world—that "Melody in A minor" which he had never published.

It was on the next morning that he stood on the landing outside his room, listening. Joan had gone to her hat shop. The maid servant was cleaning the bathroom on the landing below, as he could hear. Mrs. Kenderdine was down in the kitchen, no doubt arranging for the day's meals with the bad-tempered cook.

Alberto Ferrari crept downstairs. He had his violin case under his arm and wore his coat with the astrachan collar. He let himself out of the house and walked slowly up Oakley Street and along the King's Road as far as Sloane Square, when he turned up to Cadogan Gardens and that district of tall red-brick houses and blocks of mansions where the lucky rich have their dwelling. He knew nobody in this neighborhood, though years ago he had visited a lady in Cadogan Square—that lady who had turned pale at the sight of him in a restaurant. That was thirty years ago now. Nobody would recognize him here, so why should he feel so furtive, so humiliated, so scared? It was a joke, really—an amusing adventure in his old age. Whatever happened, he had his memories and his pride.

It was in Cadogan Square, by the railings surrounding its pleasant garden, that he put his case on the ground and took out his violin. Opposite was a big, red-brick mansion divided into apartments. On the ground floor, through the window curtains, he could see people at breakfast at ten o'clock. Tradespeople were going down the areas. Nursemaids were coming out with their perambulators. A tall girl, not unlike his dear Joan, brought out her dog for a walk.

What should he play? Something merry and cheerful. Something that would suit this February morning with its glint of sunshine on the bare damp trees and a frolic wind blowing. That Scherzo by Kreisler, perhaps.

He thrust his black slouch hat more firmly over his forehead and put his violin under his chin and drew his bow across the strings to tune them up. A dog sitting on the steps opposite barked at him. Then he began to play. A difficult thing, that Scherzo by Kreisler. Rather tricky in its fingering. Only a master could play it at the right pace. Tetrazzini had called him *maestro*. These people in Cadogan Square wouldn't understand. They had souls without melody. Rich city men, no doubt. The Vulgar Rich. The great, stupid, prosperous middle class without a touch of sensibility. Bah! How he hated them!

And yet he liked the look of that lady who came to the window and stared at him. She seemed to be listening, though this February wind blew his notes away and his violin sounded very thin in that open place. And the girl with the dog, rather like Joan, stood still for a moment and looked at him in a friendly way with a smile. Perhaps she was surprised to see an old man, rather well-dressed, with an astrachan collar to his coat, standing there like a common fiddler. A window opened in the block of mansions, and a young man stood there, smoking a cigarette. A curtain was drawn on one side, and a girl looked down. A servant came up the area steps and grinned at him. An errand boy sat on his tricycle and waited for the end of that Scherzo by Kreisler and seemed to like it.

ALBERTO FERRARI flicked his bow off the strings like a whip. He was getting old, but there was nothing senile about him yet when he had a fiddle under his chin. He and Kreisler—he was convinced—were the only men who could play that Scherzo in the right spirit, like the dance of laughing nymphs. Perhaps now he had better give them something sentimental, something sweet. —Yet what did it matter anyhow? These people were eating their eggs and bacon. Overeating, as usual. There would be husbands quarreling with their wives; young men yawning after late nights; city men reading the financial news. They wouldn't turn an ear to an old fiddler in the street, playing to keep a roof over his head, playing to keep out of the gutter which was very close to him now. A yard away.

Perhaps he would give them Rubinstein's F sharp.

Suddenly at his feet there was a little tinkle, and above his head a girl's laugh. Somebody had thrown out a coin. It was there, lying in the gutter, a yard away, and Alberto Ferrari stared at it, and his parchment-like skin flushed

Unexpected Guests *for Dinner—and What!* .....No Dessert?

Well, that's nothing to worry about. For you can prepare a dessert fit for royalty in a few moments, simply by adding two cups of milk to a package of MY-T-FINE. That makes 4 to 6 helpings, and your guests will praise the rich, smooth chocolate flavor and find it highly nourishing and satisfying as well. Children just adore it!

Keep MY-T-FINE always on hand, for unexpected guests or to save yourself the time and trouble of making an ordinary dessert that may not taste half so good!

MY-T-FINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
chocolate dessert

★ The original and genuine is identified by the green package. If your grocer hasn't it, use the coupon. It will also bring you *D & C for Making Lemon Pie*, which enables anyone to make temptingly delicious, *true-flavor* lemon pies, with no chance of failure.

UNITED CIGAR STORES COUPONS
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Use the Coupon

MY-T-FINE CORPORATION, 882 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Enclosed is 25c, in stamps, for which send me, postpaid, 2 pkgs. of *MY-T-FINE Chocolate Dessert* (Plain and Nut Flavor), and 1 pkg. of *D & C* for making *Lemon Pie*.

My Name.....

Address.....

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His Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

S.O.S *the*

Modern Way *to clean*

ALUMINUM

Just wet the pad and rub! That's the *modern* way, the easier, quicker way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with. S. O. S. contains its own grease-cutting and scouring materials.

As easily as you wipe off a pan with a cloth, ordinary stains disappear. Even stubborn burned spots are quickly removed.

Equally fine for enamelware, tin, baking glass, nickeled stoves and linoleum. S. O. S. polishes as it cleans. Economical, too, for you can use it again and again.

We recommend a full-size package of S.O.S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. If you prefer, we will send a *Free Trial Package* on request. The S. O. S. CO., 3500 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S.O.S. MFG. CO. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department, and variety stores.

★ S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads

In 3-pad and 6-pad packages.

Melody in A Minor

with a sudden color. So he had come down to this! What humiliation! What degradation! What an insult to the pride in him! A shilling in the gutter. Let it lie there. Curse the slut who had thrown it! Did she think he was going to pick it up?

He stooped and picked it up. It was the thought of Mrs. Kenderdine which killed his pride. He was robbing her. This shilling would make him less of a robber. Why had he come out on this adventure, this squalid and desperate errand, if not to pick up a little money that might be thrown at him?

He raised his head and saw the girl who had thrown the shilling. She was smiling at him and spoke a word which he thought was "*Bravo!*" Something in her smile touched him. She was pretty, and he had loved pretty women. He swept off his slouch hat and called out to her in Italian,

"*Grazie!*"

The February frolic of the wind blew his white hair about until he jammed on his hat again. Then he played Rubinstein in F sharp, and at the end of that other coins tinkled at his feet. A sixpenny bit. Another shilling. Two coppers. Another sixpence. Not too bad! Easy money! But it burned his fingers when he picked it up. It stung his pride. He stumbled and nearly fell on his knees by stooping down to get those two coppers below the curbstone. Tuppence from a city magnate to a man with music in his soul. May God blast him for it!

He was angry, and excited, and humiliated, and ashamed, and astonished. After all, here was real money. In ten minutes he had earned three shillings and eightpence. Multiply it by six for an hour, and then by eight for a day's work, and then by seven for a week's work. That was beyond his arithmetic without a bit of paper to work it out. But it would be enough to pay Mrs. Kenderdine for a week's board and lodging.

THE arithmetic did not work out quite so well for the first day. There was nothing much doing in Lennox Gardens. A paltry sixpence! Hans Place was more profitable. Eighteenpence after half an hour. That was one shilling from an old lady who came on to the balcony and called out "Catch!" and sixpence from a servant maid who came up the area steps and handed it to him through the railings. She was one of those smart little maids in a short frock and black silk stockings. He hated to take it from her. But he thanked her humbly.

"It's extremely kind of you, my dear."

"Oh, I like music," she said. "Makes one forget drudgery. I'm fond of a fox-trot myself."

He had played a "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms instead of a fox-trot. Perhaps she didn't know the difference.

He felt faint for food in the middle of the day and took a rest in a tea shop, where he had a cup of tea and a bun and left twopence on the table for the girl—those two coppers which had been thrown to him in Cadogan Square.

On his way down Knightsbridge after that refreshment, he was held up by a band of ex-service men, all cripples, playing cornets and saxophones to a harmonium. A horrible noise they were making, poor devils! One of them observed the violin case under the arm of Alberto Ferrari and gave a sharp glance at his black hat and astrachan collar and his old actor's face. One of the real sort. Probably going to play at the Queen's Hall.

"Spare a tanner for a brother musician, sir?"

Alberto Ferrari smiled, and his parchment skin flushed. "Certainly, my dear fellow. Here's luck!"

He dropped a shilling into the man's cap. Twice a tanner to a man who had fought for England and lost his leg. And yet, perhaps it was vanity rather than pity which made him give that shilling. It pleased his pride to be taken for a gentleman instead of the equal and rival of these street musicians.

He sneaked round the corner and hurried away from the traffic in Knightsbridge, where he might come face to face with people who knew him. He turned into the quietude of Rutland Gate. A piano organ was playing there, and he waited until it had moved into another street. Then he placed his case on the curbstone, took out his violin, and played again.

It was in Ennismore Gardens, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, that he played his "Melody in A minor" for the third time that day. People seemed to like it. It extracted sixpences from nursemaids and governesses who heard the song of love in it. He played it again with an emotion which never staled, because it brought back a dream. It was at Venice, on his honeymoon, in a gondola, that this melody had come into his brain. He was a young man then, with great ambitions and a passionate heart. His wife adored him, and he worshiped the beauty of her, and loved the laughter in her eyes. That was before he had gone to bits.

A curtain was pulled on one side, and an old lady peered out. He hoped she would throw out a sixpence presently. She opened the French window a little and stood there listening. He could see that she was a little, thin old lady with a shawl round her shoulders. She threw out sixpence, and he raised his hat to her.

That evening at seven o'clock Alberto Ferrari returned to his lodgings in Oakley Street, Chelsea. He felt heavy on one side of his body. It was the weight of the money he was carrying in sixpences and shillings and coppers. He went stealthily upstairs and shut his door carefully and counted the money on his table. Sixteen shillings and threepence. Not bad. Not at all bad for one day's work. In a week—

AT THE end of the week, he astonished Mrs. Kenderdine.

"I am a little behindhand with my accounts!" he said quietly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to accept three guineas this week until I can pay up arrears."

She cried out with gladness for his sake as well as for her own.

"Then you have another engagement? How perfectly splendid! Joan and I have been worrying about you."

"A private connection," he said. "Some of my old friends, you know. In a little while I have no doubt I shall be making a good living. The world can not live without music."

"But you are looking tired," she said gently. "You have been working too hard. You are quite worn out, my dear old friend."

"No, no," he answered. "I'm as fit as a fiddle."

Only in his own room did he admit to himself that he was tired. As tired as an old dog. It was walking about so much, and standing while he played. He ached in every limb. More than once he had been caught in the rain and had become rather wet before he took shelter in a doorway. It had given him a slight chill. A touch of fever, perhaps. The life of a street musician was not easy. Sometimes the wind blew so strongly that his violin could not be heard a yard away. Then there were the motor cars which swirled past him, drowning his music and spattering mud over him. And there were the police, who moved him on from certain streets, and unmusical souls—human swine—who sent out their servants to send him away.

One of his rivals, a man who played an old fiddle with an intolerable scraping of notes, had threatened to bash his face if he dared to go on to his pitch in Walton Place and neighborhood, at the back of Harrods.

In the second week of this adventure he developed a severe cold on the chest, due to the damp. And in the middle of that week his old weakness overcame him, so that he took a bot-

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tle of whiskey back to Oakley Street out of his day's earnings. It would help him to forget this degradation of the streets, this gutter life. It would give him his dreams again. It would bring back the melodies he had forgotten. And it might do his cold good.

He was crooning to himself in that top room in Oakley Street when Joan tapped at his door. But he did not know it was Joan. Somehow he thought it was Lucy—that wife of his who had run away from him forty years ago.

"Come in, my dear," he cried, and he rose to his feet unsteadily, holding on to his chair. "Where have you been all this time?"

Joan was startled, almost frightened, and then a little angry.

She shook her finger at him.

"You are being naughty again. You promised me you wouldn't drink like that. I shall punish you by taking away this horrible whiskey."

She seized the whiskey bottle and held it behind her back, and would not listen to his whimperings.

"My dear, for God's sake don't take it away. It comforts me. I forget the misery of life. Sweet music comes into my soul again. I see the beauty of the woman I loved."

"You're a wicked old man," said Joan. "At least I love you very much, but not when you're in this state."

She fled from him with the whiskey bottle, and did not see his old man's tears, nor his fevered sleep.

HE was ashamed of himself next morning. And he felt strangely unwell. His legs were weak, and there was a pain in his left side. His hands trembled as he put on his clothes. But his spirit was stubborn. He would have to work harder, play for longer hours in those damp streets, in order to make up for the money he had wasted on that foul whiskey. He must make another three guineas for Mrs. Kenderdine before the week was out.

It was not, perhaps, wise to play too much in the same streets. He had decided to vary his rounds so that he would appear before the same houses not more than once a week, and according to that plan he found himself in Ennismore Gardens that afternoon at four o'clock. That pain in his left side was rather troublesome. And he felt light-headed. He forgot sometimes that he was playing in the streets. He had an idea once or twice that he was playing in the Queen's Hall when Tetrazzini was singing. He heard the storms of applause rising up to her, and to him as he stood beside her. Or was it the wind through the trees in the gardens of those big houses? At another time he thought he was young again in Venice, on his honeymoon. That was why he played the "Melody in A minor" outside the house in Ennismore Gardens where the little old lady had thrown him sixpence.

Presently she drew the curtain aside again. She even came on to the balcony and spoke to him in a shrill, querulous voice, as though annoyed with him.

"Where did you learn that tune, old man?"

At first he did not hear her, owing to his absent-mindedness—that dream of youth. It was when she had asked again that he answered her, after raising his slouch hat.

"It is a poor thing, madam, but mine own! I wrote it a few years ago—some years ago—when I happened to be in Venice. Or was it the day before yesterday? I forget. I am unable to think today. It is a song of love, dear lady. My heart is in it. There was a girl I knew—Did I hear you drop a sixpence? I thank you."

He groped about for the sixpence which he thought he heard tinkle on the pavement at his feet. The light was not good, and there was some haze before his eyes. Where was that wretched little sixpence? In the gutter. Surely in the gutter, so that he would have to stoop to get it.

A servant maid came out and spoke to him.

"The mistress would like to see you. She told me to bring you inside. She's gone daft or something."

"I think she dropped a sixpence, my dear," said the old man. "Could you help me to find it?"

"No, she didn't," said the servant girl crossly. "She wants to talk to you. She sent me to bring you in."

He looked a little dazed, and the girl felt sorry for the "poor old blighter," as she called him in her own mind. She put her hand on his arm and led him into the hall of the big house and then into a drawing-room where the lamps were alight, softly shaded.

The little old lady was standing there and did not speak until the girl had closed the door. Her right hand trembled, as she supported herself on an ivory-handled stick.

Alberto Ferrari had taken off his hat. He put his hand through his white hair, thrusting it back. "You sent for me, dear lady?" he said.

She peered at his face through that soft lamplight, and one hand fluttered up to her thin chest.

"Sit down," she said. "Tell me about that tune of yours. In Venice, did you say? You wrote it in Venice?"

"In Venice," he told her. "We were in a gondola on the Grand Canal. It came singing into my mind. Lucy was with me. My wife, madame."

"Play it again," said the old lady. "I am a little hard of hearing, and there was a noise in the street. Those nasty motor cars! Play the 'Melody in A minor.' "

He was not astonished that she knew the name of it. Many people knew it, though he had never published it. And he was muddled in his mind today. Perhaps fuddled after last night's whiskey.

"It goes like this," he said. "But my fingers seem a little numb. It is this awful climate of ours. . . . I hardly think I can do it justice today."

He began to play it with an emotion which always came to him at the first stroke of his bow. He had the Italian temperament, though he had been born in Bayswater. In his time he had been *maestro*.

The little old lady sat in front of him with her hand to her ear, listening intently, and watching him as though she had seen him somewhere years ago, but was not quite certain.

HALFWAY through his piece his fingers became strangely and terribly numb, so that he was distressed.

"Excuse me," he said feebly. "My fingers are too cold. I feel—"

The little old lady peered at him through her pince-nez and stretched out her hand timidly to touch one of his.

"You are cold," she said sharply. "You are ill."

He leaned back in his chair with one hand pressed to his side—his long fingers clutching at it.

But his eyes were fixed on the face of the little old lady and were filled with a strange, shining tenderness as a young man looks at his mistress.

"Lucy!" he cried. "How beautiful you are! How exquisite! Oh, my dear little wife, all the songs I write will be for you—all the music in my soul—all my worship."

He was light-headed. He thought he was back again in the days of his youth, with Lucy, his wife.

He leaned forward to the little old lady and half rose in his chair. But then he fell back again as though exhausted. The bow dropped from his hand. He did not finish playing that "Melody in A minor." . . .

I heard it lately on the Talkies—machine-made and jazzed.

Choose a CLICQUOT To Suit Your Taste

THERE are three kinds . . . three delightful flavors of this rich, mellow old ginger ale. Unless you have tried all three, you may not realize how each finds its own place in your home.

GOLDEN has the spirited, zestful, gingery tang that so many people prefer. Full-flavored and appetizing . . . with quick energy in its dancing bubbles. Especially suitable for children.

PALE DRY is milder and more delicate, with its fruit flavorings more apparent to the taste. Excellently suited to blend in the many recipe drinks for which ginger ale is used.

SEC is extra dry. A "supreme" ginger ale with a delicate and distinctive flavor all its own. Piquant . . . Refreshing . . . Delightful. Perfectly blended to blend perfectly.

All three of them are made of the purest ingredients and aged 6 months in the making to achieve mellow flavor. Doubly carbonated to make their "pep" last longer. And then put only into brand-new bottles as a final guarantee of purity. No bottle is ever used a second time. You really must try each of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales to find the one that best suits your taste . . . your mood . . . the occasion.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Sparkling Radio Entertainment every Friday evening at 9 p. m., from WEAF, New York.*

In using advertisements see page 6

Who dares to make a profit..

at the expense of this child's health?.....

It is time that mothers learned the truth about something which vitally affects the health of their children —and other members of the family.

Many alert mothers do not know that state and municipal tests disclose that fifteen to thirty out of every hundred fever thermometers tested are inaccurate. These inaccurate fever thermometers get into circulation simply because they are cheaply made and can be sold at a greater profit than instruments which are carefully made and rigidly tested.

There is no reason why anyone should purchase an inaccurate fever thermometer. **B-D** Fever Thermometers are accurate and dependable. Ask any physician or nurse about **B-D** Fever Thermometers and you will discover that they are well and favorably known from Coast to Coast. For thirty-two years they have been a standard with the medical profession.

We are convinced that every mother who has read this will never forget as long as she lives to insist upon having an accurate fever thermometer. If she specifies "**B-D**" and looks for **B-D** on the fever thermometer, she will be safe-guarding the health of her family.

We have a free and very helpful booklet for alert mothers called "Guarding the Family Health". The coupon will bring you a copy.

A dependable fever thermometer gives you advance information of approaching illness and tells you when to summon your physician.

B-D FEVER THERMOMETERS

For thirty-two years a standard with the medical profession

BECTON, DICKINSON & CO., Rutherford, N. J.

Kindly send your booklet, "Guarding the Family Health."

[G.H.3]

*Name*_____

*Street & No.*_____

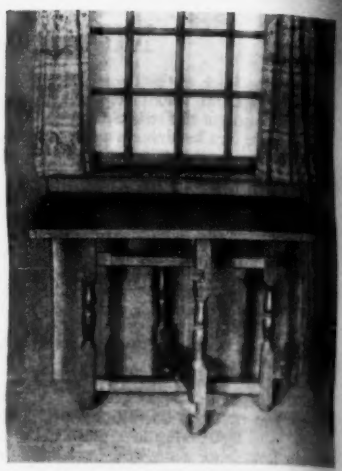
*City*_____ *State*_____

Furniture of the 17th Century

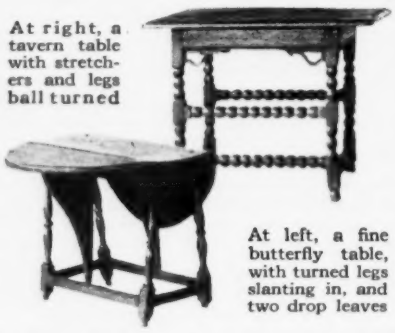
(*Continued from page 57*)

into horizontal stretchers. Equally popular in the seventeenth century was the slat-back chair with three or four slats, each slat fitted into uprights which made the back legs.

The simplest and earliest table in use by the Colonists was the trestle board. Existing examples have movable tops supported on trestles and could be removed after meals and stored away in a small space. The trestles are fitted with a plain stretcher held in place by wooden pegs, which may also be easily removed. The trestle foot was adapted to the earliest drop-leaf tables, which made their appearance about the middle of the century. Many have elliptical tops, with either plain or turned "gates." Near the end of the century, tip-top tables began to appear, but more usual was the tavern table with four attached legs slanting toward the center. Stretchers, either plain or turned, hold the legs in place, while the top overhangs an apron which is sometimes finished with a simple molding, and later with a fluted edge.



About the third quarter of the century, desks on frames appeared in the inventories. The little example on page 57 is painted red and carries some of the best features of joinery of the period. The turning of the legs is exceptionally good in proportions, as are the crossed stretchers. Such pieces anticipate the furniture of the next century, yet they are not far removed from the simple desk box which many a pioneer used as he sat by the evening fire. These early boxes were plain on top and on the ends, with carving on the front similar to that which appeared on the chests. It is probable that they were placed on the chests or cupboard. Both flat-top and slant-top boxes are known, the latter probably being the desk box, while the former may have been used to hold books, often the Bible.



At right, a tavern table with stretchers and legs ball turned

At left, a fine butterfly table, with turned legs slanting in, and two drop leaves

As one approaches the eighteenth-century style, carving and painting are supplanted by simple moldings and turnings; and a new form of construction in which beauty and strength are allied in furniture of light and graceful lines replaces medieval joinery.

The Art of Creating An Atmosphere

(*Continued from page 53*)

and blue and yellow were used for the cushion covers in a small-figured material which lends a little more pattern to the plain surfaces of the room.

The curtains at the casement windows are of a dull gold-colored casement cloth.

Individuality is shown in this room by the restraint used in its furnishings. It is a sturdy, masculine room without frills or ornaments, yet has the essentials of comfort and convenience. Let us consider them:

First, the four main pieces of furniture: an oak bed, an oak chest of drawers with a mirror in an oak frame above it, and an oak bed stand, all showing the linen-fold paneling which distinguishes the best furniture in England during this period; and an oak chest and gateleg table for a lamp and books which, unfortunately, we have not room to show here.

A wing chair upholstered in plain red rep, a rush-seated straight chair, and an arm chair of oak in a bannister-back form complete the furniture of the room.

The Walled Garden

The English people have long known the joy of a walled garden. Today many Americans are devoted gardeners, but as yet only the few realize the pleasure that is gained either by real seclusion possible only in a large place, or by the protection of a wall. The smallest space may be used and made beautiful.

The Studio this month took a space of 15′ x 15′ 3″ on to which the double doors from the living-room opened, and made a small garden here in our publication building. It is part of the plan of the house and grounds shown in the December GOOD HOUSEKEEPING at the beginning of this series of rooms.

The wall, which in a real garden could be of brick or of stucco finished in Moreno, is slightly irregular in shape, with a coping of shingle tiles in the softest shade of old terra cotta. It is 12″ thick, varying in height from 4′ 8″ to 9′ 10″. An awning is run out from the house to the edge of the wall and gives not only shade, but a sense of seclusion.

In all well-planned gardens there must be a ground plan. In this case, as the garden was to be a part of the living-room, the ground was laid in red tile from the house to the wall on two sides, leaving space for flower-beds on the other two sides between the wall and the tile. Should flower-beds not be feasible, decorative cement flower-boxes could be used, filled with growing or potted plants.

In this tiny garden there is a cross axis. The circular pool is placed in the center; looking one way across it, a center of interest is given by the lead figures on a pedestal placed between two cedar trees. Looking the other way, flowers growing between two cedars form a center of interest. (See the illustration on page 54.)

Scale is as important in a garden as in a house, perhaps more important. In this case, since the wall at this point was 5′ 11″ high, the cedars practically reached it, while the pedestal was 2′ 10″ high and the little figures 15″. The trees should be planted, as should the ivy, to insure their life and growth, but if not possible —as on a roof garden, for instance—trees in tubs could be used. (*Continued on page 230*)